THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

BOTH PARTIES SPLIT ON OUR FOREIGN POLICY

IT IS TRUE that the President won a great victory when both houses of Congress decisively defeated the resolutions that would have crippled his negotiations with Germany, and the press, regardless of party, concede it to him. In fact, his victory is called "a victory for the American people" by the stanchly Republican St. Louis *Globe Democrat*. But when they begin to dissect the vote, the editorial observers see that he won his victory in the House only by the aid of ninety-three Republican votes. If he had relied on his own party, he would have lost. The resolutions up for decision were to warn Americans not to travel on defensively armed merchantmen—at the very time the President was claiming this right in negotiations with Germany—and the verdict of the American press on them was given in our pages last week. They were "resolutions of surrender to Germany," say some papers. Congress, however, was not so solidly opposed to them as the press, and both parties were "split wide open" in the vote. A majority of the Republicans in the House favored them, despite the anti-German statements of such leaders as Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt.

Where, then, do the two parties stand on our great issues of foreign policy? The answer found by some editors is that Congress divided along geographical rather than party lines. The Springfield *Republican* notes that of the fourteen votes cast in the Senate against the tabling of the warning, twelve were cast by Senators from States west of Indiana and Lake Michigan. And a geographical analysis of the House vote by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) reveals the fact that "President Wilson's chief support lay in the delegations from the Atlantic Seaboard States, while the Middle West recorded a majority against the President's policy on the armed-ship issue." To quote more in detail:

> "New England was the banner-section, from the standpoint of the Administration. Only three New England members of the House voted against the motion to table.
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> "Several States lined up solidly for the Administration, notably Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, South Carolina, and North Carolina.
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> "On the other hand, solid votes were cast against the Administration by delegations from Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. These four States cast 38 votes in opposition to the President.
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> "New York gave the President's policy a 3 to 1 vote, the Empire State delegation voting 30 to 10 to table the McLemore resolution. There were three absentees.
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> "Pennsylvania stood 24 to 12 for tabling. New Jersey, the President's own State, voted 7 to 5 for tabling, four Republicans and one Democrat voting in opposition to the Administration. The six New England States gave the President a vote of 29 to 3. . . . . . .
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> "A recapitulation of the vote of all the States shows that President Wilson was approved by a majority of the State delegations, the Representatives of thirty-three out of the forty-eight States voting by large or small majorities to uphold him.
>
> "North Carolina, the State from which come Mr. Kitchin, the majority leader, and Representative Page, who announced two days ago he would retire from Congress because he could not support the President in his armed-ship policy, cast a solid vote in favor of tabling the McLemore resolution. Mr. Kitchin himself voted to table, altho known to favor a resolution of warning if drawn in a form different from that offered by Mr. McLemore."

Representative Flood, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, issued an interesting statement declaring that this victory for the Administration could not have been won without the active cooperation of Speaker Champ Clark and majority leader Claude Kitchin. Another statement, listened to with interest and some surprize, was made by Representative Bailey, of Pennsylvania, a Bryan Democrat, who declared that Mr. Bryan favored the tabling of the McLemore resolution. Mr. Bryan himself is quoted by a Columbus, Ohio, correspondent as saying that the vote did not "represent the sentiment of Congress as to the wisdom of Americans traveling upon belligerent merchantmen." "Had this question been presented," he said, "there is no doubt that a majority in both Senate and House would express themselves in favor of preventing Americans from traveling into the danger-zones on belligerent ships."

A careful examination of the situation in Congress resulting from this "show-down" leads David Lawrence, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), to the following conclusions:

> "Congress believes the American people will not sanction war unless American territory is actually invaded; the President is to be permitted to conduct the nation's foreign affairs with that inhibition imprest on his mind; and as for domestic politics, the Republicans are as much at sea as ever, and the Democratic insurgency is showing dangerous proportions for future legislative battles."

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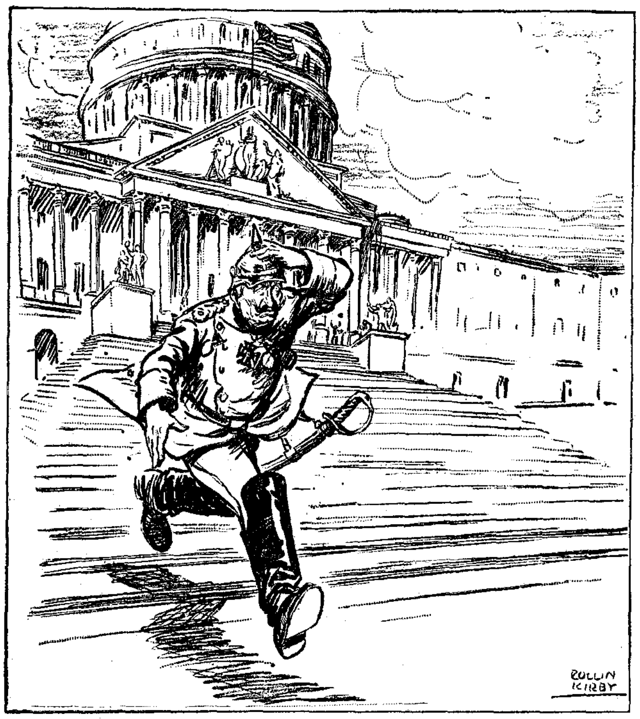
Concerning the attitude of the Republican members, Mr. Lawrence says:

"In the House 102 Republicans opposed the President, while 93 stood by. In the face of that vote, talk of a divided Democracy is unwarranted, for only 33 in the President's party bolted him, while 182 followed him loyally.



A STRATEGIC RETIREMENT.

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

"Can the Republicans go before the people as the party true to Americanism, the party that would vigorously assert American rights? With what grace can the ideas in Mr. Root's speech be repeated now, it is asked everywhere, for certainly the Republican party's strongest card in denouncing the Wilson Administration was its withdrawal of protection from Americans resident in Mexico by warning them out of that revolution-torn country? The Republicans can not in the same breath condemn the Democrats for spinelessness in Mexico when, at the very time the Democratic President sought to show a firm hand against Germany, the majority of Republicans tried to embarrass him by joining a Democratic insurgency.

"The whole business proves what a poor issue the question of foreign policy will make for the Republicans. Out of the chaos of two weeks, clearly President Wilson emerges the beneficiary, for he has successfully dared Congress to repudiate him, and has, unwittingly perhaps, divided the Republican party on a fundamental principle of American rights."

Nor is this point missed by the Democratic New York *World*, in which we read:

"March 3 the United States Senate voted on the Gore resolution, the adoption of which would have tied the hands of President Wilson in resisting the new German submarine order. Of the fourteen Senators who voted against the tabling of that resolution, twelve were Republicans. Of these twelve Republicans, four were aspirants for the Presidency.

"March 7 the House of Representatives voted on a similar resolution, and that resolution marked the most critical period in our relations with Germany. On the final roll-call 102 Republicans voted against the President and for the Kaiser. Among these 102 Republicans were Mann, Cannon, McKinley, Hill, Rodenberg, Sulloway, and all the Republican Old Guard leaders in the House. With them voted five Progressives. A majority of the Republicans and nearly all the Progressives voted that American citizens forced to travel on armed merchantmen should receive no protection from the United States Government.

"We submit this record to the Republican critics of the President. Are they against him because he has not been vigorous enough in his conduct of our foreign relations, or because he is too vigorous? Do they condemn him for being too weak in defense of American rights, or too firm?

"They can not have it both ways. They can not applaud Root and at the same time applaud the majority of the Republicans of the House. They must choose one side or the other, or else admit that their attacks on the President in this crisis are dishonest, insincere, and unpatriotic."

But the fruits of victory for Mr. Wilson, to quote Mr. Lawrence again, "are dearly bought":

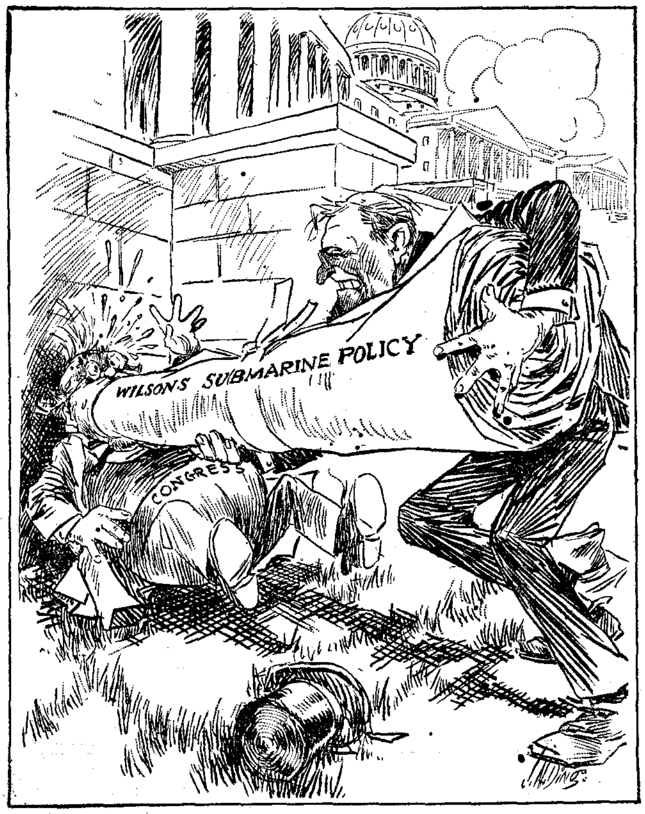
"Resentment and ill-feeling on the part of individual members have increased rather than diminished. Rough tactics do not cajole Congressmen. The votes on this particular question hardly reflect their real position. But, looking to the future, Mr. Wilson made enemies enough to kill the Shipping Bill, to add materially to the opposition against his program for raising revenue, and seriously to embarrass the preparedness-program."

Turning to the Republican New York *Tribune*, of late a particularly vigorous critic of the Administration, we find it convinced that the President, while strengthening his grip on our international relations, has failed to reestablish his leadership of the Democratic party. To quote:

"Despite the President's demands, the way is still to be left open to Democratic Representatives and Senators to give a nominal support to the Administration's policy as to armed merchantmen, while explaining to constituents that they are thoroughly opposed to it. The President could drag the insurgents to water, but he could not make them drink. They have escaped his trap. They are free to continue their work of undermining his leadership."

The Evening Post, on the other hand, thinks that the President has successfully "asserted his authority as leader of the Democratic party," in addition to securing "an emphatic approval of his demand that he be left unfettered in going on with his diplomatic negotiations." And Washington correspondents report the President "much gratified with the overwhelming support accorded him"—the support of a big Democratic majority and of nearly half the Republicans in the House.

But the important fact, many papers declare, is the triumph, not of a President, but of a principle. Thus in the New York *Sun* (Ind.) we read: "The principle of non-interference with the Executive in the performance of its function with respect of diplomatic negotiations was upheld by the House of Representatives."



MAKING HIM SWALLOW IT

—Darling in the Des Moines *Register and Leader.*

THE "TEUTON LOBBY" IN CONGRESS

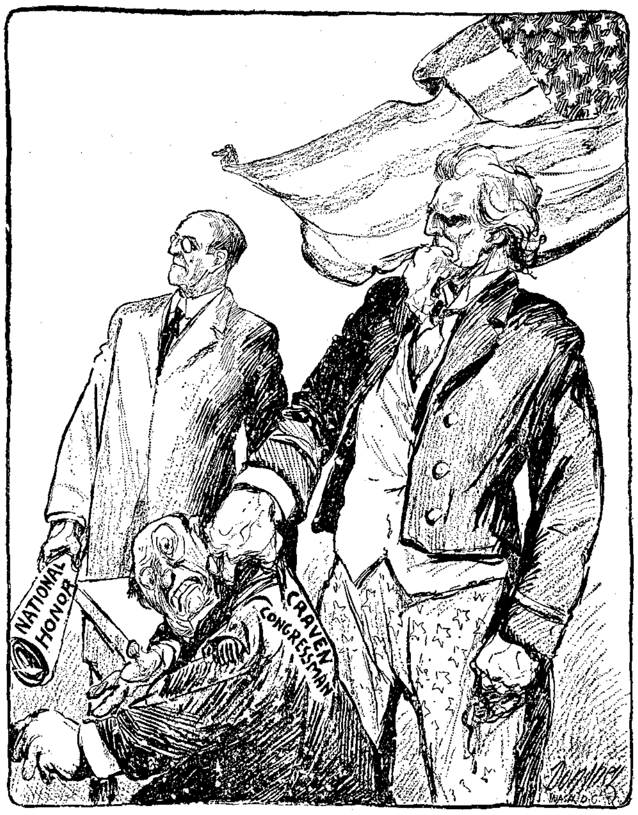
AN ASTOUNDING CHAPTER in the "continued story of German conspiracy against the United States" is to be read in the documents revealing the political activities of the National German-American Alliance, in the opinion of the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) and other journals. The object of this nation-wide organization, as seen by its critics, was to set Congress on to oppose the President, "to divide and weaken the Government, to serve Germany and disserve and dishonor the United States." According to Washington dispatches, the President and his advisers are convinced that these revelations, made by the New York *World* (Dem.), indicate a wide-spread pro-German plot. The Congressional program of the National German-American Alliance is summarized by *The World* as aiming to secure these laws:

> "1. Refusing passports to Americans traveling on ships of the belligerents.
>
> "2. An embargo on contraband of war.
>
> "3. Prohibiting Federal Reserve Banks from subscribing to foreign war-loans."

This is the immediate work, says *The World*, but back of it is a comprehensive plan for the control of the Republican National Convention and the subsequent defeat of President Wilson in the interest of the German cause. This plan is known to the "inside coterie of German leaders" as the "Wisconsin idea," because it was formally indorsed by the Wisconsin Staatsverband des Deutsch-Amerikanischen Nationalbundes. We are further informed that the recent revival of the Champ Clark "boom" is due to a suggestion of Richard Bartholdt, a former Republican Congressman from St. Louis, who has "long been one of the leading representatives of the German propaganda in the United States." At the same time *The World* states that the new campaign is operated ostensibly as "anti-British" rather than "pro-German," and that "in its organization specific provision is made that no German, Austrian, or Irish names shall appear among the officers of organizations taking part." *The World* mentions among the leaders Mr. Alphonse G. Koelble, a New York lawyer, who, as the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) relates, is "connected with most of the German organizations that have been active in this city since the European War began," but in an interview given to a representative of *The Post* Mr. Koelble declared "unqualifiedly that he was not interested or active in any pro-German plans, that it was untrue that an organized attempt was being made by pro-Germans to oppose the President in Congress, and that an effort was to be made to control the Republican National Convention by means of a solid German-American delegation." Inferentially, the *Evening Post* reporter records that Mr. Koelble "ridiculed those German-Americans, mainly in the Middle West, who have advanced such plans as the 'Wisconsin idea,'" and he added: "Personally, I am not pro-German, but anti-British. I was anti-British before the war. I know my American history. I was born in this country, and I'm for America, first and last, against anybody." In its editorial columns *The Evening Post* observes that the *World's* disclosures show the "simple fact that the National German-American Alliance has been doing missionary work among the members of Congress," and it goes on to say:

> "This may be lobbying, perhaps, but it is not lobbying in a formidable shape when the list of members of Congress mentioned includes the Democratic leader in the House and the Republican leader, the Democratic leader in the Senate, and some of the most active Republican critics of Democratic policy in the Senate. Neither is it a German lobby in the sense of the propaganda being directed toward the support of Germany as against America."

Moreover, *The Evening Post* thinks "it is not at all hard to imagine that German sympathizers may welcome the *World* revelations," and they will be "glad of the admission that the 'direct propaganda' which brought their cause into disrepute has been abandoned." It points then to the great difference "between the fomenting of strikes and blowing up of munition-plants, on the one hand, and the exploitation of the 'dislike of the average American for Great Britain,' on the other." Again, we are told by the Philadelphia *Telegraph* (Rep.) that a "thorough reading of the *World's* 'screamer' reveals nothing to justify the belief that any treasonable activity can be laid at the door of the persons involved, much less of German-Americans as a whole." There is no treason in the plans unearthed by *The World*, in the view of the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), which remarks that "if arson is to yield to politics it is a turn for the better, yet the principle invoked is one full of peril." The change of tactics means that in place of trying to win sympathy for Germany, this journal explains, "the propagandists are exploiting hatred for the Allies." But this is "a dangerous game to play at, and it will be strongly resented by the great majority of the American people." It puts politicians in a difficult place, we are told, because the great mass of the people are "neither anti-British nor anti-German, and hence politically neutral, while if all the anti-British and anti-Russian elements can be pulled into line by the invisible pro-German hand they make a collective force which a candidate can not ignore." We read then:



"WHEN THEY PLAY 'AMERICA,' STAND UP!"
—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

> "Up to a certain point the mild but diffused dislike for England among native Americans may be used as a capsule for the deadly poison or racial hate. But beyond that point it is dangerous to go; America has no scores to settle, and does not purpose to be drawn into Old-World feuds by a handful of irreconcilables."

The Chicago *Herald* (Ind.) says that the *World's* disclosures "show that the driving force behind the Gore and McLemore resolutions is the German-American Alliance"; and this opinion is also voiced by the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) and the Rochester *Herald* (Ind.). The "German lobby" records reveal nothing "save what was previously suspected," remarks the New York *Evening Sun* (Ind.), and *The Globe* (Ind.), echoing this sentiment, adds its belief, however, that "an organized effort has been made, and is still being made, to rule America from Potsdam."

VILLA'S INVASION

BREATHING FIRE AND SLAUGHTER, Francisco Villa leads a thousand bandits twenty-five miles into American territory, killing eight soldiers and nine civilians at Columbus, N. M.; and the New York *World*, hitherto a supporter of the "watchful-waiting" policy, declares that "nothing less than Villa's life can atone for the outrage." Such a call for "Villa, alive or dead," was naturally echoed by the more belligerent newspapers which had for months been criticizing the Administration's policy of inaction. "The American flag has indeed been saluted at last," said the bitterly ironical New York *American* (Ind.), and the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) more calmly observed that "the Bryan-Wilson policy of imploring Americans to flee from Mexico for their lives, of censuring them if they remained in that country to protect their property-interests, of dodging the duty of protecting them when living and of avenging them when dead, has borne its perfect fruit."

Villa's descent of March 9 upon American soil was a surprize to readers of American newspapers, yet there has been presented evidence that it had been planned some time in advance. United States Army officers in command along the Mexican border were of course prepared for the worst, altho in Columbus itself there had been no trouble during the past three years. An interesting story of Villa's preliminary movements, and of the ways of the man who ventured to go to war with the United States on his own account, was given in the story of an American woman who was his prisoner for several days preceding the Columbus battle. Mrs. Maud Hawk Wright, wife of an American ranch-owner in Mexico, was visited on March 1 by a Villista officer named Servantes. Their supplies and horses were taken, and Mr. Wright and the baby were sent away. The Villistas took Mrs. Wright prisoner, joined the main body, and compelled her to accompany them on a nine-days' forced march. From the first, says Mrs. Wright:

> "I knew that Villa intended to attack Columbus. It was freely discust by the men and the officers. Some of the latter told me that Villa intended to kill every American he could find, but they pointed to me as an example of their decision not to harm women. Later, as we approached the border from Boca Grande, these same officers told me that Villa—his rage growing as he neared the boundary—would make torches of every woman and child, as well as of every man, in Columbus.
>
> "'He intended,' they said, 'to kill everybody in the United States, and would be helped by Japan and Germany.' . . . At Boca Grande I saw evidence of their determination. I did not see the three American cowboys named McKinney, Corbett, and O'Neill slain, but I saw officers wearing their clothing. That was after Villa had sent out twenty men to break up the Palomas cattle round-up and supply the hungry column with meat. . . . .
>
> "We left Boca Grande yesterday and crossed the border west of Columbus before 4 o'clock.
>
> "As we entered the ditch leading past the American Army camp below Columbus, the captain of my company told me that he and twenty other officers had crossed the border yesterday as spies and found that only a few American soldiers were in camp, that the others were farther west.
>
> "I was in the line Villa threw along the railroad-tracks after his troops had swept eastward through the United States cavalry. A bullet hit the saddle of my horse as I stood dismounted behind it. Villa sent his men across the tracks into the town. Soon I saw buildings on fire. Then the American troops apparently got into action, and in a little while the Mexicans came back. . . . I went back with the retreating forces until I reached a point near the house where Mr. Moore was killed and his wife wounded. Here Villa came upon me. Again I asked him to set me free.
>
> "'You go; you are at liberty,' he said. I went to the Moores' house and found Mr. Moore lying, face down, on the steps, dead; his wife was in a near-by field, wounded. She had seen her husband shot, but did not know he was dead."

In Columbus, eight soldiers and nine civilians were killed in Villa's first charge. Three others were reported slain on the way to the town. The Mexicans had about an hour's start of the United States troopers, enabling them to loot the town at will and to burn many of the houses. But once United States cavalrymen of the 13th Regiment got into action the invaders beat a swift retreat. More than fifty Mexicans were left dead on American soil and some seventy more were shot dead by their pursuers after they had crossed the border.

Marcilino Danalas, Foreign Minister in the Carranza Administration, at once offered his Government's sincere regrets, and asked the American people to be patient:

> "The Government asks the American people to remember that Villa is a common enemy and an outlaw, to be hunted down by all men. The Mexican Government will use the most vigorous means to run this man to earth and avenge his horrible acts."

But the United States Department of State served notice that Villa would be pursued and crusht by American forces, and there was anything but patience in the comments of our newspapers from the very first. In an editorial headed, "Villa, Alive or Dead," the stanchly pro-Wilson New York *World* said:

> "So far as it is possible for a bandit to be at war, Villa is now at war with both Mexico and the United States. The Mexican Government, in spite of the efforts of Carranza, has proved unable to cope with the situation, and so the duty of effective action devolves upon the United States.
>
> "This is the second time that Villa has deliberately massacred Americans in the hope of forcing American intervention in Mexico, and thus bringing about the downfall of Carranza. The Chihuahua massacre was bad enough, but the Columbus exploit was far worse, because it was committed on American soil.
>
> "It is not necessary to intervene in Mexico in order to deal with Villa. There are plenty of precedents for punitive expeditions, one notable instance being the campaign against Geronimo. United States cavalry crossed the Mexican border yesterday in pursuit of Villa, and the pursuit can not halt until Villa, dead or alive, is in the hands of the American authorities. There will be no peace along the Mexican frontier until this bloodthirsty bandit has been shot or hanged, and the sooner he is out of the way the better it will be for both Mexico and the United States.
>
> "No complications with the Mexican Government need attend a punitive expedition, unless Carranza himself creates the complications."

Swift action was needed, not alone because of the call for quick punishment, noted the New York *Herald*, but for other and broader reasons:

> "The old régime, the excesses and greediness of which brought about the fall of the Diaz dictatorship, is ready to pounce down on Mexico; indeed, it is already pouncing. Señor Limantour is in Paris pulling the wires; Señor De la Barra and a crowd of assistants are in this city preparing the grand scheme; Señor Felix Diaz is already in Mexico raising a new revolt. The return of the régime means merely a repetition and a continuation of the bloodshed and terrorism of the last few years.
>
> "A wise man he who could solve the Mexican question. But solution does not at this hour confront the Administration at Washington. The matter immediately at hand is the use of the avenger's carbine and machine gun. . . . But the task is no task for the timorous pacifist."

If Carranza is strong enough to permit the entrance of our soldiers, without peril to his own political fortunes, the Administration, as the New York *Sun* remarks, "may have undertaken only a piece of police-duty; if the facts are otherwise, the United States may have begun a war."

The German-American *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung* was not a whit behind some of its English-speaking contemporaries in reading Mr. Wilson a lecture. In the first place, "it is clearly evident that Carranza is not the proper man to bring Mexico back under one hat." And the *Staats-Zeitung*, adverting to the Wilson policy toward Huerta, remarked:

> "It may be assumed that the Administration has learned by this time that a 'word of might,' even if spoken by President Wilson, can accomplish nothing in Mexico. What the bandits down there need is a 'man with an iron fist.' When there was one, in the person of Huerta, he was forced out and finally hunted to death. What now?"

A PACIFIST SECRETARY OF WAR

WITH "PREPAREDNESS" everywhere in the air, and with the Administration's program under fire by Congressional pacifists, there is chosen to head the War Department a man who says he has "always been a peace-advocate." And the Democrat who has been called in to strengthen the Cabinet in these days of party stress, with election-day but eight months distant, is quoted as having recently remarked upon the need of some one to save the Democratic party, "which is at present a dismal failure." With the choice of Newton Diehl Baker to succeed Lindley M. Garrison, the pacifists are better satisfied than the preparedness-enthusiasts, and Democratic commendation about balances Republican disappointment. In each group of observers are those who think that President Wilson will find his new Secretary of War bringing harmony rather than discord to the Cabinet councils. They remember that Mr. Baker once studied under Professor Wilson at Johns Hopkins and that he has been offered a Cabinet post before. And they note his recent declaration: "I believe in the President's preparedness-policy. I believe in all his policies that I know anything about."

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A PEACE-ADVOCATE."

But Newton D. Baker, ex-Mayor of Cleveland, is now Secretary of War and charged with the duty of carrying out the Administration's plans for increasing and improving our Army.

As might be expected in the case of a man who has successfully fought two vigorous mayoralty campaigns, the warmest praise and the strongest criticism come from the press of his home city of Cleveland. Says *The Plain Dealer*, representing Mr. Baker's own party:

> "No greater praise need be bestowed upon Mr. Baker than that the country has every reason to believe he will measure up fully to the requirements of the office. His training and skill as a lawyer fit him to meet the legal and constitutional questions involved in the present issues before the Department of War. . . . . . .
>
> "Next to the President himself he will immediately become the most conspicuous figure in the United States in discussions involving Army improvements. He will at once assume direction of the fight for better preparedness on land. . . . . . .
>
> "It is a position none but the strongest has any right to undertake. Those who know Mr. Baker are certain that the President has made no mistake in offering this portfolio to him."

But according to the Republican *Leader* he is a "dreamer" and an impractical theorist, and it is just those who know him best and like him best who will doubt his fitness for the post. If they hold their mental scales level, we are told,

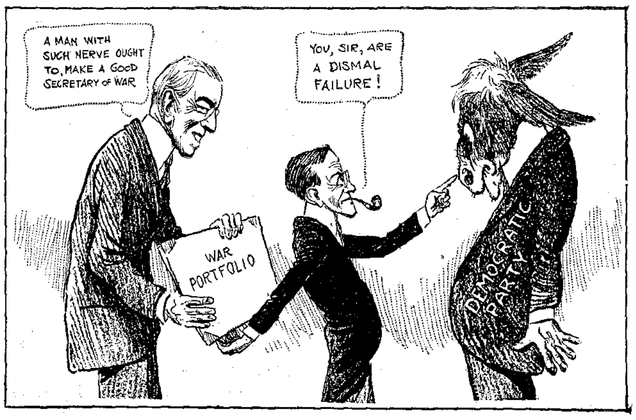
> "They will admit that Mr. Baker is far too light in all that makes executive ability. They will confess that he does not weigh enough in experience or in knowledge of the special duties of the head of the War Department. They will concede that his whole mental bent and habit of thought make him incompetent to meet the tremendous responsibilities of the Secretary of War and prove himself worthy of so great a task. All this is so true that in many respects the appointment is grotesque."

Another Cleveland daily, *The Press* (Ind.), finds much significance in the appointment of a self-confest "peace-at-almost-any-price man," for it "confirms President Wilson as a peace-at-ALMOST-any-price man. He fights only when the honor of the nation is at stake. That also is the attitude of Baker." Mr. Wilson, we read in a statement from the "Antipreparedness Committee" at Washington, "is to be congratulated on his selection. While it comes too late to help the Administration's 'preparedness' program, it will tend to convince the country that the President is not entirely the jingo which some would make him out to be."

Democratic comment on the appointment is generally favorable if not overenthusiastic. Mr. Baker's "open mind and close allegiance to the Administration" win him the favor of the New York *Evening World*, for he is not known to have any pet theories or "pet schemes he desires to push." "In choosing a new Secretary of War the President seems to have aimed at cohesion in his Cabinet." And at this moment, asks the New York editor, "is there anything all branches of the Government need more?"

It is the pacifist praise of the Baker appointment which arouses the suspicion and adds point to the criticism of several editorial enthusiasts over preparedness. "Why not appoint Mr. Henry Ford as Secretary of War, and be done with it?" asks the New York *Herald*. And the Republican Boston *Transcript* says:

> "The appointment of an enthusiastic pacifist in command of the headquarters of the land-defenses of the nation strengthens a suspicion widely held that the resignation of the chief opponent of Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet was due to his conviction that the President was not at heart in favor of a program of preparedness founded upon military necessities. . . . . . .
>
> "As the head of the War Department Mr. Baker is qualified to supply that interest in politics and strength with politicians so lacking with Mr. Garrison. So, too, as a political figure of prominence in a pivotal State like Ohio, Mr. Baker will prove of larger value as a Cabinet officer in the coming campaign than would Mr. Garrison, who brought to the War Department no political organization and was a resident of the President's own State. As an intellectual companion the new Secretary of War should be much more congenial to his chief than was the lawyer and judge whom he succeeds. . . .
>
> "But the academic charm of Mr. Baker's personality and the political power of his following are not the requirements of a great Secretary of War in these critical days. . . . As a political auxiliary the new Secretary of War will be of valuable assistance to the Administration. Let us hope that his administration of the War Department will not be as harmful to the Army, however, as that of his fellow politician has been to the Navy."



A MAN WITH SUCH NERVE OUGHT TO MAKE A GOOD SECRETARY OF WAR
YOU, SIR, ARE A DISMAL FAILURE!
WAR PORTFOLIO
DEMOCRATIC PARTY

COURAGE REWARDED.
—May in the Cleveland *Leader*.

NEGRO-SEGREGATION IN ST. LOUIS

FOR SEVERAL DAYS before the people of St. Louis voted to segregate the negroes of the city, so the dispatches informed us, negro girls and women handed out circulars on the streets bearing a cartoon depicting a white man driving a negro before him and lashing his bare back, with the inscription "Back to slavery." And now that the two ordinances embodying segregation have been carried by a three-to-one vote, in a centrally located city of 700,000 inhabitants, the New York *Evening Post* alludes ironically to "the two watch-words of democracy—emancipation and segregation," and the New York *World* deplores the attempt "to deprive black men of property, liberty, and hope." In St. Louis, *The Globe Democrat* regrets the victory of the "overwhelming forces of power, interest, and prejudice." But the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* observes that "the separation or segregation of the races" which "prevails generally through the South" on cars, boats, and in public places "has caused no special injury to any one," and "has unquestionably tended to prevent friction between the races when traveling, which of old frequently developed into serious disturbances and what were called 'race-riots.' "

In St. Louis, the segregation-ordinances were actively supported by real-estate interests and a body called the United Welfare Association, while the opposition was led by the Citizens' Antinegro-Segregation Committee. As both ordinances were adopted by the voters acting under a State initiative and referendum law, the more stringent one is to become effective. It forbids negroes to move into blocks in which as many as 75 per cent. of the occupants are white, and prohibits "the use by negroes in 'white' or 'mixed' blocks of any building or part of a building for a church, dance-hall, school, theater, or place of assemblage for negroes." The defeated side will ask an injunction to restrain the city authorities from putting the ordinances into effect, and will carry cases to the highest courts to test their constitutionality. "While the United States Supreme Court has ruled on grandfather constitutions, the new slavery of peonage, and Jim Crow sleeping- and dining-cars, it has not yet reached a case of segregation," the New York *World* reminds us. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* does not believe the ordinances will survive the test of the courts; and if they do, it does not look for a solution of the racial problems they were planned to meet, for these problems "must be solved on a sounder basis of justice and liberty and with a broader spirit of humanity than are embodied in these measures."

The segregation-campaign seems quite insincere to a writer in the St. Louis *Labor*, who says:

> "If the value of property would increase every time a negro family would move into a block, every agent and property-owner in town, almost without exception, would be 'baiting the nigger' to move into the house where a rent-sign is seen.
>
> "The education of the negro, and providing him with proper means for a living, are more worthy of the thought of good people than to crowd him into conditions where life is unbearable. Crowding him back into the alleys and slums will not make for a better condition for the white man than for the black man."

A representative utterance from the Afro-American press appears in the Richmond *Planet:*

> "All of these laws and regulations are in violation of constitutional vested property-rights, and ultimately jurists will be found with manhood and conscience enough so to rule. It is not popular now to champion any cause in which colored folk's rights and privileges are involved. We are living in a corrupt age, where manhood-rights are below par in all cases affecting citizens of color.
>
> "This will not always be the case. The only proper course is to agitate and contend until the latent sense of fair play ever existent in the American people is aroused."

On the other hand, real-estate men quoted in the St. Louis dailies are distinctly pleased, and they assert that the new ordinances will eventually benefit the people of both races. If after a court-contest "the ordinances stand, as appears probable," St. Louis negroes, says *The Republic*, "will have a new opportunity to prove the worth of their racial inheritance, to demonstrate their capacity as home-builders and community-builders."

> "Segregation means the setting of the race by itself in the residence-districts of a great city. The most conspicuous achievements of the colored race in America during the past quarter-century have been achievements in which the white race has had no direct part. Tuskegee, where the negro is educated by negroes, has been the most successful negro-school. The contributions of negroes to community-life which have most evoked commendation have been made in negro-communities, led and guided by negroes. The negro has blazed his own path in the arts, where the genius of Dubois and Coleridge-Taylor is universally recognized.
>
> "The negro leaders tell us that segregation is injustice. Be this as it may, it is also opportunity, if recent negro-history has any value."

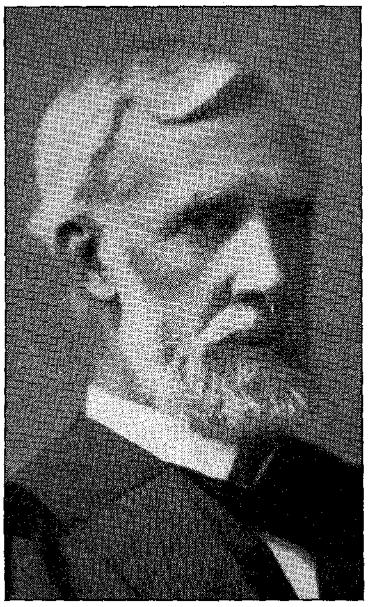
The new ordinance will end the rascality of unscrupulous real-estate operators, says the New York *Morning Telegraph*, who induce negroes to move into houses in white neighborhoods and blackmail the whites into buying the property at a fancy figure. Such tactics will now be impossible. "That is the whole situation in a nutshell."

THE NEW IRISH DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

NO WORSE TIME could have been chosen for the "Irish Race Convention" than these days of high tension of foreign relations, according to some editorial observers. And these critics exhibit considerable temper over press-reports that two of the sentiments most wildly applauded at the gathering were the hope for England's defeat and the "fervent prayer" that the United States will not wage war against the Central Powers. "The clownish performance we have lately witnessed under the style of a race-convention," says the New York *Tribune*, for example, "has been a cause of humiliation to many Irishmen in this country, who are not unnaturally pained to see their native land held up to derision and ridicule by an impudent set of upstarts who have no authority whatever to express the sentiments of Irishmen at home." On the other hand, the New York *Evening Mail* tells us that "a flash of the sacred fire that burns on Erin's well-loved soil illumined" this gathering of Irish-Americans from all parts of the United States, and it believes that "their pledge and prayer for the freedom of the land of their birth or origin can not fail to find an echo in every American heart which is responsive to the cry of universal humanity." The pledge referred to is the "Declaration of Irish Independence," adopted the second day of the convention, March 5, and recorded by the New York *American* as follows:

> "We solemnly declare that we owe no allegiance and we share no loyalty which in any manner or to any degree lessens our devotion to American ideals or impairs our faith in American institutions.
>
> "England has for years worked openly and secretly to rewrite our history. Never more strongly than at the present moment has she been prepared for armed conflict against the United States whenever the moment for armed action shall seem to her to have arrived.
>
> "We call upon the President and Congress of the United States to do what is necessary to place the American flag both on the Navy and merchant marine in a position of equality with the flags of other nations upon the seven seas.
>
> "We demand that American passengers shall be warned not to travel upon ships carrying contraband of war.
>
> "We demand that our neutrality laws shall be enforced with fairness and impartiality.
>
> "To-day not alone the Irish race but the enemies of England realize that for the peace of the world England must be deprived of mastery and dominion over Ireland.

> "Finally, we appeal to the concert of the Powers, and particularly to America, to recognize that Ireland is a European and not a British island—to appreciate that its complete independence from the British Empire is vital to the freedom of the seas.
>
> "And we ask in the name of the Irish race—unconquered and unconquerable—for a seat at the Congress of the Nations to present the cause of Ireland."



JUSTICE JOHN W. GOFF.

As temporary chairman of the Irish Race Convention he declared that in the outcome of the war "we have one supreme interest, and one only, and that is to see England, the tyrant and oppressor of Ireland and her people, the evil genius of France and of every nation blighted by her alliance, defeated."

In utter contradiction to this view-point are the resolutions of the Executive Committee of American Irish Societies adopted at a meeting to protest in advance against the Irish Race Convention. The signers declare themselves, as we read in the press, "representatives of the Irish race in America, unsubsidized by any foreign Power"; and in order to set the race right with the people of the United States they declare as follows:

> "*First*—That the Irish in America, whether they have yet reached the boon of citizenship or not, believe in America first, last, and all the time, and believe in the strict enforcement of American rights and American neutrality as to all the contestants in the European War.
>
> "*Secondly* — That the Irish in America believe that the Irish in Ireland are better judges of their rights, their policies, and their duties than any number of praiseworthy and well-meaning men of their race in America, or any number of professional Irishmen in America, or any number of the descendants of exiled Irishmen in America, whose only idea on the Irish question is the legacy of hate inherited from the days of oppression, and who are ignorant of, or shut their minds to, the happy change that has come over the green island since the rule of democracy has been substituted for that of feudalism.
>
> "*Thirdly*—The Irish in Ireland are not contract-breakers. Ever since O'Connell's day they have fought for home rule (first as 'Repeal of the Union'). Now that it is granted them, they are keeping their part of the contract. They have sent 142,000 of their sons, voluntarily and without 'force, starvation, or deceit,' to the front, and are adding to that force at the rate of 1,000 a week.
>
> "*Fourthly*—The Irish in Ireland will not soon forget the fate of Belgium nor their centuries-old friendship for that distracted country and France, even if some of our long-distance Irish patriots on this side of the Atlantic choose to ignore them."

To hold the Irish Race Convention at this time gives it "an alien smack," some editors think, an opinion exprest also by Supreme Court Justice John Ford, who declined to participate in it, and who is quoted as saying:

> "This is no time for any racial demonstration of any kind, unless it be a demonstration of Yankees, for this dear old Yankee land of ours. . . . It seems to me most unfortunate that American citizens of Irish birth or extraction should lay themselves open to the suspicion that they are against our Government at a time when the blindest among us can see that the relations of this country with Germany are critical in the extreme."

Nevertheless his colleague of the same court, Justice John W. Goff, roused great enthusiasm in the Race Convention by avowing that "we have one supreme interest, and that is to see England, the tyrant and oppressor of Ireland and her people, the evil genius of France and of every nation blighted by her alliances, defeated." Among the Irish-American press we find the New York *Freeman's Journal* apostrophizing the convention as foreshadowing "Ireland's rebirth" in America, and it adds: "It was the flowering of the past, the birth of the future, the old hopes, aspirations, resolves, brought into the full sunlight of American liberty and found not wanting." The New York *Gaelic American* calls it the "greatest and most representative gathering of Irish men and women that ever assembled in the United States," whose work will mark "a new epoch in Irish and American history," and it regards the Declaration of Irish Independence as "a reassertion of the principles on which the American Republic was founded, which must exert a powerful influence on the people of this country at the most critical period in its history since the Civil War." The New York *Irish World* advises us that since the beginning of the European conflict "Irish-Americans were libeled by Irish renegades, who lyingly asserted that 95 per cent. of us favored England," but the convention "effectively refutes this statement." We read then:

JUSTICE JOHN FORD.

He declined to participate in the Irish Race Convention because he is "so fully occupied just now in trying to be a faithful American citizen" that he has "no time for consideration of the fortunes of any other country, except to sympathize with the unfortunate peoples afflicted by the unspeakable horrors of the European War."

> "Whatever tends to weaken England will strengthen our Motherland. Let us bear this in mind in combating the attempt to make America England's ally. A defeat of that attempt will be a victory presaging other and greater victories in the coming years. Let us bend, then, to the labor of love that lies before us. The interests of America and Ireland alike call upon us to consolidate our resources preparatory to launching them against England, the common enemy."

On the other hand, *Ireland* (New York), a weekly devoted to Irish interests and "more especially to supporting the Irish Parliamentary party in restoring and preserving self-government in Ireland," thinks that, "considering that there ought not to have been such a convention at all, it requires something of an effort to survey the affair dispassionately." Yet there are features, we read, "of a kind to impress people interested in Ireland and people not interested in Ireland at all." This journal then mentions ten such features, among which we note that the convention "represented only a single phase of Irish opinion"; that "it was hostile to the people of Ireland, whose deliberate policy is deliberately condemned"; that "as an Irish-race convention it was notable for the absence of all those who in a score of years have helped on the cause of progress in Ireland"; that the convention was "against every government but the German Government," and this journal sums up its impression of the convention's accomplishment with the words: "Business done: Germany's."

PUTTING A TRUST ON PROBATION

BECAUSE the American Can Company "had its origin in unlawful acts," "once sought to emancipate itself from restraints of competition," and has acquired "a power which may be harmful," John C. Rose, United States District Judge for the District of Maryland, could not see his way clear to dismiss the dissolution-suit brought against it by the United States Government. But because this trust "has for some time past used that power on the whole rather for weal than for wo"; because "those in the trade do not want it dissolved"; and because the judge is "frankly reluctant to destroy so finely adjusted an industrial machine as the record shows the defendant to be," neither could he see his way clear to render a verdict against it. So he resorted to what the Springfield *Republican* calls "the singular course of placing the corporation on probation, like a juvenile offender." That is to say, so long as its conduct is that of a "good trust" it will not be interfered with—unless either side in the suit does not like this arrangement and insists on a decree. Meanwhile, in the absence of such a demand, the Court will retain jurisdiction, so that if the Can Company should again lapse from grace, the Government could take up the case where Judge Rose now drops it, without the necessity of going over the same ground a second time. "This striking and significant decision marks the extreme length to which the doctrine of reasonableness as enunciated by the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases has thus far been carried," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which thinks that it will be approved by "the thoughtful citizen who understands that the law should be constructive, and that it should never be so applied as to involve the reckless, unprofitable destruction of any useful enterprise." Turning again to the Springfield *Republican*, we read:

> "Under the Antitrust Law as it is, one can not be sure that his Court is not usurping power in thus placing on probation a corporation charged with being an illegal concern. The Federal act does not provide for probation. It provides penalties for its violation, and among them is dissolution, which Judge Rose does not like. Is he not assuming, in effect, to exercise the legislative power; and, furthermore, if any Court is to determine whether a trust should be placed on probation, should not that Court be the highest in the land?"

Judge Rose's opinion reads in part as follows:

> "A dislike for useless waste and destruction makes one loath to follow the authority which may be understood as requiring the breaking-up of defendant's organization, in spite of its proved power for good, albeit with serious possibilities of evil. A like instinct rebels against taking any course which may hereafter involve this or any other tribunal going again over any part of the ground which in this proceeding has once been covered.
>
> "Under the circumstances, would it not be better simply to retain the bill, without at present decreeing a dissolution, but reserving the right to do so whenever, if ever, it shall be made to appear to the Court that the size and power of the defendant, brought about as they originally were, are being used to the injury of the public, or whenever such size and power, without being intentionally so used, have given to the defendant a dominance and control over the industry, or some portion of it, so great as to make dissolution or other restraining decree of the courts expedient? . . . . . .
>
> "I shall take the course indicated unless one or the other of the parties insist on my entering such a final decree as will enable them to seek at once a review by a higher tribunal."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MAYBE it would be worth while to send those nervous members of the House some foot-warmers.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE civilization of Haiti has begun. Americans have been granted a concession for a soap-factory.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

THOSE who say this country can't raise a big standing army never saw our rapid-transit system about 6 P.M.—*Boston Advertiser.*

SENATOR STONE'S idea of the international situation is that St. Louis, Mo., is one of the largest German cities in the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Republicans are worrying whether they should run after the Colonel or from him.—*Florida Times-Union.*

MINGLED emotions may be felt by the Germans if they have to torpedo the German ships which Portugal and Italy have commandeered.—*Springfield Republican.*

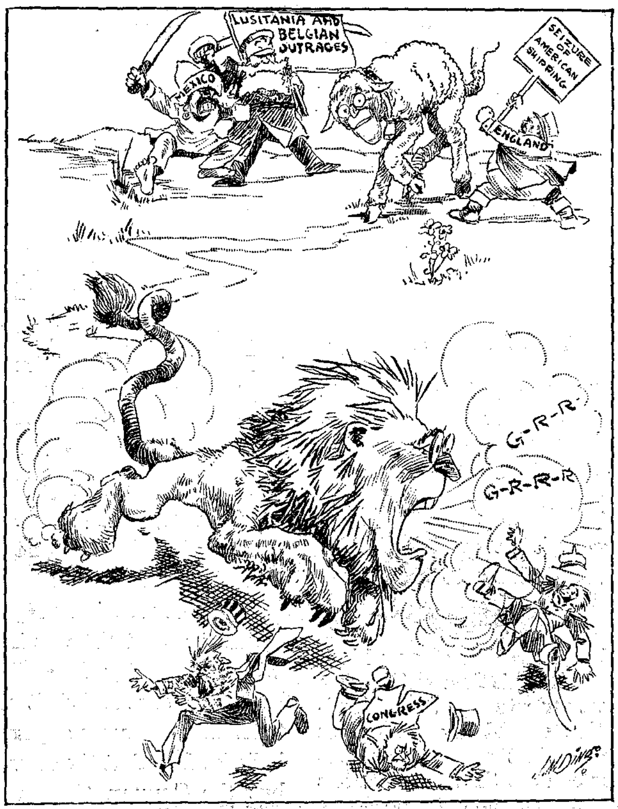
WHAT would you think of the head of a family who prepared his household against burglars by buying one cartridge and put off getting the pistol until 1921?—*Boston Transcript.*

A RECENT number of THE LITERARY DIGEST contained an article on "Cookery for Criminals." We hold that while such treatment is eminently appropriate for bores, it is a trifle too drastic for ordinary malefactors.—*Kansas City Star.*

THAT is rather a neat point which David Jayne Hill made when he spoke of those pacifists who say no armed nation will attack us, but are worried for fear Americans will immediately become aggressive if they arm.—*St. Louis Republic.*

THE Democratic Congressmen who are now opposing Wilson's preparedness and submarine-boat policy will be running around the country soon telling us voters it's our sacred duty to uphold the President.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE war has made Peru too poor to maintain a Minister at Washington. This is unfortunate, but not so regrettable as the sharply contrasted fact that the war has provided too much money for some other diplomats at the Capital.—*New York Sun.*



RIDDLE: WHY IS MARCH LIKE THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION?

—Darling in the Des Moines *Register and Leader.*

RESPONSIBILITY is plainly on merchantmen to warn the submarines.—*Wall Street Journal.*

AMERICANS who mind their own business should have the right to go where they please, as well as the discretion to avoid unnecessary risks.—*Chicago News.*

DOES the treaty with Haiti provide that as soon as the Republic becomes absolutely dependent on American support we will withdraw?—*Philadelphia North American.*

PRESIDENT WILSON is evidently committed to the theory that there is room for only one President at a time in Washington.—*Chicago Herald.*

IF Felix Diaz can raise an army of 25,000 while our Department of Justice is watching him, he might be mentioned for Secretary of War.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE Bremen *Tageblatt*, in considering the calamitous possibilities of a war with the United States, says: "We should have to feed the Belgians."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

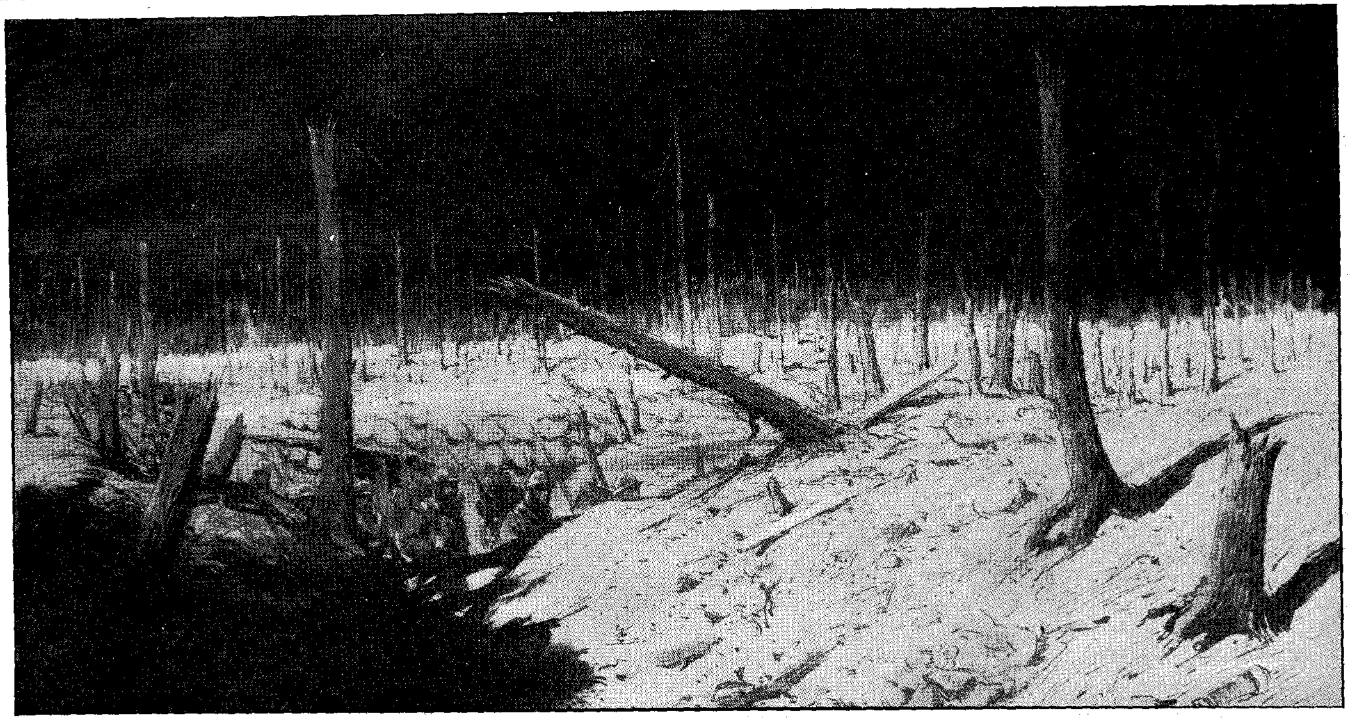
A COLORADO man has sent a live American eagle to the White House. That's all right, but why not send it to the House of Representatives, where it is needed more?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

REMEMBER how Wilson men exulted that the Democrats retained control of Congress after the last election? And now the President must wish there were more Republican members. —*Philadelphia North American.*

THE G. O. P.'s attitude toward Colonel Roosevelt seems to be like that of the wise mother toward her small son. As long as he's making a noise, her mind is at rest; it's in the silent periods that she becomes uneasy.—*Kansas City Star.*

ACCORDING to Germany, battering one's way through a neutral country is purely a defensive measure, while the carrying of a gun by a steamship for the purpose of holding off murderous attack is wantonly offensive.—*Philadelphia North American.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



From "L'Illustration," Paris.

WHAT MODERN ARTILLERY DOES TO A FOREST.

A RELIEF COMPANY FILING INTO A COMMUNICATING TRENCH IN THE SABOT WOODS, ON THE CHAMPAGNE FRONT.

ITALY'S SHARE IN THE WAR

THE ANOMALOUS POSITION of Italy in being at war with Austria and at peace with Germany has produced distrust in some of the Allied capitals, and the warmth of feeling evoked by Italy's siding with the Entente has given way to a chill current of doubt and suspicion. Many are asking the question, "Why has Italy not declared war on Germany?" or, "Why has she not joined France and England in their expeditions in the Near East?"

This feeling, tho common among the people, is not shared by the statesmen of the Entente nor by the more responsible newspapers of the Allied capitals, as may be seen from a recent article in the London *Times*, where a generous tribute is paid to Italy, and her achievements are anything but undervalued.

The Times points out that Italy has warded off the possible invasion of Venetia and Lombardy; deprived the Austrians of large and fertile tracts in the Trentino and on the Isonzo; kept the flower of the Austrian Army busily employed, and has destroyed a number of fortresses hitherto deemed impregnable:

"This result has been obtained in what is certainly the highest and most difficult of all the European theaters of war, amid floods, tempests, snowstorms, and extremes of temperature to which few of the Allied troops, save perhaps those of Russia and Servia, have been exposed. The Italian Army may well look back with pride upon its deeds."

The premier English organ then proceeds:

"We demur to the conclusion that, because Italy has not yet felt able to make formal war upon Germany, her efforts are insufficiently appreciated by her allies. We know what services Italy has rendered to the common cause—which is essentially anti-German, inasmuch as the war arose from the desire of Prussia-Germany to impose her will upon Europe with the help of Austria and her other dupes—both by her declaration of neutrality in August, 1914, and by her armed intervention against Austria last May. We know that the allied relationship previously existing among Italy, Austria, and Germany complicated her situation, and impeded, tho it could not prevent, the fulfilment of her wish to draw the sword with honor. We know how deficient was her military preparation and how arduous the task of bringing it up to the high level required in modern warfare. We know, moreover, that when her people decided last May to throw in their lot with the Allies they did not choose a moment that promised easy and rapid triumph, but entered the fray when the arms of the enemy seemed to be crowned with striking, albeit temporary, success."

An able defense of Italy's position is found in the London *Fortnightly Review* from the pen of Count Tasso Tassinari, who is equally familiar with conditions in England and America as with those of his native land, and is therefore qualified to make the Italian view-point clear to members of the English-speaking peoples. Defending Italy for any remissness in not taking part in the disastrous Balkan adventures, he writes:

"Now, our statesmen know that our men can be trusted to fight with the tenacity of lions, to the very last drop of their blood, as long as it is on Italian soil, be it to defend the mother country or be it when they are animated by the beautiful desire to see the few remaining Italian victims of Austria's misrule gathered once more to the great Italian family. But Salandra and Sonnino were loath to try the dangerous experiment of sending our men on foreign soil, unless under absolutely and universally evident necessity such as we are now confronting. 'Italy is enough for us,' is the battle-cry of Italian Socialists, and Socialism in Italy is a very powerful party indeed. . . . . . .

"Another thing that seems to cause some disquiet in the British mind is the slowness of our advance all along the line. Few people in England realize that we have 940 miles of front, constituted by so many Achi Babas in a line. All the riches and resources of the British Empire for months and months were poured forth in the attempt to get Achi Baba, and we have thousands of similar terrible forts placed against us on the highest pinnacles of the Alps, constructed with consummate art during forty years of preparation by an enemy who ever plotted and planned to regain the complete mastery of the Adriatic by once more controlling Venetia. . . . . . .

"But Italy and all Italians are chary of dividing their forces, for every one south of the Alps feels that, after Servia and Montenegro, Italy will be called upon to bear the onrush of Teutonic invasion, and then every man will be needed to defend the plains of Lombardy from invasion, and we realize full well that we can only depend on our own good strength and resistance."

While Allied statesmen are conscious of the value of Italy's contribution to the cause of the Entente, there is no doubt that they feel the moment has come to secure her closer cooperation, and this has found expression in the recent visit of the French Premier, Mr. Briand, to Rome. Just what the object of the visit was Mr. Briand himself explains in the columns of the Rome *Messaggero*, where he says:

"My trip to Rome is not merely a friendly one, but one which should have practical and effective results. The Entente Powers have at their disposition such energies and material and moral resources that their victory is assured; but that victory will come all the more quickly and certainly if their efforts are properly united in cooperation. Going to Rome to promote the activity of the Allies, they must confide mutually to one another the exact facts as to their forces and their needs, and must coordinate those forces to secure victory. We shall examine not only military but also economic and financial problems."

The results of this mission have been at once apparent. Commercial relations with Germany have been absolutely severed by royal decree, and this is regarded in many quarters, notably by the Paris *Temps* and *Figaro*, as being the preliminary of a formal declaration of war. Italy has set her signature to the Pact of London, thereby binding herself not to conclude a separate peace, and she has agreed to join the Allied War Council in Paris, the object of which is to secure closer military cooperation among the Allies.

In commenting on this the *Petit Parisien* says:

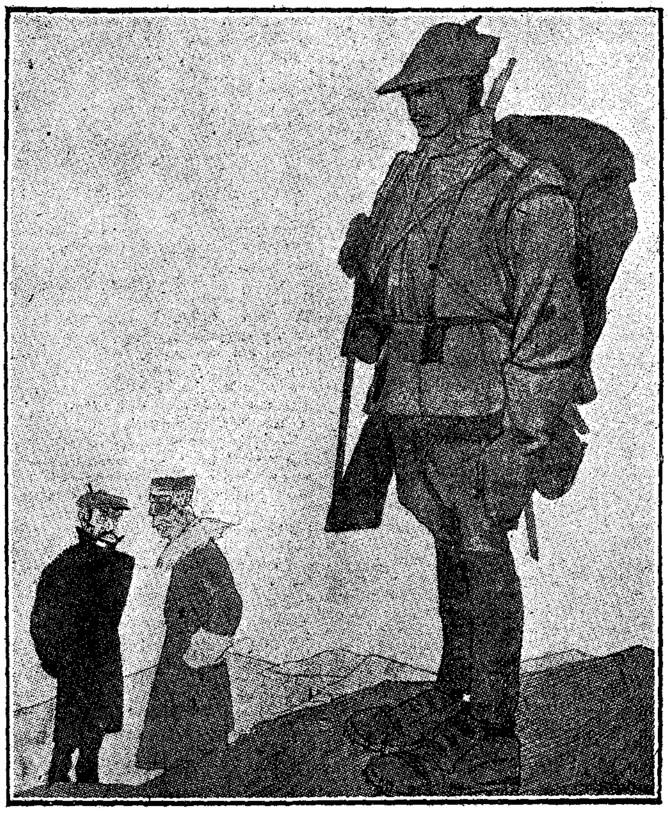
"The decision constitutes a success for the Entente which could not develop its full power without unity of action and cooperation in all enterprises. It seems a grave check to our enemies, who were relying on the maintenance of our weakness in organization and our dislike of the creation of the machinery of united action. In the councils of the Allies we welcome a step which, tho late, will exercise none the less a salutary influence on the progress of events."

Italian feeling is aptly exprest in one of the Roman papers, the *Giornale d'Italia*, which declares:

"If the enemies of the Entente hope for or reckon on dissensions they are terribly deceiving themselves. The truth is that Italy is more than ever in accord with the determination to continue the struggle, not only until the particular enemy with whom we have taken up our supreme struggle is beaten, but until the whole *bloc* of which Austria is a part, and against which our allies are fighting on other fronts, is crusht. We shall honor our signature placed on the Pact of London because we do not recognize the theory that treaties can be violated like scraps of paper."

THE EAST-AFRICAN FRONT—From the pen of Mr. Emil Zimmerman, the well-known German colonial expert, we learn that "the East-African campaign is not a subordinate and secondary affair, but one of the decisive factors in the contest with England." In the columns of the Berlin *Tag*, Mr. Zimmerman continues:

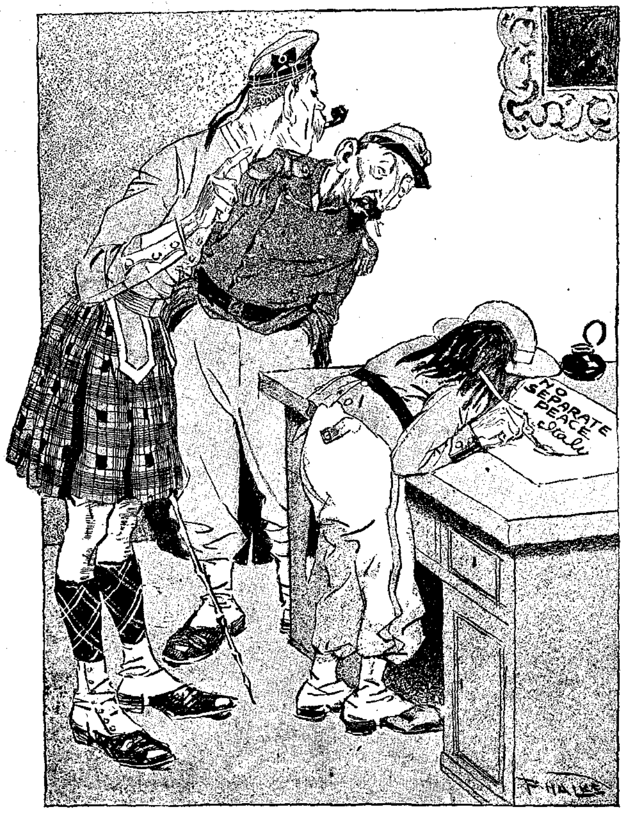
"In East Africa the entire Mohammedan world is fighting against England, stiffened by the little German handful, and the German victories there are considered as Moslem victories, and so celebrated. They are reported in Arabia and India, and the enemies of British rule in those lands turn their eyes to East Africa. East Africa is the agent of the Islamic world that foments the revolt against England's position on the Indian Ocean. There lies the great importance of the fight in Africa; it has contributed powerfully to the movement that has set in among the Islamic communities in British East Africa and the Sudan. Had we possest large depots of arms in East Africa so that we could equip the Arabs and their allies, British rule north of Victoria Nyanza would now be at an end and all the Sudan would have been in flames."



ITALY'S NEW WORK OF ART.

CADORNA—"Unfortunately, Mr. Briand, the Government has forbidden the exportation of this important article."

—*Numero* (Turin).



THE FAITHFUL ITALIAN.

"Has he signed his name to the treaty?"
"Yes."
"Then we shall have to watch him twice as carefully."

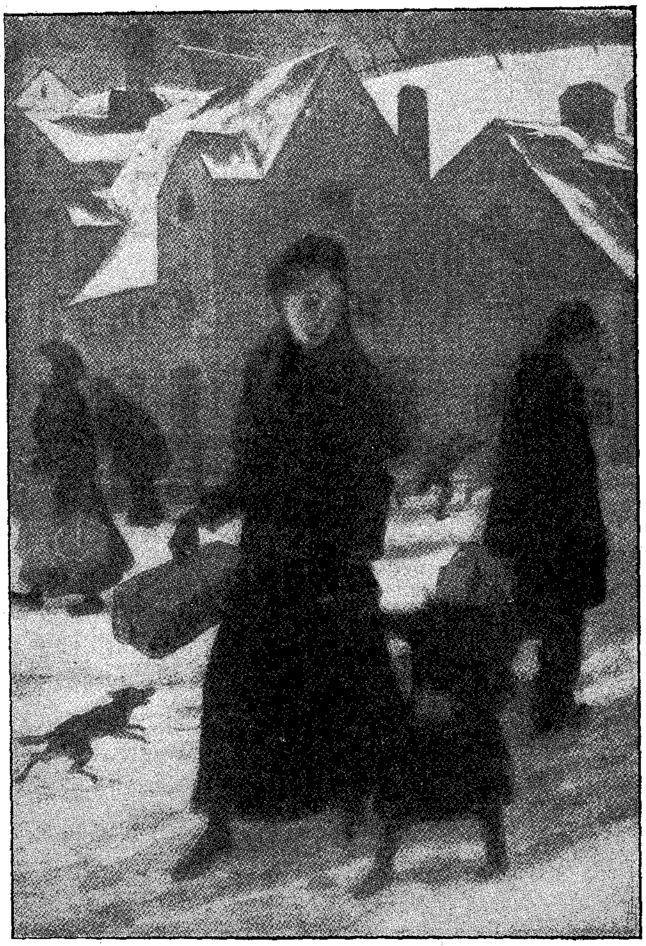
—© *Ulk* (Berlin).

HOME AND FOREIGN VIEWS OF ITALY'S ATTITUDE.

COMPULSORY ECONOMY IN GERMANY

OLD CLOTHES will soon be fashionable in the German Empire, for the authorities have taken over the control of all products of the textile industries. The Government has been exercising a partial control over raw materials and half-finished goods ever since Italy entered the war and cotton was declared contraband by Great Britain, but this new order practically confiscates the entire country's stock of textile materials and manufactured clothing, for not only the raw material, but the finished article, is affected by it. The stuffs and articles seized are divided into eight groups, and it is interesting to note just what the Government considers must be carefully conserved. We find these groups conveniently summarized in the Manchester *Guardian*, which thus describes them:

> "The first group consists of clothing materials that can be used for the Army, the Navy, officials, or prisoners, and is restricted to certain plain colors ranging from blue to gray and khaki. The second group contains coverings such as blankets and horse-cloths. The third consists of men's underclothing and shirts, socks, and gloves, chiefly white, green, or gray. The fourth group contains all sorts of colored linen, handkerchiefs, bed-clothing, and materials for the wear of wounded men. The other four groups consist of linings, bleached material, drill, sail-cloth, and tent-cloth, and sand-bag material."



EVERYTHING'S GONE UP!

"Mother, how much more does snow cost now?"

—© *Simplicissimus* (Munich).

These goods can be sold only at certain fixt prices in limited quantities, and no one may purchase more than one article from each group in a single day. The *Berliner Tageblatt* considers these new measures part of a far-sighted program of preparation for after-war conditions, for it says:

> "What will a military victory avail Germany if that victory should find us so exhausted economically that we could not turn it to account? Therefore, it is not the least important care of the War Ministry to see that our trade-weapons are kept just as sharp as our military weapons."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out that a measure of compulsory economy is needed to teach those who are profiting by the war that there is a necessity for retrenchment. This organ presses the argument that fashion is not necessary to happiness, and says:

> "It is not a question of being in the fashion when we are actually fighting for the existence of the Empire. The question is how to supply the actual needs of the Army and the people. Some will, of course, suffer, particularly the workers in the clothing-trades, but it is to be hoped that the Government will be able to make good use of their services. War is hard, and naturally grows harder the longer it lasts. And trade-war is war too."

This hope of the Frankfort organ seems likely to be realized, for the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* states that this measure will create "a category of people who will have to receive help from the State." The semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung* approves of the measure as a necessary war-economy, and points out that Great Britain, "despite her boasted wealth," has had to resort to similar prudential devices. It says:

> "Such measures are making it possible for us to hold out with mathematical certainty. At the same time they fulfil a second purpose, which has not been brought to the knowledge of the people so widely as the need for economizing food-supplies, namely, the duty of saving. This confiscation of textile goods will show even the well-to-do that we are only beginning to save methodically. In this matter England is still miles ahead of us and we must catch up to her. There is method in England in the stoppage of the importation of all that is unnecessary or merely luxurious, and the British consumer has taxes put upon his amusements and pleasures and luxuries, so that the simplest mode of life becomes his first duty."

GERMANY'S BREAD

BETTER PRICES prevail in Germany than in England, as far as bread is concerned; so, at least, we learn from the semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung*, which, however, emphasizes the need for economy. The great Rhenish organ writes:

> "In London nowadays wheat-flour costs $12.75 a sack; at the beginning of December, 1915, the price was $11.75; in December, 1914, $9.25; and in December, 1913, only $6.75. In other words, the price of flour has almost doubled in England since peace-times. These figures form an ironic criticism of the English attempt to starve us out. Even if such a policy were possible, it must be observed that England is now beginning to feel its effects herself, and the proof of this assertion lies in the difference of prices in Germany and England.
>
> "A comparison with German prices is instructive. Wheat at $12.75 a sack in England would make the corresponding price for our double centner $10.25. But the actual price of our double is only $9.18, or rather more than a dollar less. If, however, we make a more accurate comparison: for instance, if we compare the wheat-flour which is chiefly used in England with the rye-flour chiefly used with us, the results are even more in our favor, for a double centner of rye-flour costs in Berlin only $8.37. There can be no better demonstration of the advantages of our bread-ticket system than this difference in the price of flour in both capitals.
>
> "This fact, which is sure to be a bitter disillusionment to our enemies, is certainly pleasing, but there is a side that must not be overlooked. It affords our people a feeling of security which frequently betrays them into carelessness. We have been told by the papers that Roumania is sending us large quantities of wheat, but we must remember that our needs can not be satisfied with less than 15,000,000 tons, so that Roumania's 500,000 tons will not play a very conspicuous part.
>
> "Our imports from abroad certainly ought not to encourage us to be extravagant, and we should never forget that it is still the sacred duty of all Germans to obey in the most minute particulars the laws relating to the use of flour and bread. What we may call the bread-ticket spirit, from which Marshal Hindenburg expected such great things and which our enemies looked upon as one of the most dreaded weapons in our armory, must not be allowed to break down. It is the duty of every individual—not merely the State and the municipality—to economize."

THE AMERICAN SPHINX

MYSTERIOUS AND SILENT, Colonel House has proved a puzzle to all the journalists of Europe. While Ministers of State may know just who and what this unofficial envoy of President Wilson may be, official reticence has closely guarded the secret, and the plain people of every country that the Colonel has visited have been all agog to learn something more about this inscrutable personality. As a matter of fact, nothing definite has been learned of the Colonel and his mission, but this has not prevented the journalists of Europe from exercising their imagination upon the personage who has so piqued their curiosity.

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SILENCE PERSONIFIED.

Colonel House has baffled the industrious reporters of four European nations, just as he does those at home. In this case, silence breeds confidence. Europeans are inclined to regard him as the strongest, if not the only, hope for continued American neutrality. The picture shows him during his visit to London, snapt on the steps of his headquarters, the fashionable Ritz Hotel.

For example, the Paris *Journal des Débats* tells us that he is the "friend, inspirer, boss, and *alter ego*" of President Wilson. Another Paris journal, the *Excelsior*, frankly gives him up in despair and is content to describe him as "the Sphinx in the Soft Felt Hat." Yet another of the organs of the French capital, *L'Œuvre*, is much more enterprising, and, assuming the mantle of omniscience, gravely informs us that his mission was for the purpose of "cracking the whip over the Ambassadors of America." It continues:

> "America finds that its ordinary representatives are somewhat slack and are intimidated by diplomatic apparatus. Diplomacy is a career which only the rich can enter, and they are generally ignorant of the profession. Hence the necessity of occasional *missi dominici* to strengthen them against the seductions of the siren, old Europe."

The Colonel has proved too much even for that brilliant journalist and statesman, Mr. Georges Clemenceau, who, having met personally almost every one of international reputation for the last two generations, ought to be qualified to penetrate the mystery surrounding this representative of the *Kultur* of Texas. Yet even Mr. Clemenceau confesses to mystification. In his organ, the Paris *Homme Enchaîné*, he writes:

> "Europe has suddenly seen a dumb missionary disembark on its shores for a tour of inspection among the combatants. He has passed everywhere, appearing and disappearing by turns like the Flying Dutchman in the mists of the horizon. He has said nothing, his whole mission evidently being to observe. His task, I suppose, is to report faithfully to the President-candidate the conclusions he draws from personal observation as to the balance of force between the belligerents."

In Berlin the interest has been no less remarkable than in Paris, but the German journalist, more enterprising than his French colleagues, knows just exactly what the Colonel came to do. His mission was to spank naughty Ambassadors, especially our representative in London, the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* says:

> "For some time past dissatisfaction has prevailed in Washington because Ambassador Gerard some months ago had an audience of the German Emperor, of which he reported nothing to Washington. It has since transpired that he behaved perfectly correctly. . . . . . .
>
> "In ordinary circumstances the present American Ambassador in London would undoubtedly have been recalled long ago But, unfortunately, his attitude coincides so completely with the ideas of the President that he will remain at his post—at any rate, until the end of the war. Colonel House, therefore, will have nothing to do there, except to advise him to be somewhat more discreet. We must wait and see whether Mr. Page, who has committed countless imprudences of the grossest kind, will take this warning seriously."

The London papers, too, have found the Colonel inscrutable. The London *Daily News* characterizes him as an expert in "the delicate art of saying nothing," and gives the following amusing example of his expertness in this art. Describing a reception that Colonel House gave to the American and English journalists in the English capital, *The News* thus reports a sample interview:

> "I suppose," one of the American journalists began, "you had a very lively time in Berlin?"
>
> "In what way?" Colonel House asked.
>
> "Why, in every way."
>
> "They would be glad to tell you that over there," he replied quietly.
>
> "Where did you stay in Berlin?"
>
> "I stayed with the Ambassador, and all the entertaining that was done was done at the Embassy." He had met and dined with the Kaiser, he admitted, but whether on this visit or not he would not say.
>
> "Did you hear anything of the possibilities of peace discust?"
>
> "I have not heard peace discust anywhere, because I purposely avoided it."
>
> "Did you see any signs of a shortage of bread?"
>
> "I did not see any signs of anything in particular."
>
> "But you saw a good deal of interest on your visit?"
>
> "Europe is always interesting."
>
> "Did you find the Berlin people very cheerful?"
>
> "I didn't make any observations of that sort at all."
>
> "You had nice mild weather there?"
>
> "I have found the winter very mild everywhere." Weather is a very good thing to talk about.
>
> "Could you not tell us what contrast you have found between London and Berlin?"
>
> "I never saw any contrast at all." . . . . . .
>
> "Has your trip been successful?"
>
> "It depends on what you mean by success. I am quite satisfied."
>
> "And have you no message that you can give?"
>
> "The only thing I would like to do is to express appreciation to the newspapers in all the countries I have visited for their very great courtesy."
>
> And with these words this silent Envoy—a little active figure, with iron-gray hair and mustache—himself the perfection of courtesy, shook hands all round and retired into a secret chamber.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A STREET-CLEANING NURSE

A PIONEER POSITION is held by Mrs. Edith W. Pierce, Philadelphia's street-cleaning nurse, who has accomplished much, in a new and interesting way, toward making the streets of that city what every city's streets ought to be. No other woman holds such a post as a paid city-employee, altho Mrs. Pierce's appointment dates back to July, 1914. Dr. Donald McCasky writes about her and of the work she has done, in *The Nurse* (Jamestown, N. Y., February). First of all, he tells us, Mrs. Pierce is a regularly appointed city inspector of street-cleaning. That she may conduct her work most effectively, she has been made a special police officer, being the only woman in Philadelphia who possesses a police-badge. Her function as inspector is to enlist the cooperation of housekeepers and children in helping to maintain the streets in a sanitary condition. This unique feature was introduced by Mrs. Pierce, whose idea it was. Dr. McCasky goes on:

"Philadelphia's street-cleaning nurse has organized among the schoolgirls and boys of the city a Junior Sanitation League of over 10,000 members, whose business it is to watch over the streets and to report any dangerous or dirty conditions which they may notice. Each member of the Junior Sanitation League wears a button bearing the seal of the Quaker City, with the words, 'For Clean Philadelphia Streets,' and is furnished a little book of 'Instructions for Volunteer Inspectors.' This gives the rules of the Highway Bureau relating to the disposal of rubbish, garbage, ashes, and all the other things that make the streets untidy.

"The Junior Sanitation League is divided into five units, each unit being responsible for a particular part of the city. Each unit elects a supervisor, whose duty it is to stimulate the children's interest in the splendid civic work they are undertaking, allot certain tasks, see that the members are supplied with form report-cards, and make sure that these reports are promptly and correctly made out and sent to the president of the League, who forwards them to Mrs. Pierce.

"Each girl and boy wearing the badge of the Sanitation League makes a written report to Mrs. Pierce by means of these form-cards. In this way the cooperative spirit for improved sanitation in the streets is multiplied many thousandfold. On the card the locality, the date, the name of the owner, and his address are written. The holder of the card reports in form the local conditions as to garbage, ashes, rubbish, newspapers, dirty alleys, rubbish-cans, and surface-drainage. There is space also on the card for comments on inside conditions; leaking drain-pipes, leaking roofs, water or filth in cellars, leaking privy wells, manure-piles, etc., are reported.

"In this way Mrs. Pierce is able to cover daily the entire city of Philadelphia from the school-children's standpoint. If the conditions reported seem to warrant it, she takes a little trip to the neighborhood and sees the offenders herself, telling them how disease is caused by improper disposal of garbage, and otherwise driving home the lesson of sanitation.

"From time to time the members of the Junior Sanitation League are invited to meet the mayor in his office. At those gatherings he talks to the youngsters, whom he recognizes as his 'fellow citizens,' on subjects closely related to the sanitation-work in which they are engaged. Occasionally they are treated to a stereopticon entertainment showing the results of their efforts by actual pictures taken before and after they became 'Junior Sanitary Inspectors' with a definite working interest in civic matters. Mrs. Pierce, of course, always has some inspiring word for them.

"'It was Benjamin Franklin who got the people to work for a clean city,' said Mrs. Pierce in one of her talks to the children. 'It was Benjamin Franklin who started our public street-cleaning, and to-day nearly two thousand of our street-cleaners work from sunrise to sunset cleaning away the dirt from our streets. These men help to make our city healthy and pleasant to live in. They are public servants and should do their work very well, for they are working for more than a million and a half of our people, as well as for every boy and girl in the city of Philadelphia. But you school-children can help the street-cleaners. Do not throw litter and dirt from your own house out on the public thoroughfare. Gather it together and place it in a receptacle for collection. If the street-cleaners do not get around regularly, get after them by means of a league report. Don't throw banana-peels into the street, and don't throw paper upon the doorsteps and porches or into the street. Throw it into the rubbish-cans set aside for this purpose.' These are some of the fundamental teachings this street-cleaning nurse of Philadelphia is putting into the minds of the new generation."

Courtesy of "The Nurse," Jamestown, N. Y.

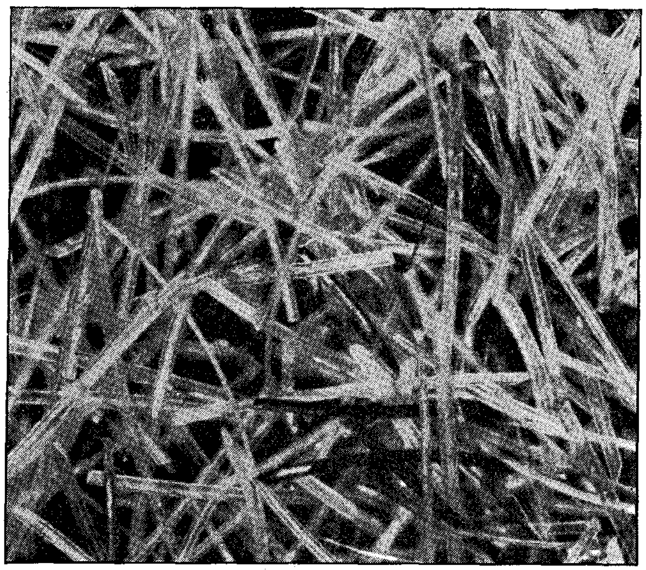
MRS. PIERCE INITIATING A NEW "JUNIOR SANITARY LEAGUER."

If approved by the nurse, this Philadelphia boy will wear a badge and learn to make written reports to her on the condition of the streets about his tenement

In all this Mrs. Pierce has the cooperation of the teachers. Frequently the children are required to write compositions concerning the Junior Sanitation League and their idea of a good citizen. These speak for themselves. Frances Carroll, aged thirteen, fifth year B in the Martha Washington School, expresses herself at some length:

"There are many streets and avenues in Philadelphia, many of which are named after trees, great men, and other things. As we walk along the streets, we can see green cans on the corners. They are to throw all papers and things on the street in that you do not want. These cans are to help keep the streets clean. It is for us who use the streets to proceed so that when we see any one throwing something in the street that would make it unclean it is for us to go to them and tell them to help keep the streets clean.

"The people should try to wash the street as often as possible when they are watering their flowers and grass. If every one would wash the street in front of his own house the city would be very clean. Some one may ask the question, 'What do clean streets do?' That question may be easily answered. A clean street makes a clean city, and a clean city makes a clean State. Another answer is, that a clean street helps to keep away disease."



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

THE RAZOR'S HARVEST UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

The "first time over" they are mostly cut at right angles.

Dr. McCasky concludes:

"It is such invaluable educational work as this—work which not only makes for clean streets, clean houses, and clean children, but for children who are keenly alive to the dangers resulting from a dirty, unhealthy, and insanitary environment—that is being done in the city of Philadelphia by Mrs. Pierce in bringing about a better degree of cooperation among the school-children, and, through them, the cooperation of the housewife in her own home."

HOW WE SHAVE—A razor acts a good deal like a scythe, we are told by a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, February). If we had eyes like microscopes, he says, shaving would seem much like mowing. He goes on:

"A razor is practically a miniature bush-scythe, and its cutting action is similar. Some of the bushes are cut squarely across and others at an acute angle. When the bushes are upright, and the scythe is swung directly against them, the cut is made nearly at a right angle. But if the bushman cuts his bushes a little too high and then wants to go over them again, 'grubbing' them down to the ground, as he would phrase it, especially if the bushy stumps are in a marshy place where the ground does not hold them firmly, he strikes at them several times in succession, and the cut is likely to be more and more at a slant, depending upon the resistance with which they hold their own in the ground. When the barber applies a heavy coat of lather to a long beard, the lather tends to hold the hair upright. In the first shaving, the microscope shows that the cuttings are nearly at a right angle to the length of the beard, but the 'second time over,' when the call is for 'a close shave, Mr. Barber,' short, rapid strokes are made, several times repeated. When the lather is off, the barber will occasionally wet his fingers, because the face gets too dry. Indeed, there is nothing to maintain the perpendicularity of the beard. It bends over and the barber rapidly whacks away at it like the bushman grubbing the bushes to the ground. In connection with these views of the human beard, there is something very surprizing in Dean Swift's 'A Voyage to Brobdingnag,' where he describes a mythical traveler to the land of the giants, and what he had to say of giants' beards. He writes:

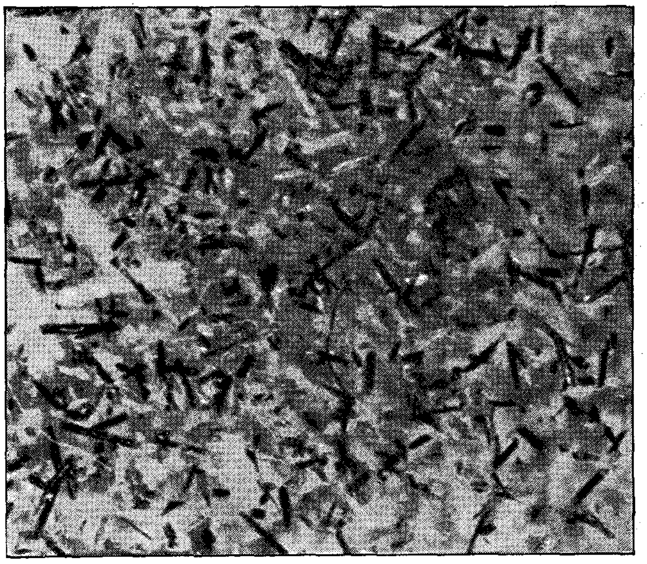
"'I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold: for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. . . . I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances with a needle. . . . I fixt in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb, which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth that it was almost useless.'"

POTATO-SEED AGAIN

THE ARTICLE by Edward F. Bigelow, editor of *The Guide to Nature*, quoted recently in these columns, setting forth the present difficulties of obtaining potato-seed, has attracted some notice and elicited numerous letters from readers of THE DIGEST. One of them calls attention to the fact that F. C. Heinemann, of Erfurt, Germany, offers potato-seed in his catalog at 25 pfennigs (five cents) a package. "Mr. Heinemann," says our correspondent, "is a very reliable dealer, and will gladly send you all the potato-seed you want, provided that our good friend John Bull does not declare it contraband." Mr. Bigelow writes us that many persons from different parts of the country have referred him to dealers in potato-seed, especially to the L. L. Olds Seed Co., of Madison, Wis. He has accordingly written to them and has received this reply:

"The potato-seed we have on hand now came from one of our customers in Canada a couple of years ago. Think we bought four ounces from this man at that time, and it seemed to be very nice seed—at any rate, it showed a good germination-test. This is the only lot of potato-seed in bulk that has been offered us for a good many years. Previously to that time we sold the same in packets furnished us by A. T. Cooke, of Hyde Park, N. Y., who makes quite a specialty of potato-seed.

"Referring again to your article, we did not know that the seed was as scarce as that seems to indicate. The writer remembers one season about twenty years ago when more than a bushel of very nice potato-balls were collected, mostly from one variety, in a potato-field of his that year. Have never seen balls in any quantity since that time. This last season, however, we noticed quite a good many on some of our fields around Madison—more than we have seen for a number of years."



THE "SECOND TIME OVER."

These little gleanings are mostly cut at an acute angle.

Mr. Bigelow's concluding comment is:

"And still the will-o'-the-wisp flees in the distance!"

THE WILL TO GET WELL

"THEY CAN because they think they can," said the old Latin writer. How far can this principle be applied in therapeutics? The psychic element is certainly not neglected nowadays, and we do not have to abandon the whole field to it in order to admit its power and legitimacy. Any physician would rather deal with a hopeful patient than with a despondent one—with a man who thinks he is going to recover than with one who fears that he will die. In a leading editorial in *The Hospital* (London, February 5) the writer ranks what he calls "the mental resolution of the patient" very high among curative agencies that "influence the course and issue of bodily illness." This factor, he admits, can not be stated in terms of measurement, and, indeed, anything like precise definition of it is not possible; but that it exists and operates is widely acknowledged. He adds:

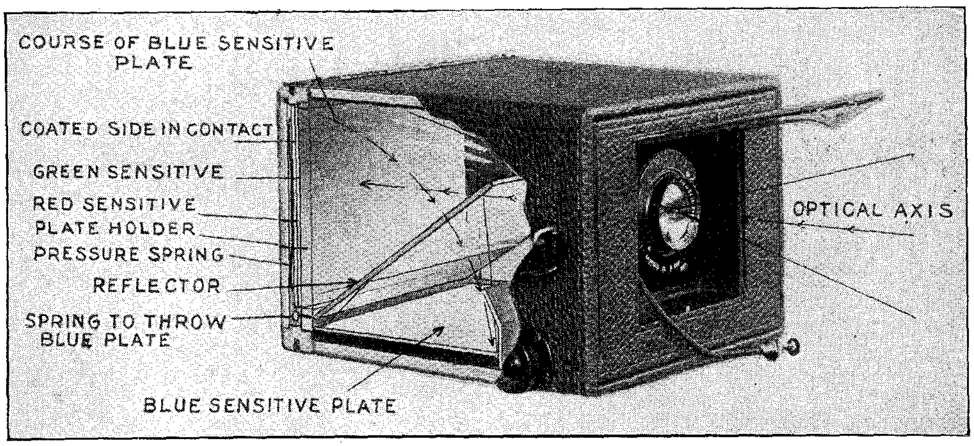
"The acknowledgment, too, comes both from physicians, to whom the phenomena and treatment of disease afford opportunities for scientific study and expert craftsmanship, and also from lay observers or from the sufferers themselves. For various reasons the healing influences of mental states have been pushed into prominence of recent years, and tho the discussions and practises associated with this topic have not always been edifying this does not justify a summary dismissal of the subject as unworthy of consideration. In any event, the fact remains that there is substantial testimony to the value of resolution and hopefulness as aids to recovery, and hence it is reasonable to urge that the study of these agencies for practical therapeutic purposes ought to be encouraged and systematized.

"It happens that the value of resolution and determination as factors bearing on endurance and action is just now very prominent in the public eye. . . . Not merely to overcome the anxieties of the home populations, but also to strengthen the arm of the combatant, is the aim of the national leaders when they appeal to the mental resolution of their countrymen. . . . For many this stimulus must be supplied by external circumstances or by the influence of a second and sympathetic personality. But the exceptional individual finds what is necessary in his own resources."

It is on the lines here defined that this editorial writer finds the rational explanation of instances in which patients have successfully defied gloomy prophecies. Reserves of resistance and endurance have been summoned into action, and apparent miracles have really a comparatively simple physiological explanation. He goes on:

"In the field of functional disease, where, in consequence of inhibited brain-action, such conditions as blindness, deafness, or paralysis exist, 'marvelous' recoveries under mental stimulation are common enough, and the war has furnished many of these as texts for newspaper-paragraphs in quarters where the nine-days' wonder is always welcome. They lend themselves to sensational treatment, and this they often receive. But in principle there may be found parallel experiences even when gross organic disease is present, and this both of the acute and the chronic form. Not, of course, that any measure of mental resolve can achieve a permanent victory, for the dread victor awaits us all; nor that determination can restore organs damaged beyond repair. But the fight may be prolonged by the resolution to continue the struggle and to endure even until all the latent capacities of flesh and blood have gained their final expression. . . . The man who turns his face to the wall yields to the influences which oppress him without this last degree of resistance, while the sterner soul makes the one further effort which may perchance carry him into safety, or, short of this, may at least secure him some temporary respite. . . . Out of the considerations above suggested arises the question of early training and discipline. For the qualities which fit a man to meet the disaster and strain of a sick-bed and to struggle to victory will exist on the one hand, or will not exist on the other, according as they have been cultivated or neglected in earlier years. There is thus, apart from other excellencies, therapeutic value in the education which makes youth 'strong in will—to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.' The will to conquer may find its therapeutic expression either in the crisis of acute disease or in the prolonged strain of a debilitating illness. But it must be cultivated in advance."

IMPROVED COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHY



Courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York

IT TAKES YOU SIMULTANEOUSLY IN RED, BLUE, AND YELLOW.

Then, by a process not at all complex, you come out in all your natural beauty

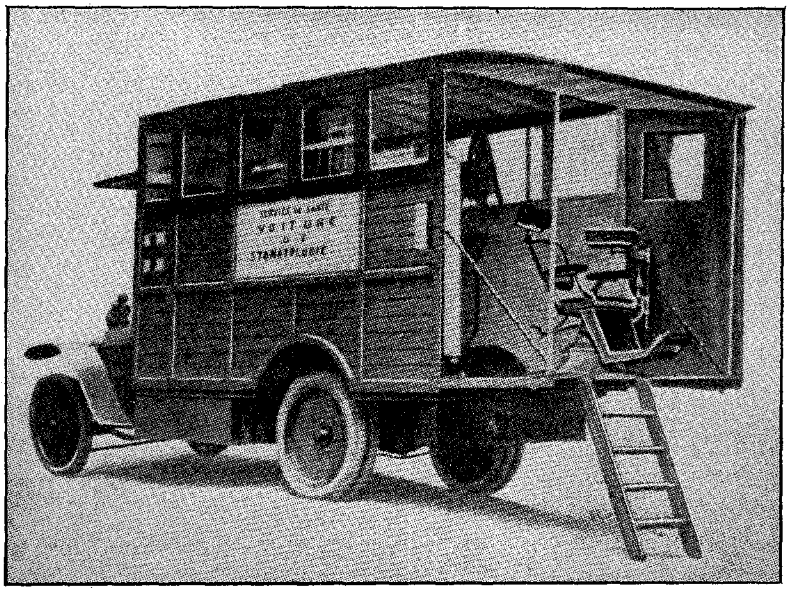
ACTUAL COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHY—that is, the reproduction of the color of a photographed object as automatically as its form and shades are reproduced in the picture—has never reached a commercial stage, tho it is theoretically possible and may be shown as a laboratory experiment. The existing methods are variations of the so-called "three-color process" in which the tints are produced by various combinations of three primary colors already existing in the plate. The colors, altho brought out by the photographic process, are not produced by it. The result is usually a single picture, the duplication familiar in ordinary photography being impossible. In a new method, however, any number of duplicates may be obtained. Says a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, March):

"Since the discovery of the wonders of the camera, a hundred years ago, the instrument has done some marvelous work, but it has always been regarded as incomplete in that it was not capable of producing a print in which the colors of nature would appear. Some few years ago the greatest step in this direction was made by Frederick E. Ives, of Philadelphia, who succeeded in getting three impressions on glass and, when superposed and backed by a light, these three, each of a different color, blended together so that all the tints of nature were reproduced accurately. This trio could be placed in a lantern and the picture projected in all its glory of color on the screen. Utilizing the same principle, it was found possible to make excellent press-prints in color, but a photographic print in color was not achieved until recently, when Mr. Ives succeeded in devising a new camera by which it is possible to deliver a picture, entirely the product of the camera, in which are shown all the tints and colors of the original object or model.

"The invention consists primarily of an arrangement by which three plates are exposed in the camera at the same instant and each one under a screen which sifts out all the rays except those desired. For instance, one plate takes a record of all the yellow rays, another the red rays, and the third the blue rays. These plates are developed in the same manner as the usual photographic plates (differing only in the fact that they are extremely sensitive to color); then a print is made from each negative, a special printing-frame being resorted to by which the three prints are made simultaneously. One of these prints is made on a piece of blue-print paper, and the other two are made on film which has been sensitized with bichromate of potash, which makes an image slightly in relief. The film which was made under a red screen is dyed red, and that which was made under the yellow screen is dyed yellow, and then the three are held together, with the blue-print on the bottom. When they are properly registered the colors are blended together and a perfect picture in real color is presented. After being secured at one edge, these sheets are given a chemical bath and then prest together so that they form one piece. The process is no more complex than that of making an ordinary photograph."

A DENTIST ON WHEELS

READERS of Frank Norris's "McTeague" will remember how that dental hero learned what little he knew of his profession from a traveling dentist who went about among the mining-camps in a rickety wagon. History repeats itself, tho often with modifications and improvements; and we now find the dentist moving about from camp to camp, or rather from trench to trench, on the firing-line "somewhere in France," in what the French call somewhat elegantly a "stomatological carriage." This is nothing but an automobile-omnibus large enough to hold a dentist, his patient, and his utensils. The importance assumed by dental surgery in the present war, which has been noted before in these columns, explains why such a perambulatory dentist's office should have been conceived and put into operation. Says Jacques Boyer, writing in *La Nature* (Paris, February 5):



A FIRING-LINE DENTIST'S LABORATORY.

"According to official information, in this dental car were performed during the month of October, 1915, more than 1,800 different operations (extractions, fillings, cleanings, treatments for gingivitis or stomatitis, etc.), without mentioning the implantation of 36 teeth and of 14 new pieces of jaw-bone.

"Time and the fatigue of the staff, including only Dr. Gaumerais, assisted by one dentist and one special mechanician, unfortunately limit the output of the new device. The number of these stomatological automobiles, therefore, must be increased until the region traversed by each does not exceed that occupied by four army-corps. This useful service would then be brought to all who need it in the resting-camps and would carry its dental care almost up to the firing-line itself. While the operator calms the throbbing pains of toothache, cures caries, or lances an abscess, the mechanician repairs or replaces broken teeth. And such repairs are indispensable to the Army, since by the side of young men are now fighting middle-aged men in their fifties."

A TELEPHONE-MESSAGE FROM A BULLET

WHILE THE USE of the Roentgen ray has been of invaluable aid to the modern surgeon in locating foreign bodies, such as bullets, splinters of shell, etc., which have penetrated the human body, it by no means resolves all the difficulties involved in actually finding and removing the intruder. As a writer in the *Naturwissenschaftliche Umschau* (Cöthen) points out, it is still a very delicate or difficult problem that confronts the surgeon after his knife has made the preliminary cut. The foreign body, foreign in a double sense in war-time, may elude the surgeon in a dozen ways. As far back as the War of 1870–71, successful efforts were made to overcome this difficulty by the use of electricity. An electric circuit was completed by the contact of the instrument, insulated in the wound, with the metallic foreign body, and this completion of the circuit was instantly indicated by the sound of a bell or the deviation of a magnetic needle.

"This same method can of course be employed to-day, when we have the great advantage of being able to locate the position of the foreign body, before the entrance of the knife, with far greater precision than was possible forty-five years ago. Moreover, to the magnetic needle and the electric bell has been added another and very sensitive instrument which can be set in operation by the closing of the circuit, namely, the telephone.

"In the *Münchener Medizinischen Wochenschrift* is described an arrangement simplified by this means, wherein the requisite electric current is not furnished by a battery outside the body, but the body of the patient himself is the source of the current needed to operate this 'foreign-body telephone.' A platinum plate moistened with salt water is attached in the neighborhood of the operation-wound, and forms, with the metallic foreign body, a galvanic cell, in which the body of the patient itself plays the part of the fluid solution.

"From the platinum plate, as well as from a silver wire wound around the surgical instrument before it is placed in the wound, proceed conducting-wires passing to the diaphragm of a telephone which is attached to the operator's ear. As soon as the instrument comes in contact with the foreign body the circuit is closed and a rustling sound is heard in the telephone. Thus a very significant indication is given of the precise point at which the foreign body lies. This process will be particularly advantageous when it is required to remove numerous small fragments, which can be counted in the *x*-ray photograph, and then searched for and extracted through an incision."

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION—The reasons why we have not acted more generally heretofore on our many maxims extolling prevention are, first, that in so many cases we have not known what to guard against; and, secondly, that we have not known how to do it. The science of preventive medicine is rapidly removing both these obstacles, so far as human health is concerned. We know pretty well what are the troubles that we ought to look for, and we can ward them off to a certain extent without much difficulty. If every one realized these two facts, our death-rate would drop notably in the next few years. In an article entitled "Why Not Be Well?" contributed to *The World's Work* (New York, March), Henry Wysham Lanier emphasizes this view of the problem of hygiene. He says, in part:

"Take just one point: it would be a stupid motor-car owner who waited till something went radically wrong before having adjustments and circulation and valves looked over. But it is only comparatively recently that the idea has been applied of examining a human being before he showed signs of trouble. Probably, too, not one out of a hundred readers of this ever heard of the first organized effort along these lines—the Life Extension Institute. This movement is aimed primarily at the individual: it offers him, first of all, for a small fee, the facts about himself; and then the laws of hygiene as formulated by a Reference Board of a hundred of the most distinguished physicians and sanitarium and laboratory workers. Ex-President Taft is the chairman of the board of directors, Prof. Irving Fisher heads the Reference Board, and General Gorgas is the consultant in sanitation.

"We have all learned of late years that it pays to go to a dentist once or twice a year, before a tooth begins to ache; how much more worth while to use the blood-pressure auscultatory, and other tests devised by modern science to find out in advance the tendencies or weaknesses which may cause trouble later! For it is possible nowadays to detect hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, diabetes, and so on, months or years before they manifest themselves to the individual affected; and the chances of cure or amelioration are, of course, immeasurably increased by this advance knowledge.

"This is the big new principle of health: Find out your sickness before it happens."

HEALTH BY PUBLICITY

THAT PUBLICITY, properly applied, will save more lives than any other single agency is the contention of Edward A. Moree, assistant secretary of the New York Charities Aid Association, writing in *The American Journal of Public Health* (Boston, February). It may be applied, he says, "in capsule doses" or over whole areas of country, and it should be entered in the pharmacopœia "as an accredited remedy for human ills." Publicity, Mr. Moree goes on to assure us, prevents tuberculosis, controls epidemics, and saves babies' lives. Thousands of children are alive to-day because of it. By "publicity," we are next told, the author does not necessarily mean newspaper-advertising, but "any effort to make people think"—exhibits, meetings, lectures, "movies," lantern-slides, letters, pamphlets, reports, articles, bills, placards, even ordinary conversation. He goes on:

"Public-health publicity is an effort either to change the lives and habits of the people or to focus or refocus public opinion. The latter is often miscalled manufacturing sentiment or creating public opinion. There is no such thing as 'manufacturing' public sentiment in health-work. Public-health opinion is founded upon the most fundamental and probably the most commonly recognized race-instinct—self-preservation. There can be no two ways of thinking about saving life. There can be, and usually is, lack of thinking about it, however, and that is what the public-health educator must overcome. He must get people to think and get them to think in the right way. He must stimulate and educate. He must agitate. Having stimulated and agitated, he must then focus the interest of the people in health-preservation, in sanitation and hygiene as means of prolonging life and adding to its enjoyment. . . . . . .

"There may be different opinions as to the amount of money to be appropriated for a given public-health activity or as to the Governmental unit to assume a public-health burden, but no difference of opinion can exist as to the desirability of saving life and preventing sickness. That question was settled when our ancestors were being chased over lava-lakes by prehistoric monsters. Our desire to escape a deadly micrococcus is no less keen than was that of our ancestors to outwit the monstrous diplococcus. . . . . . .

"How are we, as leaders, to make people think, to make them feel the fundamental race-urge, and to get them to act, individually and collectively, through their agents in office?

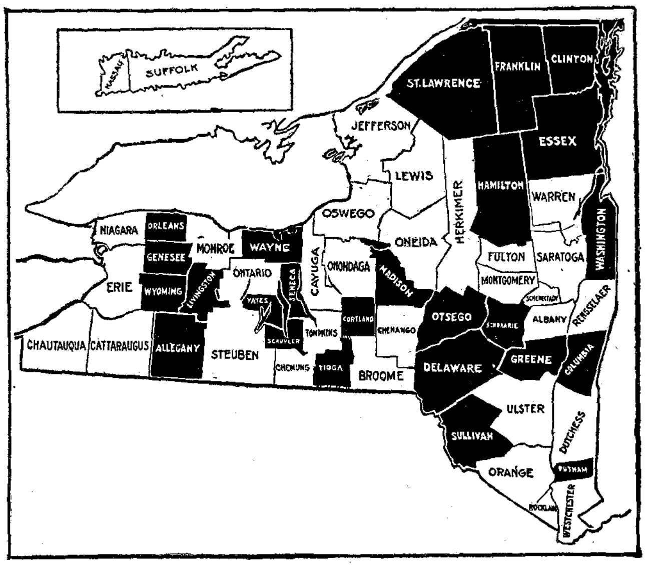
"*First:* By establishing our authority, our right to express an opinion as to the proper means of saving life and preventing sickness.

"*Secondly:* By talking in as forcible language as possible and in as many ways as possible and to as many persons as possible.

"Now, there is no such division as the above, either real or imaginary, in the execution of a public-health publicity-campaign. Assuming a sound scientific basis for a health-movement, a department, or an association officered and sponsored by persons whose reputations carry popular conviction, our very efforts to focus public opinion will establish our right to speak and our authority in the health-field. The only way to establish the soundness of an opinion or a theory, so far as popular action is concerned, is to get the people to accept it.

"In public-health work, which is comparatively new, it is important to recognize and practise the established principles of public-opinion acceleration. It is possible for those of us in active health-work to avoid the pitfalls into which other social-service workers have fallen.

"Let us begin by not being frightened by the English language. Let us recognize that if we are to be successful in the field of public-health publicity we must be successful agitators. Against the advice of numerous friends whose judgment I value, I have adopted, as descriptive of my own work, the title 'agitator.' I believe that it is the most apt word in the English language to describe the work of a publicist. The term has fallen into disrepute because of its association with unsuccessful or faultily conceived efforts to accelerate public opinion. An agitator is merely that which, or one who, stirs things up. Among professional agitators, by vocation or avocation, are ministers, school-teachers, peace-advocates, presidents, governors, legislators, and other politicians."



From "The American Journal of Public Health."

NEW YORK COUNTIES WITH TUBERCULOSIS-HOSPITAL PROVISION,

Shown in white. A result attained only by carefully planned publicity.

Stimulation of public opinion, in short, has come to be a profession, and its importance has grown with the improvement in means of communication. Newspapers, telephone, telegraph, and improved transportation have made it possible to talk to millions in a day where in the early days hundreds might have been reached in a week. Old publicity-methods are disappearing and those who cling to them are disappearing with them. Says Mr. Moree:

"The torchlight procession has almost gone from political campaigns. The platitudinous cart-tail orator is going out of business. The hard-fisted, table-banging, bull-necked boss is no longer an effective vote-getter. His publicity-value is chiefly as a witness at his own trial. The party that wins to-day wins by a few well-organized, carefully planned political meetings at which men who can really discuss the issues do the talking; by intelligently prepared newspaper-advertising; by bill-board pronouncements, and the direct appeal to the voter through businesslike circular letters. The same is true of public-health publicity. . . . . . .

"The professional man is slowest to recognize need for new methods and adopt them. To maintain his standing, the professional man must be conservative as to professional matters. But physicians in public-health work must recognize the fact that the 'public' part of the work removes it in many respects from the realm of medical practise into a realm where a different order prevails. In this new realm a new profession has been rapidly developing methods and standards that are fully as important as those which we all venerate in the medical profession. One man who clings to preconceived notions as to publicity and fails to recognize its principles and practise its technique simply can not function as a public-health worker, except in the laboratory.

"This is the real reason why, every year, we see an increasing number of old departments passing into the limbo of the forgotten while their places are being taken by departments reorganized for real public-health work—with the 'public' accented."

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE BAFFLING HENRY JAMES

THE PRESS of the country seem to show that the death of Henry James is to be taken as an event of first importance in the world of letters. There is therefore, in most cases, an effort to say the just thing, tho Mr. James continues to be to them the baffling thing that he has long proved. Upon the superficial question of his literary style many of the old platitudes are repeated. The Brooklyn *Citizen*, for example, finds "he had an abominable style, which contributed not a little to repel readers." But the weight of his reputation evidently leads the editor to hasten on to make amends. So with a consistency all his own, he adds that "with it all he was a litterateur of the first quality, unusually erudite, refined, and thoughtful." Many, like the Washington *Star*, feel regret that, after "Daisy Miller," he "went upward into the higher realms of intellectual production, and as he rose his syntax grew more complex, until a new idiom came into currency to express as 'Henry-jamesian' that which was difficult of understanding." In such a pass the New York *Globe* finds relief in imagining "how Dr. Johnson would have roared against him if he had been a member of the famous club, 'Sir, why can't you say what you mean?'" Then the same compunction felt by the *Globe's* compatriot across the river leads it also to the immediate qualification that "undoubtedly it required a great talent to spread out thought so thinly and keep footing on so tenuous a line of narrative." The Syracuse *Herald* is convinced that it was Mr. James's "settled ambition and his delight to appeal to the few with thoughts so profoundly mystical and hopelessly awry, and with a literary style so involved and obscure, that the reading of his pages was as much of a study to his cultivated partizans as algebraic formulas are to the high-school lad of seventeen." No farther away from there, however, than Rochester, *The Herald* of that sister city declares that "there is not, strictly speaking, any obscurity in his novels. Every sentence, if carefully considered, will be found lucid, but, contrary to most works of fiction, none of these sentences can be overlooked if the psychological portrait is to be clearly seen." The same stand, from another angle, is taken by the Indianapolis *News*, which holds as "true" that "there never was on the part of this great writer any conscious effort to cultivate obscurity as a virtue." It continues:

Camera portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

HENRY JAMES.

It is denied that he ever cultivated obscurity as a virtue.

> "Both as man and artist he was utterly free from the vice of affectation. He never strove to puzzle his readers—probably he was not conscious of having a style. His later manner and method were natural developments—developments from his earlier work and from his increasing tendency to view life, as it were, from the inside. He talked very much as he wrote. Mr. James was not so much concerned with humanity as a whole—or with human nature—as with individual specimens. His characters were growths rather than creations. They seemed to live their own life, and to be the authors of their own fate. This is only superficially true, however, for the novelist created the conditions. And not even in the novels of Thomas Hardy are conditions more controlling than in those of Mr. James.
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> "As time passed, the work of Mr. James seemed to grow narrower in its scope and object. He dealt rather with intellectual and moral forces than with people. These were often embodied in characters that seemed to be little more than incarnations of them. At their worst they are not real people—at their best they are real people, but of an abnormal type, living under extraordinary conditions. In them may perhaps be seen something of the mind of their creator, which was metaphysical, speculative, and even mystical. The style took color and substance from the author's personality and from his view of life. It was, therefore, wholly his own. Much of the conversation in the James novels is extraordinarily natural. Men and women talk as they do in real life, with the same ellipses and involution. The James people never make speeches. Indeed, they do not so much 'converse' as talk."

The Springfield *Republican*, noting that Mr. James's style has been "much execrated," admits that "at its worst, when the themes failed to justify mannerisms evolved by highly specialized words, it could be very bad." But—

> "At its best it was an admirable instrument for its purpose, and never have fine shades of feeling and psychological acumen been more subtly marked. A keen wit was as characteristic of his writing as a genial humor is of that of Mr. Howells, and no writer has been more devoted to the quest for the right word. Yet it is a mistake to think of his style as artificial or 'literary'; it was, on the contrary, a natural product of intense absorption in matters not very easy to express. Even its tortuosities were colloquial rather than literary; his involved parentheses are such refinements of comment and qualification as clever people make in talk.
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> "Here lie both the strength and the defects of his work. His world was a world of clever people with little to do but to speculate endlessly upon the behavior and motives of people less clever than themselves. It is wonderfully done, it is the last word in psychological cleverness, and sometimes it carries a tale of poignant interest. But it presents a world more mannered,

more elegant, more leisurely, more engrossed in the thrilling quest for the infinitesimal than we are likely to see again. That polite cosmopolitan world was shattered by the rude crash of war; what new England and new Europe will emerge nobody knows, but they will have little in common with the mellow and gently decadent life out of which sprang these exquisitely finished works of fiction. They are likely long to be enjoyed, they will always be of deep interest to the student of literature, but they mark the close rather than the beginning of a period. It was left for a highly gifted American to say the last word for esthetic cosmopolitanism in Europe."

In the last year of Mr. James's life he furnished the press with a theme which relegated the question of his literary style to secondary importance—this was his change of citizenship. With it is bound up the question of his Americanism and his cosmopolitanism. This last, thinks the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, "militated against popularity in this country." It looks upon Mr. James as the victim of his training, for, it declares, "he was reared under circumstances inimical to the acquisition of a flavor of the soil." The New York *Sun* finds his cosmopolitanism "of the British brand"—

> "Even in his early novels, when he wrote of Americans—and Bostonians—he had to get them to Europe before they became real people. Unfortunately, with a provinciality which by contrast gives great sanction to the Jamesian attitude toward life, the 'popular' American view makes these innocent but interesting facts matter for an impulsive rejection or a painfully supercilious acceptance by 'little' Americans. It is foolish, but true.
>
> "But Henry James's writings will not be let go; they are forever part of 'American literature.' Perhaps the fact is an unconscious testimonial to the powers of the author, for a strong man of letters or other art who can not be placed in a 'school' is of the truly great. Howells may be the earlier James's nearest American literary 'parallel.' The later James has no parallel in time or space."

Many point out that until the beginning of the Great War Mr. James never thought of himself as anything but an American. The tragic nature of events led him to offer the country where he had dwelt so long whatever of moral influence, as he phrased it, there might be in his political allegiance. It was "no treason to us," observes the Boston *Transcript*. "It was a death-bed offering." "It was as if, having not much else to give, he laid his cherished national consciousness on her altar." In the same paper Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, gives fuller expression to what was his probable motive:

> "His last months were tragic—for him perhaps beyond most others who have fallen in the world-tragedy of which the end is not yet. In one sense he was an American; but not in that irrevocable sense which binds some of us for generations bred in no other tradition than that of our own country, to sad acceptance of what America seems to be to-day. Both in ancestry and in education, he was rather a citizen of the world. To him, if we may trust our memory of him and of his writings, America had been dear for no reasons of blind sentiment, such as keep men faithful to worthless sovereigns, but because until these last months America had stayed faithful to the ideals which our public utterances still pretend to proclaim. There has risen such a world-conflict between freedom and authority, government by peoples and submission to the control of material force, as history has not before recorded. In this our national body may by the grace of chance stay for a while safe; but our national soul is at stake; and we have not dared to stake it. To him there seems to have come a moment when loyalty of the flesh meant treason of the spirit. He was too brave to hesitate. He never shrank from what he believed to be the truth—unwavering, unfaltering, heroic. We need not think him incontestably right; but none who fail to condemn every one of our fellow citizens who was born under any other flag than ours can consistently condemn the course which to him seemed faithful."

A THEATER'S RIGHT TO BAR A CRITIC

THE COURTS of New York have, in a recent decision, given to the theatrical manager the "right to exclude from his house any one that he pleases, provided the exclusion is not on account of race, color, or creed." In this positive form the New York *Globe* states the case, tho the Court itself seems to prefer to state its case in the negative form, saying that no one may be excluded from theaters on account of questions of race, color, or creed. Mr. Woolcott, critic of the New York *Times*, some time since found his entrance to Shubert theaters barred by the management, and invoked the law to determine his status in the matter. The case when appealed was settled under the Civil Rights Act of 1895, which states—

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT,
Who has brought down a legal ax upon the dramatic critic.

> "1. That all persons within the jurisdiction of this State shall be entitled to the full and equal accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, restaurants, hotels, eating-houses, bath-houses, barber-shops, theaters, music-halls, public conveyances on land and water, and all other places of public accommodation or amusement, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law and applicable alike to all citizens.
>
> "2. That any person who shall violate any of the provisions of the foregoing section by denying to any citizens, except for reasons applicable alike to all citizens of every race, creed, or color, and regardless of race, creed, and color, the full enjoyment of any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, or privileges in said action enumerated, or by aiding or inciting such denial, shall for every such offense incur the penalties as prescribed."

The Court holds "that the purpose of the act was to declare that no person should be deprived of any of the advantages enumerated, upon the ground of race, creed, or color, and that its prohibition was intended to apply to cases of that character, and to none other."

A great train of consequence, however, seems imminent from this decision, and the interpretation given by most newspapers is that the dramatic critic must henceforth speak pleasantly or be shown the door. If the managers can regard the decision as a triumph for them, they must face the fact, says *The Independent*, that by excluding critics who find fault with their plays they destroy "the last vestige of faith which the public has placed in dramatic criticism." It declares:

> "The decision that a theater may exclude an unappreciative critic may be good law, but it is not so surely good policy. Theatrical managers have been complaining that many of their best plays failed because people would not turn out during the first week or two. Now it will be worse than ever because nobody will want to risk his money on a new play from what the newspaper says of it. If the reviewer calls it a good play, that may indeed be his opinion, but we shall doubt it, because we know that if he called it a bad play he might never get a chance to see another. Henceforth we shall have not independent criticism but compulsory commendation."

Mr. Woolcott is said to have offended the Shubert management by criticizing adversely the performance of Miss Phyllis Nielson-Terry in "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," also the play "Taking Chances," in which Lou Tellegen appeared. He was barred from Shubert theaters, says the New York *Review*, "because of incompetent and unjust criticism of plays presented therein." It thus states the Shubert case:

> "He and *The Times* contended that he had a legal right to enter any theater he saw fit and write anything that he chose concerning any production which he saw.
>
> "The unanimous decision of the highest court in the State makes it clear that no critic and no newspaper has any such right, and that any manager is entirely within his province when he bars from his premises any critic whom he considers unjust in his writings, or any other individual who has rendered himself obnoxious in any way."

In a letter to *The Times* the Shubert lawyer, Mr. Charles H. Tuttle, sees the critic "as a sort of dramatic Warwick, coming in the divine right of journalism," and entering theaters at will upon the opening performance, and "dethroning plays and actors before the public has an opportunity to decide for itself upon its allegiance." Continuing:

> "The critic's verdict—to speak impersonally and of the principle of the thing—may be the result of bias or malice; it may be poisoned, knowingly or otherwise, by personal animus; it may employ flattery or condemnation with an eye to personal advantage or the advertising columns of his newspaper; it is bound to be the outgrowth of purely personal opinions or prejudices as to dramatic values, the philosophy of life, and the standards of morality, and of necessity it is affected by the writer's personal competency or incompetency. A large number of people knowing nothing about the play or about the personal equations or motives which underlie the review are thereby restrained from attending and from learning whether the play would appeal to their own fancy and opinions. . . . . .
>
> "You will appreciate, therefore, that it would be a very extraordinary exception to the natural right which other business men enjoy, under our American institutions, to be guided by their own judgment in the management of their investments, if the proprietors of theaters must stand idly by while the failure of their business proceeds from the personal fancy, prejudice, or opinion of a single individual, in whose selection neither they nor the public have any voice, concerning whose competency and fairness they have no assurance, and whose ultimate business is to promote the profits and the power of the newspaper to which he is attached."

The *Times* editor's reply to this is:

> "It is important to know that the interest sustained in the Court of Appeals' decision takes this low view of the functions and principles of the dramatic critic. If that view were entertained and acted on in newspaper-offices neither critic nor newspaper would have standing or influence sufficient to make it worth while for anybody to pay the slightest heed to what the one wrote or the other printed."

Many editors in various parts of the country concur with this opinion. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* sees that the managers "may have the law upon their side in cases like this, but in ethics they are wholly wrong." Moreover—

> "The duty of the newspapers themselves is plain. It is both a matter of policy and a matter of honor with them to stand firmly for the privilege of unbiased criticism. They gain nothing by yielding. The public is quick to recognize intellectual dishonesty. The manager needs the newspaper more than the newspaper needs him. But this is not the larger aspect of the question. The newspaper loses the confidence of its readers and its self-respect if it permits any man or men to dictate to it opinions which it does not hold. It is a barren victory which the Shuberts have won over Mr. Woolcott and the New York *Times*."

New York herself must also suffer from the decision, according to the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "Time was when the benighted 'provinces' looked to the New York critics for light and leading. . . . They stood for something. They might have been too severe at times, but readers believed they gave real judgments, honest opinions. Perhaps one reason for the bemoaned 'decline of the drama,' for poor houses in New York, as well as in 'the provinces,' is that people generally have lost confidence in New York's 'verdict.'"

"EXCRUCIATING" MUSIC

THE SPIRIT OF "FUTURISM" in the graphic arts has become familiar through numerous ocular assaults. But our sense of hearing has been mercifully spared until quite recently. Now, apparently, we must reckon with occasional inroads upon the stream of sweet melody, for what with a distinguished pianist and composer making Futurist music his chief bid for fame, and a symphony-conductor introducing the *genre* with apologies and explanatory notes into his programs, it may be looked upon as due to descend upon the town. Before a recent audience of the Symphony Society, Mr. Walter Damrosch bespoke a hearing of Schönberg's "Kammersymphonie" as "the most advanced work in modern musical creation, a work that is neither a freak nor a joke, but the logical result of certain musical ideas." Discord he frankly dubs it, but asks, "Who shall say what is the limit to set to the use of discord?" According to Mr. Vernon Granville, of the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Damrosch went on with a bit of confession, saying that when the work first came up for rehearsal it "gave, it is true, excruciating torture; but the human ear, like the back of a mule, if beaten hard enough, becomes insensible to pain." The audience, it is said, after hearing Mr. Damrosch's orchestra play the symphony, "not having had its ears beaten through a series of rehearsals, still remained sensible to pain." From which state, Mr. Granville, having suffered with the others, is led to serious reflections:

> "The belief that all great art needs education for its appreciation is partly true. The untutored eye will prefer a Bouguereau to a Botticelli, a Rosa Bonheur to a Leonardo; and in America, at least, Irving Berlin to Mozart. Yet tho Matisse may require a more sophisticated audience than does Rembrandt, it does not follow that the Futurist is the greater painter. A continual beating of the brain, the eye, or the ear produces like results—a certain insensitiveness of impression, the same insensitiveness that the battle-field produces upon the soldier. The soldier, unlike the artist, does not insist that this insensitiveness is really supersensitiveness: he frankly states that war brings out the brute. But then, alas! the soldier is but a blunt, straightforward realist, and not a sort of back-stairs romanticist.
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> "A continual beating of the ear thus brings us to the full enjoyment of Schönberg, Strawinsky, and Ornstein. The harder the thump, the nearer we draw to the stellar regions; stars, stars, and more stars fly out under the bludgeons of discord. First, we merely see the stars, then we hear them individually, and if the thumps continue for a long enough period doubtless we shall hear the concerted music of the spheres. This is the heaven of the musical Futurists. . . . . . .
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> "Now, a modicum of pain is undoubtedly beneficial, and, with Mr. Damrosch, we may well ask who of us is to set the limits? Who of us, indeed, when Bach and Beethoven realized its uses, and brought discord to temper the soft winds of harmony! Yet the answer may not be so difficult after all. The discord of the classic masters was the discord of nature: of rain and snow beating upon the fallow earth, of tempests uprooting the trees, of the clouds obscuring the sun, of the sea in its anger. But the discords of Schönberg and Ornstein are far different. They are the discords introduced by man: the discords of the city, the grating of the street-cars, the roar of the elevated, the clatter of wheels upon cobblestones, the cries of sick children. In Schönberg and Strauss there may be some of the discord in the soul of sophisticated man, and this undoubtedly has its place. The ballets of Strawinsky have this discord, too; and ballet being essentially artificial, here, too, we can understand."

If the art of the future is to be the art of the ugliness of the city or of the ugliness which lies in the soul of corrupted man, continues Mr. Granville, then "Schönberg, Strawinsky, and Ornstein are truly the prophets of the New Evangel."

> "Ugliness in the past has been used, and splendidly used, to make more radiant the form of pure beauty. We have *Goneril* and *Regan* contrasted with *Cordelia*, and *Cordelia* through that contrast becomes the more wonderful and the more beautiful. Neither Sophocles nor Dante nor Shakespeare ever produced the Ugly to call it the Beautiful. Neither did the old musicians nor the old painters; not even Rembrandt, for the

ugliness of Rembrandt is frank and wholesome. And if the musical Futurists produce ugliness and call it beauty, they lie! And if they produce ugliness and glory in it and call it the art of the future, let us but laugh and pass on. The wind and the rain and the sea give them their answer."

SCRIBBLING RULERS

CARMEN SYLVA is a name that comes trippingly from the tongue; and the New York *Evening Post*, which makes this observation, thinks that probably something of the fame of the late Queen of Roumania was "due to the happy selection of a pseudonym." It adds the dubious praise that something else she owed to the fact "that we all feel about kings and queens in literature as Samuel Johnson felt about the performing dog, the wonder being not that they write well, but that they write at all." Royal authorship, however, is not a new tradition, as the same paper goes on to point out:

"They start, of course, with an enormous advantage. They live in the heart of great events, and a simple phrase, by its context, may become literature. E. V. Lucas, in 'The Gentlest Art,' a charming anthology of letter-writing, cites one famous letter, written by a king. It runs: 'Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die.' It is an advantage shared by great commanders with their curt messages of victory. One British writer has recently claimed the title of literature for the following report by an English admiral: 'Fell in with the enemy's fleet: burned, sunk, or captured as per margin.'

"The writer of the first letter we have quoted has independent claims to literary distinction. He was a poet of considerable merit, and his verse, in whole or in part, is probably more widely read nearly three thousand years after his death than that of any other poet, royal or burgher, having been translated into hundreds of languages and dialects. Talent, moreover, seems to have run in the family, if we accept the tradition which assigns to his son the authorship of the oldest recorded poetic drama, 'The Song of Songs.' The only royal family which apparently can compare with the house of Jesse in the matter of literary attainments is the house of Stuart. To James I. of Scotland is credited one of the earliest lyric works written in Great Britain: 'The Kingis Quair.' To his descendant, Mary Queen of Scots, is assigned one of the most beautiful of Latin religious songs: '*O Domine Jesu, speravi in te.*' Mary's son, James I. of England, dabbled in polemic literature; he assailed the use of tobacco fiercely. Not long before him a king of England went in for religious controversy. In his attack on Luther, Henry VIII. showed the resources of the Latin language in the matter of Billingsgate. If one looked for a very sharp contrast to Henry VIII. as author, he might find it in the work of a Roman emperor, the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, or might go as far as India, where a king named Sudraka gave to Sanskrit literature perhaps its most charming comedy, 'The Toy Cart.'"

Frederick the Great of Prussia wrote thirty volumes, his best-known work, "Anti-Machiavel," being written in 1739 when he was but twenty-seven and not yet on the throne of Prussia. It is recalled that he looked upon the Italian statesman as a "moral monstrosity." Further:

"Frederick followed this up the next year by invading Silesia in full violation of Maria Theresa's copyright. The German Empire of to-day may perhaps be described as the collected works of Frederick the Great, but that is neither here nor there. He wrote much on statecraft and a great deal of history, including the story of the house of Brandenburg, a history of the Seven Years' War, and a history of Europe from the Treaty of 1763 to the end of the partition of Poland, about which event Frederick had a fund of first-hand information. The story of his loves and hates with Voltaire is without a parallel in the records of royal intellectual curiosity. Considering his large literary product, he was sensitive to criticism, much more so than to political criticism."

Literary historians have a "difficult problem" in appraising the true values of such exalted authorship:

ROUMANIA'S LITERARY QUEEN,

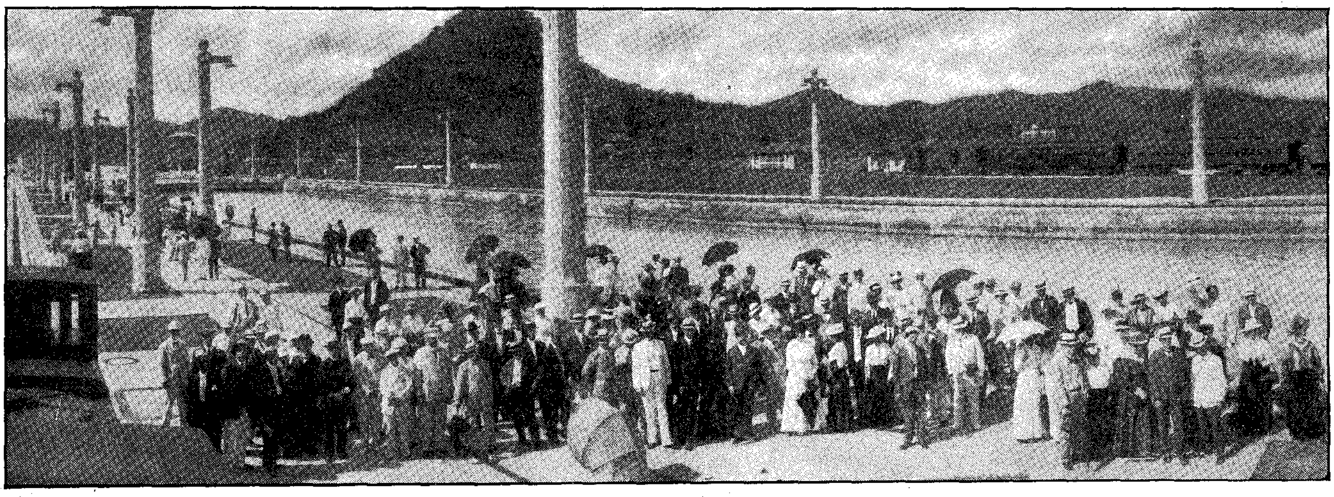
Carmen Sylva, under which name she published volumes of verse, several novels, collections of short stories, and works of philosophical reflection.

"We have it on good authority that Caius Julius Cæsar would have taken a distinguished place among classic writers even if he had dealt with a smaller subject than the conquest of Gaul. But it is harder to determine how much of Mr. Roosevelt's writings are to form a part of the permanent stock of American literature. It is certain, however, that the compilers will go to his nature-books rather than to his Presidential messages. A minimum of literary merit is to be exacted even from the most powerful of sovereign authors. A writer in *The Nation* has recently rejected Napoleon III.'s claims, based on the 'History of Julius Cæsar,' and he is even more outspoken about the speeches of William II. of Germany. The author of the preface to the Kaiser's speeches in a collection of German classics had written:

"'No German personality has given to the literature of the world such a powerful and complete expression of these opposing energies in the German mind as Emperor William II. Truly the Emperor speaks and acts as a powerful realist, apparently unhampered by any romanticism or idealism or mysticism.'

"Unquestionably—if we accept the *Lusitania* as a notable contribution to that realistic criticism of life which makes literature."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



PANAMA AS A PAN-AMERICAN CONVENTION-CENTER.

DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS FOR CHRISTIAN WORK IN LATIN AMERICA, IN FRONT OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

PROTESTANT INVASION OF LATIN AMERICA

ONE OF THE FIRST USES discovered for Panama, now that it has its canal, is to furnish a base for conventions, particularly for Pan-American projects, and in these religion has the start. The leading newspaper of the zone, *The Star and Herald* (Panama), observes that "almost anything may be decided at a conference except religion," but it broached the hope that the pioneer meeting might "unite Christians," or at least "indorse the sentiment." To this end, therefore, 304 delegates assembled at the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, of whom 145 were from the Latin-American nations and 159 from the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Spain, and Italy. The delegates from Latin America included missionaries and "the ablest leaders of the evangelical churches of Mexico, Porto Rico, Cuba, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile." *The Star and Herald* has an optimistic outlook for Panama as a convention-city:

> "Panama is to be more and more a convention-city, and we welcome a good start. Contact often smoothes off bristles. The more the Americans know one another, the more they will probably like one another, for continents have likable qualities. Let us find them. Let us seek out in one another those characteristics which contribute to good understanding and mutual appreciation. We welcome these gentlemen, and trust that they may enjoy their stay, and take home with them a feeling that Panama is worth their while, and that they will do all they can at home to help their young sister Republic to realize the best ideals as time goes on."

The feeling of the Panamanians toward these delegates was exprest in two phrases. The men were called *caballeros* (gentlemen) and the women *muy simpática* (sympathetic). Some citizens of the United States, says the Panama correspondent of the New York *World*, "could have lived among the Panamanians and other Latin-American people many years without earning these simple but sincere and substantial titles to personal standing." In the *Missionary Review's* report of the proceedings, written by Mr. Robert E. Speer, emphasis is laid upon the report on education, presented by President King, of Oberlin College. We read:

> "Ex-President McLaren, of Mackenzie College, Brazil; Professor Burton, of the University of Chicago; and Professor Monroe, of Columbia University, had collaborated with President King in preparing the report, which is probably the best treatment of the subject of educational problems in Latin America which can be found. The existence of the great South-American universities, older than our own, was a surprize to many, and equally so were the energy and extent of the positivist or agnostic religious attitude among the students and leading men. If we need universities which stand for the Christian view in the United States and China and Japan, do we not need them in Latin America? The Roman Catholic Church believes we do, and is building up a university in Chile. There is need of many Christian institutions, both schools and colleges and universities. 'I plead for one for Mexico,' said Dr. John Howland. 'If only the people of the United States would invest the cost of one battle-ship in a helpful Christian university in each Latin-American nation, the Government could send its battle-ships to the scrap-heap.' 'There is no danger,' said Sr. Valderrama, of Pueblo, 'of war between the United States and Mexico, because of the great body of Christian people in the United States who could not be brought to it, but it will be surer not to come if the United States will send down to Mexico a battalion, not of soldiers, but of Christian teachers and missionaries.' "

The most difficult problem recognized by the Congress, says Mr. Speer, was "the possibility of any sympathetic and friendly cooperation with the Roman Catholic Church as an organization in its work in Latin America." Mr. Speer declares that "it was sorrowfully recognized that any such cooperation was not possible." There was testimony, however, to the possibility of "cooperation in many ways with earnest individuals," Judge Emilio del Toro, of Porto Rico, providing an illustration in point in the excerpt from his address here quoted:

> "Latin America is coming out into the life of civilization with a different lot. The seeds of Christianity sown since the times of the Colonizers have produced their fruits, and wherever there has been the most liberty there its mission has become the noblest in practise. On the boundaries between Chile and Argentina, two of those American nations of Spanish origin which have attained the highest civilization, the Christ of the Andes, with his open arms a symbol of peace and love, shows to the world how Christians settle their disputes. Besides, the religious life of the Spanish-American countries has been characterized by the almost absolute predominance of the Catholic Church; and in my judgment the same beneficent influence which Catholicism has exercised in the development of its civilization would have been greater had it been obliged to contend face to face from the earliest times with a vigorous Protestant movement.

"Until a few years ago, the Catholic Church was, in my native island, Porto Rico, the State religion. Among the public expenditures those for worship were conspicuous. The influence of the clergy extended everywhere. And what was the result, after four centuries of abundant opportunities? A people for the most part indifferent or unbelieving.

"There took place a change of régime. The Church was separated from the State. A struggle began under the protection of the free institutions of North America established in the island; Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, Baptists, Episcopalians, began their work. Faint-hearted Catholic priests accustomed to the enjoyment of special privileges described the ruins of their Church. But it was not so. The spirit of the North entered into her, and men accustomed to a life of freedom gave her a new impetus. And, to-day, separated from the State, sustained by herself, she is realizing a nobler and more Christian mission than in the times when her power was absolute."

One unique feature of this Congress, we read, is the series of deputation and regional conferences which grew out of it:

"At once upon the adjournment of the gathering a deputation started for Cuba and another to Porto Rico to hold conferences in these islands to carry to them the lessons and spirit of the Congress and to plan the most efficient development of the work. A third and the largest deputation started south to hold conferences in Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro. The conference in Mexico, rendered impracticable by present conditions, is planned for October."

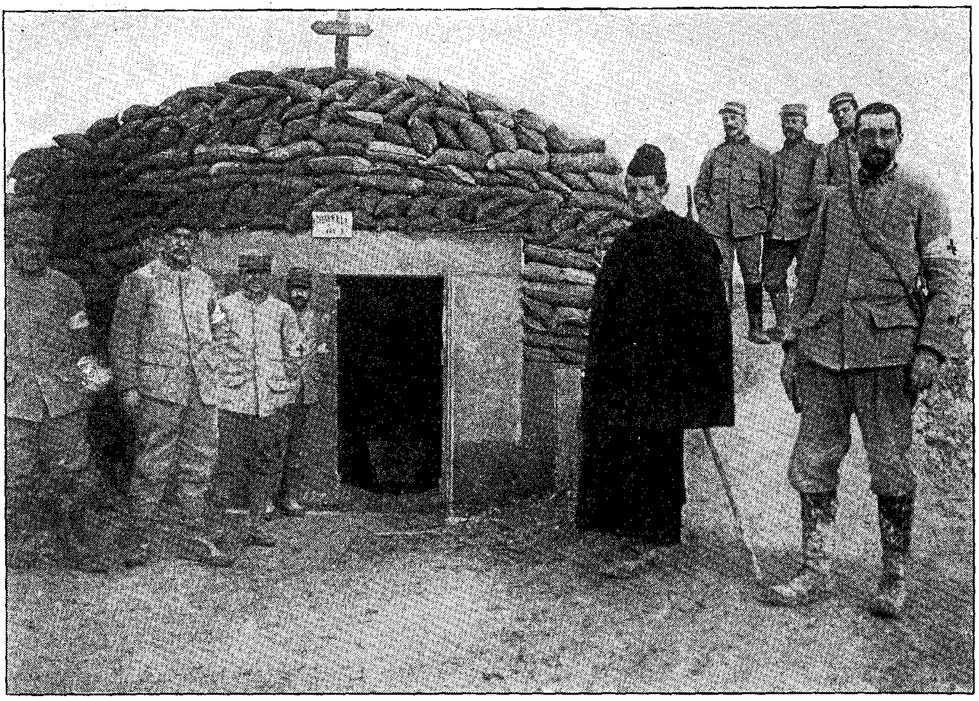
The Latin-American conference, observes *Zion's Herald* (Boston), is most important in that it has drawn "attention to the influences that must proceed from the United States if Latin America is to be saved to itself and to the best of which it is capable."

The Catholic journal *America* (New York) makes a bitter attack upon the Congress on account of the statements made before it of alleged moral conditions in Latin-American countries. "Convened in the name of Christ to spread peace," says *America*, "it has reviled those who bear Christ's name and has sown seeds of bitter discord." It adds:

"It is well for South-Americans to know what opinion is entertained of them by their self-appointed evangelists. It will put them on their guard against anything like delusion about the character of the friendship which these new apostles will soon profess for them. We advise those who have the interests and the honor of their native land at stake to procure copies of the proceedings of the Congress, to translate them, and scatter them broadcast among their people. If they do so, it will insure for the prospective missionaries the welcome they deserve. It will teach the South-Americans to appreciate the self-sacrifice and the zeal that have led their old friends, the priests and the nuns, for more than three full centuries, to leave home and country and all they held dear and to endure untold privations in order to heal their brethren's wounds, enlighten their minds, and point out the way to eternal life. The Catholic Church has never blazoned the shame of its neophytes to an unsympathetic world; their secrets, once confided to its confidence, are sacred. It has given the very flower of its manhood and womanhood to help those whom it found in the shadow of darkness. Never has the Church deemed it right and proper to resort to untruth in order to raise money to buy Bibles and hire missionaries. Her all-sufficient motive has ever been the insistent cry of the Blood of Christ for the saving of souls."

CHURCHES AS FIRE-TRAPS

BOSTON HAS just had for the first time in recent years a general inspection of churches, with a view to fire-prevention, notes *The Living Church* (Prot. Epis., Milwaukee). As a consequence this paper is led to think that the civic authorities should assume a more active inspection over buildings which house large congregations weekly. Conditions in Boston were found very unsatisfactory, and the writer in *The Living Church* has "little doubt that they are equally bad elsewhere." And we read further:



A FIRE-PROOF CHURCH IN THE TRENCHES.

A chapel somewhere in France with protection against shell-fire.

"Fire-escapes, automatic-sprinkler systems, and hand-fire extinguishers must be installed in many Boston churches as a result of orders issued to church-trustees by Building Commissioner O'Hearn, who has just completed an investigation of the four hundred churches of all denominations in the city. His inspection lasted several weeks.

"Most of the orders in regard to the churches have been carried out. The others are being provided for in contracts now being made. The total cost to the churches of all his orders is estimated from $175,000 to $200,000.

"Some of the typical unsafe conditions found by the Commissioner and his inspectors were as follows:

"Doors opening inward.

"Rubbish-piles under stairways and in basements.

"No means of egress from sides of buildings.

"Basement-screens screwed to the window-frames.

"Lack of fireproofing around steam-pipes and furnace-pipes.

"Improper exits from galleries and choirs.

"Doors that, when opened, blocked stairways.

"Heating-apparatus installed beneath wooden stairs."

The Commissioner's general recommendations were as follows:

"Cut additional doorways in sides and rears of many churches.

"Install hand-extinguishers.

"Install sprinklers in the basements.

"Put fire-escapes on certain churches in which the gallery- or choir-exits are the same as the main exits.

"Construct fire-proof doors between boiler-rooms and the rest of the basement-area.

"Clean up rubbish-piles.

"Change the construction of stairways that are over the heating-apparatus.

"Fire-proof all coal-bins."

This is the first general inspection of churches made in recent years. "I am sure," said Commissioner O'Hearn, "none of the violations of the fire-hazard laws was wilful. They were simply the result of neglect; and, possibly from a sense of security in the fact, there have been few fires in Boston churches."

TWO VIEWS OF REPRISAL-MORALITY

FEW QUESTIONS of the moral aspect of war are so heatedly discust in England as the ethics of reprisal for *Zeppelin*-raids. None of the religious journals, so far as we have observed, has recommended reprisals in kind, and the Manchester *Guardian* is not the only lay organ that strongly deprecates an imitation of the *Zeppelin*-exploits, which, it urges, would only open an endless vista of slaughter where each act grows more terrible because of its necessity of outdoing the preceding, and with no end to be considered but the eventual extermination of the two peoples. Mr. Harold Owen, however, presents in *The Daily Chronicle* an ingenious argument in favor of adopting *Zeppelin*-expedients, and justifies them upon the ground of "humdrum common sense." He expects, he says, no benedictions for his advocacy of reprisals. A few of the expressions already used against such a course, he cites, are, "a retrogression to savagery," "a lapse into barbarism," "a distorted moral sense." These expressions, he declares, "suggest that we have among us certain people of such sluggish moral sensibility that their moral sense is to be aroused to express indignation not by what the Huns do to us, but by what it is proposed to do to them." Sound morality, he argues, "must finally rest on a basis of sound sense." Like many other British writers, he terms the German method of warfare "Hunnishness," and calls it "a new phenomenon in our modern system and conception of international morality." This leads him to "consider what attitude man, in his various stages of moral and civilized development, would be likely to take toward it." After rejecting several supposed possibilities that have not been suggested, he arrives at the question to be considered:

> "And then we come to our own case: the case of a nation so vastly and immeasurably the moral superior of its enemies that it goes on discussing not whether we ought to have forestalled them—nothing so Hunnish as that—but whether, after eighteen months of horrifying ruthlessness waged against us, and not by us, with a foe devoid of all moral compunctions and seeking to enslave the rest of mankind by his scientific destructive devilry, we should belatedly apply to him the relentlessness he has been so assiduously teaching us. And I submit that our sense of morality is getting just a little too self-conscious, a little too pettifogging and priggish, when it goes on humming and hawing at this time of day about the ethics of paying the Huns back in some of their own coin in the hope of checking the currency. Our stomachs, to say nothing of our consciences, would revolt at any exact replica of their infamies—their rawest horrors fall within the pale of even our physical compunctions. But their aerial warfare is another matter—a new arm of war now creating its own precedents, a self-contained innovation, a new system of warfare which is apparently 'legitimate' if the bomb is dropt on the chance of its hitting a munition-factory, but 'praiseworthy' and the justification for popular enthusiasm (in Germany) if it hits a mission-room, a theater, or a row of villas. And I suggest that it is no longer a question of morality so much as of intelligence whether we should allow a ruthless enemy, inventing a new game, to go on making his own rules, while relying for his own immunity upon our superior moral compunctions; but that both morality and intelligence would be satisfied by our refusing any longer to be bound by our own rules for a game we have not invented."

Whether the London *Times* would take Mr. Owen's reasoning as an illustration of the point it makes against the overzealous "patriot," we would not declare; but the points are likely made clearer by standing in juxtaposition. In an article on "the last refuge of a scoundrel" it speaks of those "patriots" who "do not admire the Germans whom they would imitate, and do not recognize their common humanity." The article turns to "points in the conduct of the war upon which it is difficult to decide":

> "The most violent action, even if it can be justified morally, may not be expedient, as the Germans have discovered, or will discover some day. But one thing is quite certain—namely, that the wordy violence of our extreme patriots, if it has any effect whatever, does more harm than good. To be sure of that we need only read what the extreme patriots of Germany say, and note its effect upon ourselves. It strengthens both our resolution and our hopes; and, what is more, we hope that neutrals will read it. A Berlin pastor wrote in the *Vossische Zeitung*: 'Do you think it is contrary to Christianity for our soldiers to shoot down these vermin—the Belgian and French assassins, men, women, and children—and lay their houses in dust and ashes?' That is about as far as a patriot could go, but we should not be proud if any one in England equaled him. We may leave this kind of preeminence to Germany; and yet there are patriots here who would quote his words as a justification for their own excesses; and then these excesses would be quoted in Germany as a justification for further German excesses, perhaps in act and not merely in word. For the worst of it is that, when nations are at war, each takes the other's fools to be representative citizens; and the German Government has the habit of justifying German doings by the sayings of English fools. Nothing, short of defeat in the field, would weaken Germany so much as the discovery by the mass of the German people that they have, in their conduct of this war, fallen far below the ordinary level of civilized nations. They have not discovered that yet; and every barbarous thing printed in England, which can be quoted against England, hinders that discovery and strengthens their resolution to resist foes so barbarous. It also makes neutrals doubt that we are so much better than the Germans as we think. Neutrals are not so thoroughly convinced of our virtue as we are ourselves; we have to prove it to them, and the patriot does not do that by demanding that we shall fight Germany as Germany fights us, or by talking about Germany as the Germans talk about us. All this is so obvious to every one except the patriot that even he would see it if he were a patriot, if he really loved his country more than himself. His blindness proves that he does not. Patriotism is to him the last refuge of a thwarted egotism; it is the means by which he hopes to assert himself to others and also to himself. If he can excel every one else in patriotism, he will at last be able to believe in his own general excellence. He will be to himself what he has always wished to be—a man of high and passionate emotions, compared with whom most other men are sluggish and irresolute. . . . . .
>
> "There are, now in war-time, people who find it easy to succeed as patriots, tho they have never had much success with anything in peace. . . . Most of us can not enjoy the war at all; but they seem to enjoy it, or at least the feelings which it provokes in them. . . . It is no consolation to us to revile the Germans, who are human beings like ourselves and who are proving to us that humanity—our humanity—is still subject to dangers which we thought it had overcome. But those patriots enjoy their belief that the Germans are not human beings like ourselves; they enjoy the sense that they are doing their duty by their King and country when they outdo every one in abuse of the Germans."

FOND DU LAC AND ROME—The reflections made recently in *The Episcopal Recorder* (Philadelphia) on certain Romeward tendencies in the Protestant Episcopal Church have aroused resentment in some of the quarters under accusation. The Philadelphia weekly, organ of the Reformed Episcopal denomination, declared that "Romanizing germs have been working and have produced what we see in Fond du Lac and other places, where the desire seems to be to get as near Rome as possible without actually swallowing the Papacy." This statement the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in Fond du Lac calls "simply not true." He adds:

> "In Fond du Lac every detailed rubrical direction of the old-fashioned Book of Common Prayer is carefully observed, and no *Romish* innovations have been introduced. The statement is evidently made *ex parte* by one who never has visited the place. The publication of this statement has been a matter of grief to an earnest and honest body of Christians."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

THE DEAD NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

Knowles, Sir Lees (Editor). Letters of Captain Engelbert Lutyens, Orderly Officer at Longwood, Saint Helena, February, 1820, to November, 1823. Illustrated with photogravures, miniatures in color, and maps. Large 8vo, pp. xii–213. New York: John Lane Company. $2.75

Far from being eclipsed by present events, Napoleon's fame and prestige seem to stand out more clear and definite against the present European conflagration. Regarded as the archetype of military renown, as the most remarkable political phenomenon since Cæsar, he has become a sort of patron saint among soldiers great and small; and in Germany, where he would seem in his time to have earned execration, his cult among the militarists has been erected into a species of hero-worship. The treatises and memoirs of the most military of nations are literally haunted by the name of Napoleon. Two of the most remarkable books on war—that of Von der Goltz and that of the German General Staff—are largely commentaries and lessons taken from Napoleon's conduct of war. It is startling to contemplate this sinister projection of the past into the present, this strange posthumous domination reaching into an epoch so advanced that warfare is shifted at will into the air, into the bowels of the earth, or under the seas.

Since the outbreak of the war, the Napoleon literature, already so formidable, has received some notable additions. Three bulky volumes containing the unwritten history of the Elba and St. Helena incidents (recently reviewed in these columns) are now supplemented by an additional volume of letters, which throws a flood of light upon the habits and daily life of the famous prisoner, and furnishes an intensely interesting and minute account of the final scenes of the Napoleonic drama.

The letters throw an altogether favorable light upon the character of Napoleon. They bring out certain traits of amiability in the Emperor which have been overlooked by the annalists of St. Helena. Conversely, they set in a darker light the character of Sir Hudson Lowe and seem to give warrant to the popular verdict of condemnation which posterity has pronounced against him. The testimony contained in this correspondence weighs heavily against the recent attempts to rehabilitate Lowe. To say the least, there was "something essentially mean" about his administration, as the editor of this volume remarks. In this matter probably the most interesting single incident in the correspondence hinges on a gift of Coxe's three-volume "Life of Marlborough" made by the Emperor to the 20th Regiment of Foot. The Governor ordered the gift to be returned, and the incident had as a result the removal of Captain Lutyens as orderly officer of Longwood. The most striking feature, however, of Sir Lees Knowles's interesting compilation will be found in the final chapter, which is entitled "The Death of Napoleon." It consists of letters written by Duncan Darroch to his mother. The correspondence has unusual historical value. The dead Emperor is thus described:

> "He was drest in full uniform, green turned up with red, breeches, and long boots, a good many orders on his breast, sword by his side, and cocked hat on; spurs also on. He lay on the iron camp-bedstead that he had carried with him always, and on it was spread his military cloak, on which he lay. Count Bertrand stood at the head of the bed, drest in black. The priest was kneeling at his side, and an attendant, who was the only person in the room who seemed to have life, showed it only by driving the flies away. His countenance was serene and placid; it had, of course, fallen in. His features were handsome and bold, his hand very delicate and small and a beautiful color. A crucifix was laid on his breast. His nose was particularly handsome. They had, in turning him on the bed, bruised it a little. . . . I could have gazed on him for hours, have taken his hand and kissed it; but I could scarce breathe. . . . What would not thousands of people give to have seen what I have seen!"

In a second letter to his mother the young soldier continues his wonderfully interesting narrative:

> "I went up this morning soon after I mounted guard. He lay just as before: his countenance had fallen in a little more; there were only the priest, the attendant, and myself in the room. I took up his hand and held it for some time, examining the fingers and his features; that hand which kings had kissed and which had caused so many to tremble. I never in my life saw a more serene and placid countenance. He seemed in a profound and quiet slumber, except for the livid color of his lips and cheeks. On his left (breast) were a star and two orders of some kind. These were all the ornaments about him. His hat was perfectly plain, with a black loop and small, tricolored cockade."

The letter goes on to narrate, in naive, boyish fashion and with a wealth of striking detail, the story of Napoleon's life at St. Helena. Written nearly one hundred years ago and of undoubted authenticity, the young soldier's narrative has poignant interest for us. It is a historical document throwing a flood of light upon the final act, the great anticlimax of the Napoleonic *épopée*.

NOVELS OF RECENT MONTHS

Bell, J. J. Wee Macgreegor Enlists. Pp. 213. New York: Fleming H. Revell & Co. $1.

Wee Macgreegor is a well-known and much-loved creation of Mr. Bell's, and his enlistment, his love-affairs, his mistakes, and achievements have come to possess vital interest to many readers. The present book is a bit sketchy, but full of merriment. It has touches of quiet humor descriptive of Scottish idiosyncrasies. Deep feeling underlies some of the most amusing episodes. Often serious thoughts are concealed under the lightest of persiflage, but the misunderstanding between Macgreegor and Christina was very natural, and so also was his childish method of "getting even." Fortunately, only the personal episodes of the war are touched on. We can laugh at "Wullie's hammering," and the forced flirtation with "the fat girl," especially as "all ends well."

Benson, Stella. I Pose. Pp. 313. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

To be an author at the age of twenty-two, even when one is the niece of a novelist, is an achievement of which Stella Benson may be proud. As the characters pose, so does the author. Her last words leave you still in doubt as to her meaning: "Yes, I pose, of course. But the question is—how deep may a pose extend?" In her story, a gardener of twenty-three becomes a vagabond—"tra-la-la," carrying an empty purse and "Hilda," a potted nasturtium. With him goes a militant suffragette, posing as his wife, and paying whatever bills are paid. There are on board the meddling priest, the contrary woman, and many other typical characters. Daily experiences are related with delightful humor. The descriptions of natural beauties in Jamaica and a disastrous earthquake are forceful. We find an original style, humorous side-remarks, and keen and satirical criticisms of men, customs, and daily, worldly hypocrisies. There is no denying to the author effectiveness in original treatment, and clever characterizations, stimulating by their novelty, but the slender thread of plot with which the epigrammatic bits of satire are held together is disappointing and the "pose" becomes tiresome. Just as the story seems to be coming back to earth, the suffragette blows up a church and becomes "a little crumpled body of a criminal." It is an unsatisfactory story, but most delightful psychologically.

Cher, Marie. The Immortal Gymnasts. Pp. 338. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

In this fantasy the immortal gymnasts, "Pantaloon," "Columbine," and "Harlequin," waifs from Cloudland, enter the restricted life of mortals, and through Harlequin's power to become *en rapport* with the lives that touch his, become cognizant of the tragedy in the life of Ambry and Anie, the healing influence of Varian Edmonton and his mother Gita, with Anie's sister Estelle and many others who figure in a very pretty romance of which not the least attractive is that of Harlequin and Bina. Scenes follow one another prettily, logically, and pleasantly. Ambry is despicable in his first scenes, but Anie finds consolation so soon that we harbor no ill-feeling. After some attractive experiences, love is rewarded, all wounds of the heart are healed, and the final outlook for all is happiness. It is a pretty, wholesome, sweet little tale, just bordering on the fairy-story type, with a touch of the mystical and supernatural and a poetic setting, delicately described. It is not deep, but pleasing.

Lefevre, Edwin. Wall Street Stories. Pp. 224. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. $1.

This is a new edition of a well-known collection of Mr. Lefevre's stories of the Wall Street district. They range through comedy and tragedy, and illustrate how the trimmer sometimes gets trimmed and the necessity of "playing fair." All have the atmosphere and environment of the land of speculation and investment. The reader is introduced to the feverish obsession of the casual speculator, the tragic *dénouement* of some well-planned coups, and the intensely funny side of some transactions. There are eight of these stories, each good in its own way, but "The Woman and Her Bonds," and "A Theological Tipster," are perhaps the cleverest of all, one showing the illogical working of a woman's mind, the other humorously showing how a broker took advantage of the traditionally naive innocence of the clergy to manipulate stocks for a "killing."

Lewis, Edwin Herbert. Those About Trench. Pp. 326. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

The fact that Mr. Lewis is new at story-writing will have to excuse many faults and explain his story's limitations, for it is clearly shown that the author has plenty of material, and some definite ideas on life-philosophies and world-problems. In his effort to express this knowledge, however, he does not sufficiently cover up his working-plans, and, in some cases, fails to give either plausibility or continuity to his situations. To illustrate the power of environment, the author describes "Those About Trench," a young physician, a specialist in children's diseases, who considers life a "barren, ugly, monstrous business" founded on chemistry. Trench lives in a model apartment which is called his "Caravansary," and which he shares with his "menagerie" of students, a motley assortment of American, European, and Asiatics from which the book gets color and decided novelty. There are two love-stories worked into the plot, but they are elusive and unconvincing—remote, perhaps, is a better word—tho both Elsie and Edith are lovable, as far as we are permitted to know them. The most conspicuous character is Saadi Sareef, a Slavic conspirator masquerading as the son of a Prince of Bokhara, brilliant, cynical, and impudent, familiar with every slang-expression and voicing evidently the author's theories. There are strange adventures chronicled, taking the reader from Halsted Street, Chicago, to Peshawur, Afghanistan, Austria, and Servia; and Saadi plays a tragic part in the drama of June 28, giving his life in "the war against war," leaving Elsie to mourn her "damn-fool configuration of energy," as he called himself.

Nexo, Martin Andersen. Pelle the Conqueror. Pp. 438. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.40 net.

This is the third volume in a series of four presentations in the development of a great labor-leader, and written by one of Denmark's most famous novelists. In the first, "Boyhood," we have the quaintness of unusual manners and customs amid farm-life: in "Apprenticeship" we have provincial-town life, but here we find Pelle just emerging into manhood, living in Copenhagen, doing shoemaking for the dissipated Pipkin, and the chronicle becomes more conventional, more serious, more purposeful. We are deeply imprest by the somberness of certain phases of life, the inexorableness of fate. The author's power of graphic description thrills us with horror as well as pity. Pelle is living at the "Ark," a rickety wooden tenement-house, whose description is a masterpiece of word-painting, and whose inhabitants are Pelle's friends and important characters in the story's development—typical children of a big city's tragic shadows. The main theme of the book is labor-trouble. Nearly one-third of its pages is devoted to an account of a strike, in the administration of which Pelle has to choose between comfort and luxury at home with wife and children and adherence to his avowed principles. In this great sacrifice, we see our hero love, live, and suffer amid privation of all kinds and on all sides. The author's style is unusually frank and vitally interesting. He sounds depths of human experience and suffering, and makes his point of view convincing and plain. From the author's previous books we have a few well-known friends: Father Lasse, whose love and loyalty to his son are unwavering even under the stress of great suffering and loneliness; Moreton, the son of "The Great Leader," and "Howling Peter," and new friends in the characters of "The Seamstress," Hanne, "The Princess," the crazy flute-player, the old-clothes woman of the cellar, and the three waifs who live in constant fear of the poor-law guardian. It was Marie who brought Pelle to the "Ark" and whose devotion is always caring for and protecting him. Ellen, the wife, is, perhaps, the least easily comprehended of all the characters. In the final book of the series, we should get some explanatory light on her thoughts and mode of reasoning.

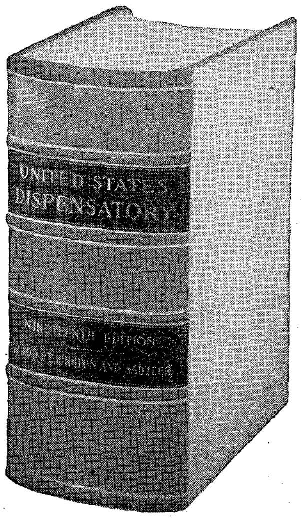
McLoughlin, Robert. The Eternal Magdalene. Pp. 300. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

This story is a dramatic, or rather a melodramatic novel, dealing with the social evil, the arguments for and against segregation, and the hypocritical effort of a self-satisfied business man to purify a town by employing an illiterate and vulgar revivalist to help in "cleaning up" the city. There is a suggestion of "A Servant in the House" in these pages. By the introduction of "the woman" into Elijah Bradshaw's home, we see the "Eternal Magdalene," who typifies the physical temptation of sin in each life, and finally brings a comprehension of Christ's words: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The story is well told, but in it there is much that needs revision and pruning of inconsistencies. The underlying thought is good, but the author too evidently looks for effect and sacrifices plausibility for theatrical contrasts. He describes vividly scenes in which police-raids appear and a phase of life with which his profession has made him familiar. A more mature work from the same author ought to show more merit.

Reid, Forrest. At the Door of the Gate. Pp. 332. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35.

This is the latest novel by a well-established young British novelist hitherto unknown to the American public. Altho the story has a fairly interesting theme and the characters are well developed, there is not enough departure from the conventional to cause either comment or special discussion. The author has insight into character, and pictures a widowed mother with two sons, Martin and Richard, and an adopted sister, Grace. The other figures revolve around Richard, who, tho reserved, was ambitious and poetic, but Martin was his mother's favorite, and there was secret antagonism between the two boys, due to Martin's sly hypocrisy. We see Richard as an apprentice in a tea-house, later as a young man caught by the wiles of designing Rose Jackson, gradually swept by the currents of life into an ill-assorted marriage and unhappiness, never awake to the love and devotion of his foster-sister until it is too late. The outcome of it all seems rather unsatisfactory and unnecessarily somber, tho claiming peace for Richard in his reconciliation to God's will, but the crime which he commits and Grace's willingness to sin seem only episodic and go unpunished. It is not a book to please or puzzle the reader especially.

Truth in Advertising



Page 1454, 19th edition U. S. Dispensatory, the prescription authority of progressive pharmacists in the United States, says as follows:

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"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Sidgwick, Ethel. The Accolade. Pp. 442. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35.

Here is a story in which we seem to be looking at characters through the wrong end of the glass. They are indistinct and far away. It is a book of interesting episodes, but one in which there is a bewildering multiplicity of threads, distracting one from the main theme of the story. John Ingestre, of the family made familiar by Miss Sidgwick's former stories, is the hero. He is introduced to the reader just after he has yielded to the wish of his parents, and has given up his desire for the stage and returned to be his father's son. The prelude gives the reader a fair understanding of his personality and also a love for Violet Ashwin, his cousin, and his mother. The story proper opens after John and Ursula have been married ten years. The author cleverly brings out the unsatisfactory and unsympathetic home life of the young couple. Ursula still cherishes a jealousy of Violet, who is happily married, distrusts John's flirtatious ways, and is not even in sympathy with John's devotion to his mother. John finally falls in love with Helena Falkland, who has been sent to him by Violet to find out if she has any dramatic talent, but in all the following episodes and situations there is a remoteness which fails to convince, altho interesting enough in its way. The introduction of "Miss Darcy, the bearded," and the lame Jill Jacoby and her suicide hardly seem to fit into the picture. Even Quentin and Harold are not really alive. The story ends where it began. John writes to Violet: "My present business is to see Ursula through."

Sinclair, May. The Belfry. Pp. 332. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

From the initial entrance of James Tasker Jevons into this story, he dominates and controls it, and yet Miss Sinclair has never portrayed a character less calculated, physically, to be popular. It was his "oddity that saved him"—dark eyebrows and lashes, sleek light hair, flushed face, and "his very large and conspicuous blue eyes," which he "wore in his odd, little, ugly face like some inappropriate decoration." "Jimmy" had a fascinating way of giving himself a fixt time to accomplish his varied ambitions: "I give myself six months." He reaches the goal almost uncannily, the lovable, impudent little cockney, half-genius and half-bounder, whose "little soul's made of beautiful clean white silk." In the telling of the story, Walter Furnival reveals his own part in its experiences, his early love and devotion by Viola Thesinger, who came to him as "typist" when she fled from the conventional restrictions of her Canterbury home, before she met Jevons. "The Belfry" figures as the lure which drew Jimmy to Bruges, even as he drew Viola in a mad escapade which affected all their future lives. Jimmy's character is unique, with its impossible manners, his social solecisms, his vanity, and his charm. The author succeeds in reproducing an atmosphere very convincingly, as well of the well-bred Thesingers as the "Mayfair monstrosity" of Jimmy's sadder years. Viola's marriage and the subsequent upheavals present interesting and dramatic situations which move quickly with the many characters, but it is "Jimmy," "first, last, and all the time," who counts. He never loses faith in himself even when Viola loses hers temporarily. Viola's sister Norah is the most lovable character in the

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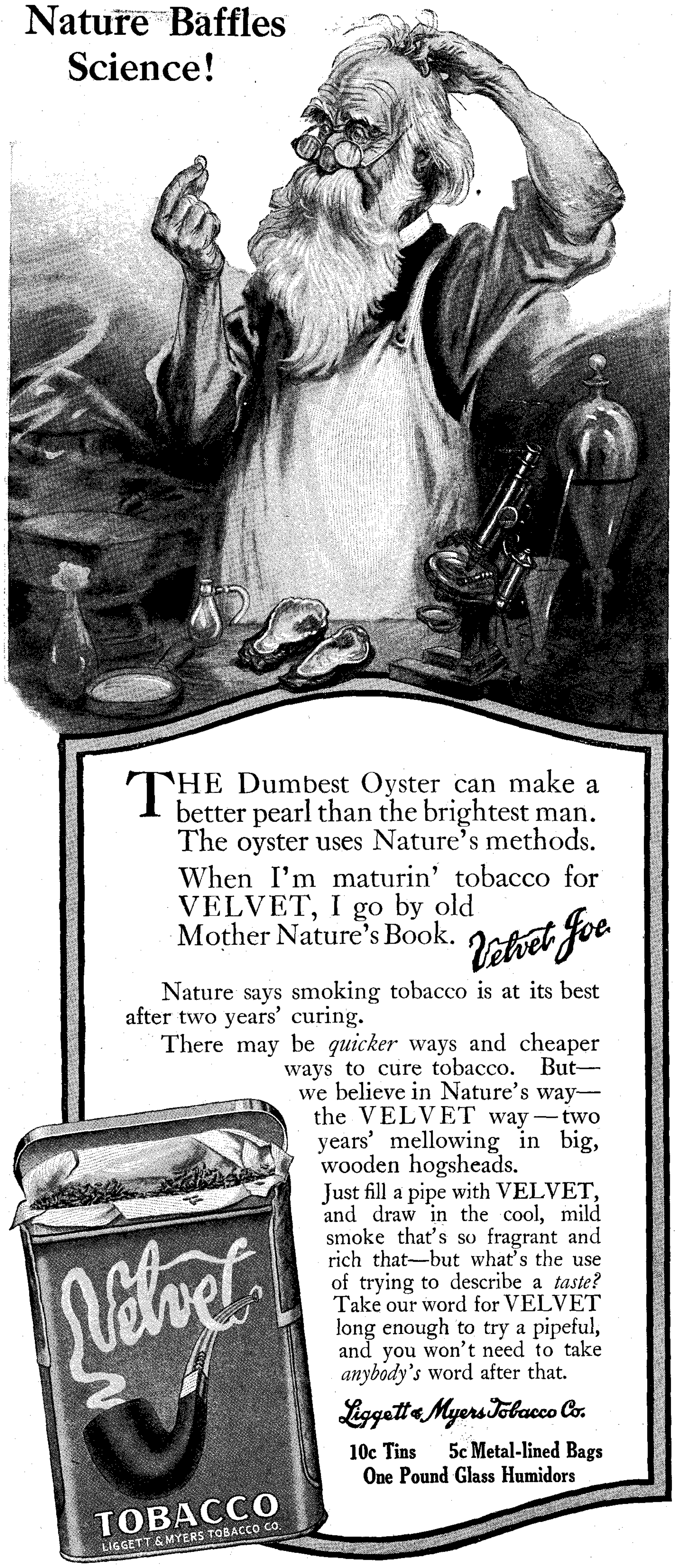

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book. The breaking out of the Great War and three weeks in Belgium were necessary to establish our hero in the hearts of all by the results of his brave "cowardice."

Syrett, Netta. Rose Cottingham. Pp. 399. New York and London: G. P. Putnam & Sons. $1.35.

There is absolutely no heart-interest in this story, which is called "a novel." Only introspective analysis of character is found with a character which had some lovable traits, but was always in revolt, due to environment or innate discontent. There is a certain fascination about the style and manner in which the story is told, but it is a woful list of unhappy, unsatisfactory, and disappointing years in the life of an erratic child. Rose and Lucie Cottingham were orphans, living with a grandmother who acted from duty and not love. There are few bright spots in the life of the little girls. Always doing something original, defying conventionalities and rules, Rose is constantly at war with grandmother and governess. Where an author found so many disagreeable characters, it is difficult to understand. At home there were the strict and relentless grandmother, the silly prig of a governess, and the inane little sister, and at Quale College there were some silly girls and some absolutely impossible teachers, so that Rose's life was one of repression, rebellion, opposition, and restraint. An unlovely exterior blinds Rose to her own ability, and it takes years to develop her one talent — writing. The story lacks in motivation and cohesion, attempts to picture the socialist and esthetic craze of thirty years ago, and does so in wearying, lugubrious pages which do not seem to get anywhere.

Webster, Henry Kitchell. The Real Adventure. Pp. 574. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

The author calls this his first "real novel," but we have had many a short story of his in popular magazines. His friend and critic, Samuel Merwin, assures us that "his success has been great," and that "he is one of the highest-paid fiction-writers in America to-day." In spite of its length, and also some rather incredible situations, the present work is an engrossing and captivating story and pleasant reading. Rose Stanton and Rodney Aldrich meet unconventionally, love at first sight, and marry after a "whirlwind courtship," and begin their "real adventure." Wealth, social position, love, home, and children are theirs, but when Rose is twenty-two the modern problem of self-expression and self-development distresses Rose's brain and she determines to leave Rodney to earn his "friendship" as well as his love, by showing that she is worthy of more than lover-like protection and possession. If Rose had been older, or if she had been married long enough so that the glamo had worn off and there had come the time which should come to all lives, when blind passion is supplanted by healthy, well-balanced comradeship, Rose's subsequent action might have seemed more plausible; even as it is, with all the inconsistencies, Rose's experiences are thrilling and absorbing. While we may balk at the acceptance of such wonderful executive ability in one so young and inexperienced, the discussions of personal points of view, and the arguments used by both Rose and Rodney stimulate thought and discussion of the real live problems that confront all of us. The final outcome is satisfactory.

AN AUTHOR WHO HAS REACHED HIS NINETY-FOURTH YEAR

Smith, Stephen, A.M., M.D., LL.D. Who Is Insane? New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916. $1.25.

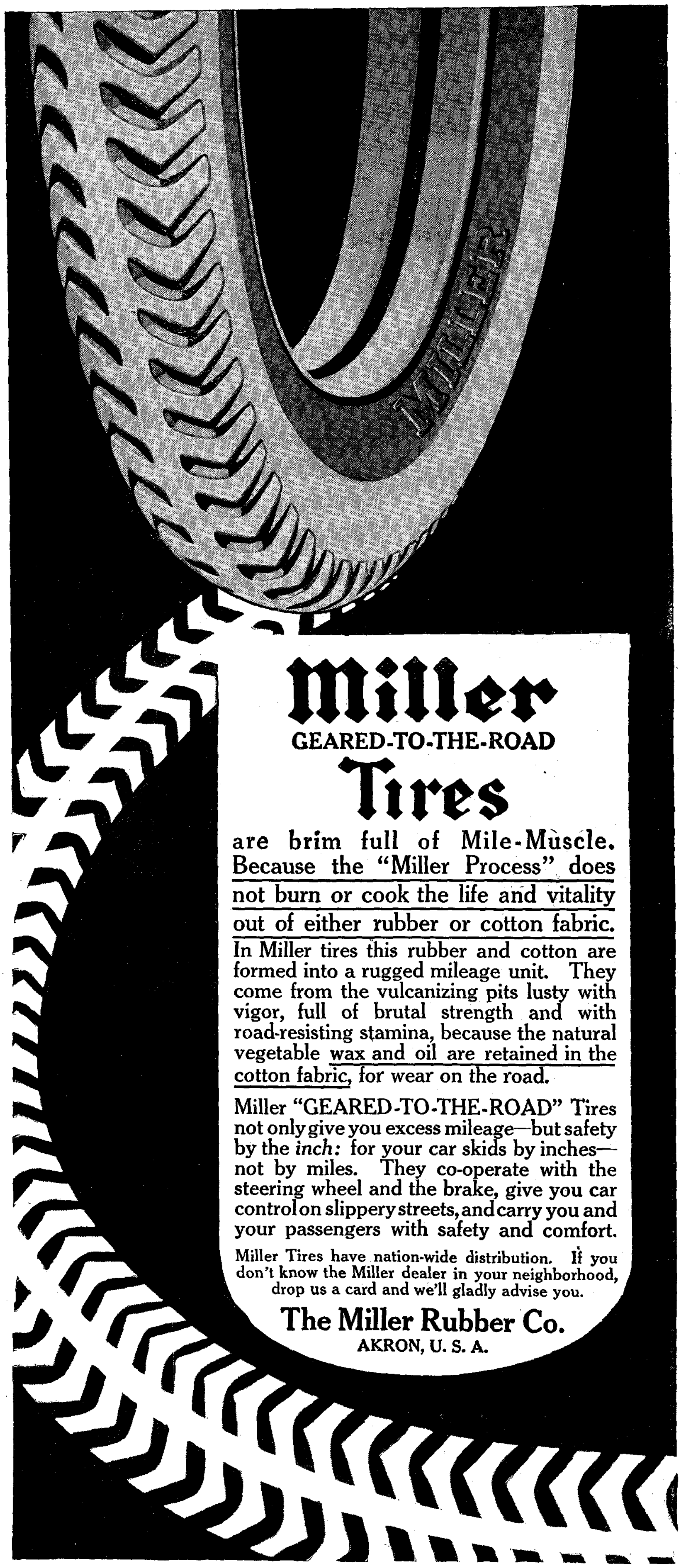
Dr. Stephen Smith, who at one time was Commissioner in Lunacy for New York State, and is now active on the State Board of Charities, altho he has entered his ninety-fourth year, in this volume has made a study of insanity, its meaning, causes, its critical periods, care and treatment, and the lessons to be learned and applied. The work avoids all technical language, and gives a thorough explanation of brain-formation, the value and texture of nerve-cells, their balance in functions, and the results due to constant changes in structures. It is a book for the layman, and will be read with gratitude and enjoyment for its sanity, scientific spirit, and sound reasonableness. It contains many illuminative statements and suggestions in relation to the examination and reception of insanity suspects, the methods by which the diseased brain may be brought back to normal conditions, and the best way to avoid, prevent, or treat mental aberrations. The author enforces his points by stories of actual experiences which convince the reader that there is a diagnosis in common for the insane, the criminal, the idiot, and the feeble-minded, and thrills one with a desire to help minimize this frightful burden to humanity and society. The book should make a large general appeal.

Dr. Smith has long been conspicuous among the still active and healthy old men of New York, of whom the late John Bigelow, another nonagenarian, was probably the best known. To a reporter who, on his latest birthday, asked him how he had preserved his health so well, Dr. Smith said: "The way to keep young is to keep away from old people. Preserve your interest in the activities of life. Don't go off into a corner. Read the newspapers—all the news, even murders—every day. I see six papers and read them all; at least, I look through them and read at least the head-lines of most of the articles, even the accounts of divorce-suits." During a recent heavy March snowstorm, Dr. Smith was seen having luncheon at a large New York club. In an overcoat of moderate weight—neither furs nor muffler had he—Dr. Smith walked in and out of the club during the storm as any young man might do—as some young men would not do.

OUR GREAT FRENCH PIONEERS

Campbell, Rev. T. J. (S.J.). Pioneer Laymen of North America. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Octavo, pp. xv-324. New York: The America Press. $1.75.

With this volume the story of the French epic in North America as told by Father Campbell, the learned Jesuit, largely from original documents, is made complete. The three volumes on "Pioneer Priests" and the two on "Pioneer Laymen" make a distinct contribution to American history. No one may neglect them without losing much that is vital to a right understanding of the earlier phases of our history. The final volume continues the story of the daring paladins of France who opened up a new world for civilization. Here are full-length portraits of Le Moyne, Perrot, D'Iberville, Frontenac, La Salle, Bienville, La Verendrye, and Dr. John McLoughlin, the Father of Oregon. These, "the



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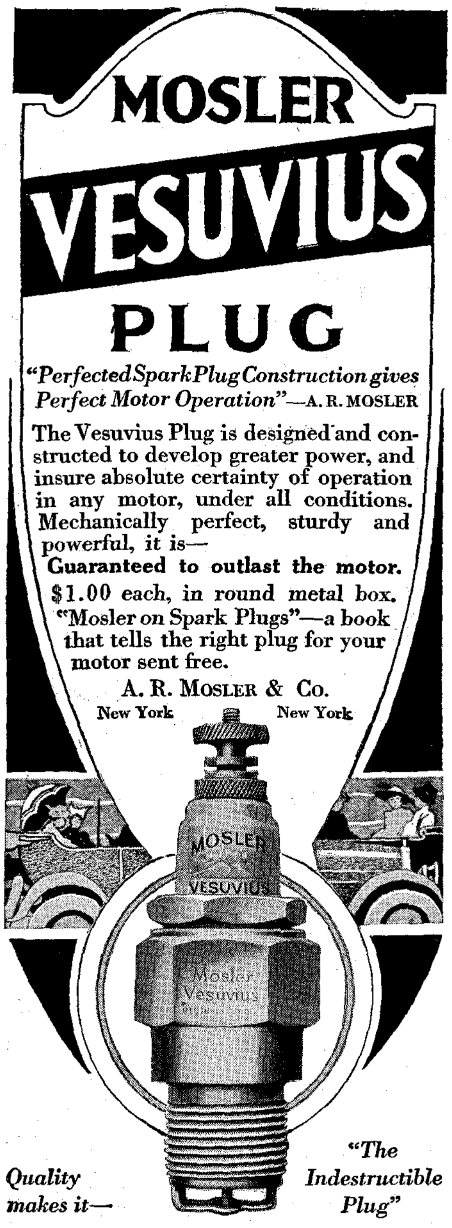

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Alexanders of half a continent," as the author styles them, form a heroic group as they stand out, clear cut, in a romantic and dramatic picture. As described by the eloquent Jesuit these rugged personalities, who are linked so intimately with our earlier history, take on fresh and vivid interest. Their latest chronicler has not only availed himself of all that Bancroft and Parkman have recorded, but he has brought to light a large amount of original material which gives the familiar story a certain freshness and novelty.

It is not easy to characterize the merits of a work of this type or to do justice in a brief notice to a literary undertaking in which the author has put what is best of a whole life of study, has distilled and exprest upon a congenial theme the fine flower of Jesuit scholarship. That it has been a labor of love is obvious enough. One might write *con amore* at random on the margins of many of the glowing chapters. Not that it is meant to be conveyed that the work is of enthusiastic mold. It is of the exactly opposite type—critical, wholly unrhetorical, bearing evidence of an impartial, judicial mind, bent wholly upon uncovering the facts of history and caring little for the romantic glamor which must have been unusually seductive. In many instances the author's views are in conflict with those of the two secular writers we have mentioned—writers whose authority has been hitherto regarded as impregnable.

It is embarrassing to make a selection in Father Campbell's gallery of dare-devils, but if forced to it, our choice would fall upon Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville. The life of Iberville is, in the words of the author, "as romantic as anything in history." Father Campbell has unearthed in finest detail the incredible exploits of daring performed by this French hero and his companions. Iberville's deeds of valor in the New-World solitudes among savages and English enemies are unexcelled by anything recorded in the novels of Dumas or Sienkiewicz, or by anything—and this will seem to some a still higher comparison—in the blood-and-thunder epics that entertained our youth. It is, in the author's own phrase "such a series of adventures as a small boy would gloat over in a novel."

The previous volumes of this notable piece of historical work, with its distinctly original features, have received general commendation from the press of different sections of the country.

A JESUIT AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE WEST

La Veille, E. (S. J.). The Life of Father De Smet, S.J. Authorized translation by Marian Lindsay. Introduction by Charles Coppens, S.J. With illustrations. Octavo, pp. xxii-400. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.75.

Those who are familiar with Parkman's fine delineation of the Jesuits in North America in what has come to be regarded as a sort of epic period in American history will take unusual interest in the "Life of Father De Smet," which was written by a brother French Jesuit, Father La Veille, and is now available for the first time in English form in an excellent translation. Father De Smet was a Belgian Jesuit who came to this country as a missionary. He was born in 1801, in Termonde, and came over as a youth. His career was remarkable. He was a literal continuation of the heroic work performed in the forests of the New World by Parkman's famous band of Jesuits of Louis XIV.'s time.

In its original French form the book went into many editions. It was praised highly by the Paris journals. *La Croix* said that "it reads like a novel, but one so realistic, so thrilling with interest, that you can not tear yourself away from it." And *Le Bien Public*, in alluding to it, said: "From the moment you have cut the first pages you will not lay it aside until you have read the whole volume." After reading the inspiring story of the saintly and heroic priest we are inclined to say that this praise is not exaggerated. The biographer had a vast amount of unpublished material to select from, and he has done his work with unusual intelligence and with an instinct for the vital quality, interestingness, which is as keen as a journalist's.

Father De Smet was known as "The Apostle of the Rocky Mountains." He gained an extraordinary influence among the Indians, great numbers of whom he converted and among whom he was known as the "Black Robe." His word seems to have been law among the red men, and his great influence was used in the interest of the Government more than once when by raising a finger he was able to prevent bloody insurrections. He seems to have performed prodigies of labor, and he risked continual dangers in his great project of converting the Indians. In the interest of his missions he crossed and recrossed the ocean a dozen times. Much of the story is told in Father De Smet's own words, and these portions of the book have special charm for the reader—an unusual strain of eloquence and of genuine poetry. Of the Rocky Mountains, which he must have seen in all their grandiose aspects, he writes: "They are rocks piled upon rocks, and seem the ruins of an entire world covered with the shroud of eternal snows." His descriptions of his beloved Indians sometimes have an extraordinary naïveté. It is not impossible for a saint to indulge in humor, as this shows:

> "Wishing to be particularly amiable, one day I assisted at a porcupine-feast, a scene that would have turned the strongest stomach. Failing a tablecloth and dishes, several of the company took off their leather shirts, shining with grease, and laid them on the ground. Upon this covering the meat was cut and served; to dry their hands they wiped them on their hair. An old woman whose face was smeared with blood—a sign of mourning—presented me with a wooden bowl of soup. The horn spoon reeked with grease, which she kindly licked before putting it in my soup. . . . The cooking is done solely by women. They fill a kettle with juice and meat which they have chewed into a pulp. Often half a dozen women are occupied for hours preparing this rare stew. . . . This is the far-famed Rocky Mountain hash!"

MILDRED ALDRICH'S UNIQUE LITTLE BOOK

Aldrich, Mildred. A Hilltop on the Marne. Being Letters Written June 3–September 8, 1914. Pp. 189. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

This volume of letters, briefly referred to heretofore in these columns, contains glimpses of what seems destined to be known as one of the decisive battles in history, was written by an American woman who, by one of the strangest caprices of fate, found herself suddenly placed at the very heart of the war. In June, 1914, the author, who is well known in Boston, her former home, went to live in a house in the valley of the Marne. It was her design to pass the re-

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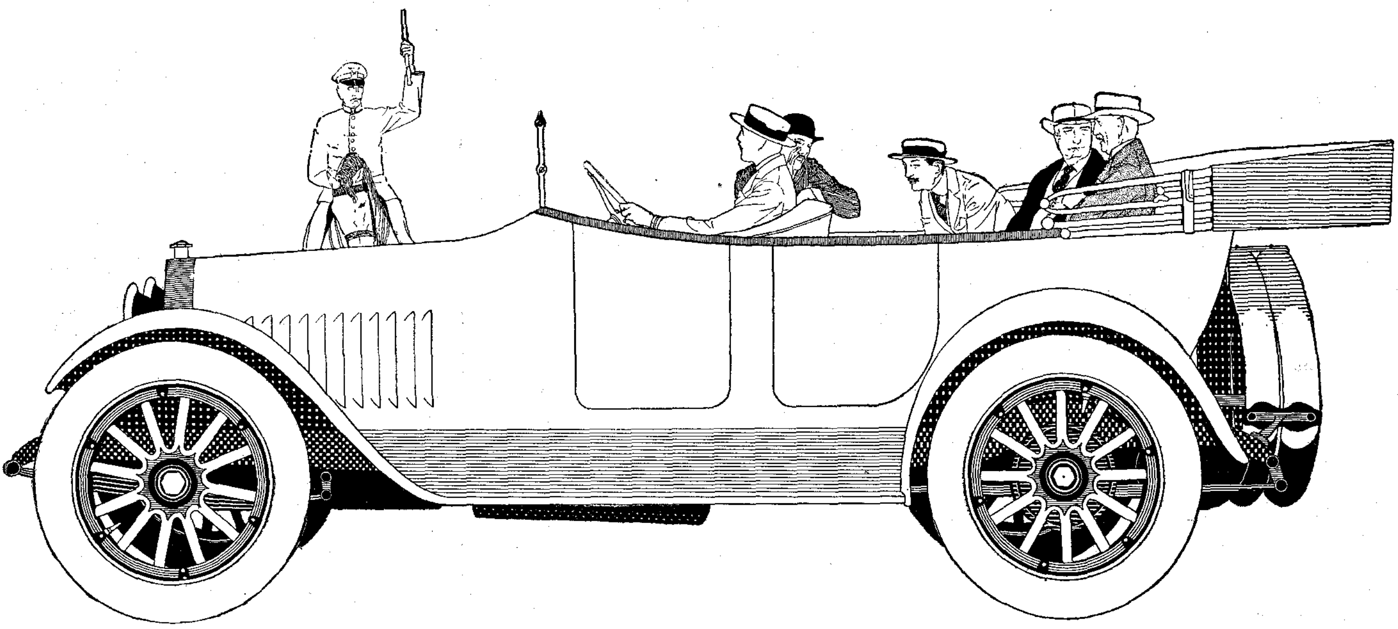

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mainder of her days there in peace and comfort. Duplicating, as it were, the exploit of the bird that built its nest in the cannon's mouth, she made her home in the center of what was to be the actual stage of the Battle of the Marne. From just behind her house she saw the final stand made by the British artillery. At her own gate the advance of the uhlans was stemmed. Spray from the mighty conflict fell over her garden. The letters give vivid, graphic descriptions of the Marne country, that *paysage riant*, now destined for immortality in France's warlike souvenirs:

> "There are miles and miles of laughing country, little white towns just smiling in the early light, a thin strip of river here and there, dimpling and dancing; stretches of fields of all colors—all so peaceful and so gay that it gladdens the opening day and makes me rejoice to have lived to see it. It changes every hour, and I never can decide at which hour it is the loveliest."

How all this paradise was suddenly transformed into a hell as if by a wave of some infernal magician's wand is told in striking passages by this American woman who witnessed it all. Her descriptions are accompanied by maps of her own making, giving the reader a very vivid impression of the great events of the Marne. The author gives a description verbatim by a young French lad fresh from the thick of the fight. He is picturing the German crossing of the Meuse:

> "We mowed them down like a field of wheat, by the tens of thousands, and tens of thousands sprang into the gaps. They advanced shoulder to shoulder. Our guns could not miss them, but they were too many for us. If you had seen that crossing I imagine it would have looked to you like a disaster to Germany. It was so awful that it became comic. I remember one point when a bridge was mined. We let the first divisions of artillery and cavalry come right across on to our guns—they were literally destroyed. As the next division came on to the bridge—up it went—men, horses, guns dammed the flood, and the cavalry literally crossed on their own dead."

MR. MORGAN'S BOOK ON NAPOLEON

Morgan, James. In the Footsteps of Napoleon. His Life and Its Famous Scenes. With thirty-three illustrations. Octavo, pp. vi-524. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

What lends novelty to this addition to the thousand extant volumes on Napoleon is the fact that the author makes an attempt to set the story in its natural background. Before writing it, Mr. Morgan made a journey of nearly twenty thousand miles, to the many and famous scenes of Napoleon's career, with pilgrimages to celebrated battle-fields, literally following in the conqueror's footsteps through Europe. The book is cast in dramatic form, and has a touch of inspiration.

The time seemed opportune to write anew the story that never grows old. The centenary of Waterloo was being celebrated, and it was on the eve of the War of the Nations that Mr. Morgan made his pilgrimage. He went first to Corsica, and thence through France and Italy, through Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, over the Alps and through Austria, Germany, and Poland into Russia, and finally to Elba. The author has thus saturated his mind with Napoleonic associations and traditions, and his book, written in vigorous and at times brilliant English, is well worth reading, even by those who are familiar with the standard works upon the subject. Some hint of the author's general conception of his great subject is conveyed in his own words in the preface: "An effort has been made to find in Napoleon's rise and fall something more than the miraculous vicissitudes of a legendary superman, or the meaningless sport of blind fortune. I have tried to present him simply as a man of the people, who, in a period of chaos, was called out of the crowd to embody and vindicate the race of common men against the privileged few, to sweep away ancient systems and wrongs, and, as the incarnation of the Great Revolution, to be enthroned above monarchs of long descent."

Thus conceived and brought into juxtaposition in the reader's mind with the stupendous events now taking place in the world, the story of Napoleon assumes the coloring and glow of actual life. How persistently this strange Italian, whose story is the marvel of history, has haunted the mind of succeeding generations is the thought that occurs to the reader of these interesting pages. More now than ever before, the great Italian who left such a mighty impress upon history occupies the thoughts of men. Mr. Morgan's study is a welcome and charming addition to the never-ending Napoleonic collection.

NORMAN ANGELL ON SEA-POWER AND THE PRESENT WAR

Angell, Norman. The World's Highway. Some Notes on America's Relation to Sea-Power and Non-Military Sanctions. Pp. xvi-361. New York: George H. Doran Company.

This brilliant study of international law, world-politics, and diplomacy, cast in the perspective of actual events, is to be ranked among really interesting books dealing with the war. Mr. Angell has already written several volumes treating of new international conditions — among them "The Great Illusion," "Arms and Industry," and "America and the World State." "The Great Highway" is in the nature of a sequel to "The Great Illusion." It has the brilliant qualities which gained popularity for the other work. What the author means by the Great Highway is, of course, the great common road of the world's commerce—the Seas. If trade is "the calm health of nations," as Bulwer asserts it to be, it is all-important that the channels of circulation be kept clear. Sea-power becomes of paramount importance in the security and development of States.

Mr. Angell's opening chapter is devoted to a discussion of "America, the Sea, and the Society of Nations," and contains a clear and convincing explanation of the vital difference in its effect upon the world between British "marinism" and German militarism. The reason the world does not fear British marinism and does fear German militarism is because marinism does not encroach upon social and political freedom, and militarism does. England's unquestioned naval supremacy in the seven seas, the author avers, has given England's commerce no privilege which the commerce of all other nations has not possest.

He points out the fallacy, so widely prevalent, which asserts that naval supremacy can of itself secure trade even in peace-times. It is likely, indeed, he thinks, that such a theory has played a large part in the general competition for naval power. Yet the theory is unsupported by any facts that can be pointed to in the commerce of the nations. And the author cites the striking fact that the great period of expansion in German overseas trade—the period when they were "capturing" British

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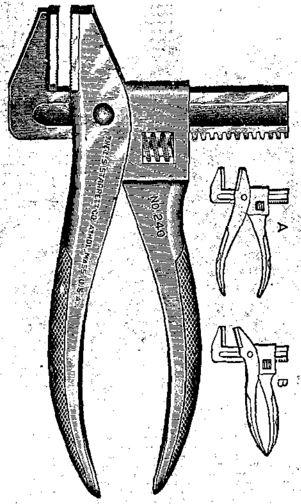

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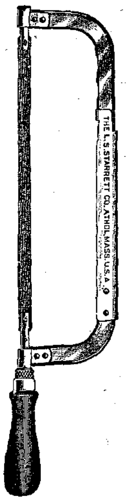

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sea trade in every quarter of the globe—was a period in which German naval power was a negligible quantity in the military councils of the world. While Germany, owing solely to her industry, the natural trait, was building up her magnificent commerce, since blotted from the seas, she was only fifth upon the list of the world's navies. England was simply impotent to impede Germany's development in this regard. The author notes in this exposition that it is the nations which are not very great sea-Powers that exclude trade-rivals most vigorously from their overseas protectorates, colonies, and coastal traffic—France, Holland, Italy, and even Portugal. German commercial men, it seems, have all along had a clear understanding of these facts, so beclouded by statesmen, political doctrinaires, and admirals:

"The big-navy agitation of Germany, at least in its earlier stages, got much more support from Pan-German newspaper writers and chauvinist publicists generally than it did from Germans actually engaged in the business of building up Germany's foreign trade. Indeed, we may say that however strenuously the political doctrinaires may have urged the economic advantage of sea-power, the work-a-day world never felt that England's supremacy in it weighed upon them in any way; and would be largely indifferent to it were not vague fears and prejudices stirred by portentous political theories."

Mr. Angell has a chapter the interest of which verges upon the sensational. It discusses what would happen if the United States should enter the war upon the side of the Allies. His conclusions in the event of this highly interesting contingency are of a striking character: Even admitting the possibility of the destruction of Teutonic militarism in Europe consequent on a military victory of the Allies gained with our cooperation, "the goods could not be delivered at the Peace." The mere destruction of the Austro-German military Power "could neither be permanent nor give any assurance that future regroupings of European alliances would not take place, creating a situation as unsatisfactory in the future as in the past":

"It is altogether likely that the highly artificial Austrian Empire—itself the work of the sword, not the product of natural growth—embracing so many different races and nationalities, will be politically rearranged. This will result in giving German Austria an identity of aim and aspiration with the other German States, so that however the frontiers may be rectified, and whatever shuffling may take place, this solid fact will remain: in Central Europe a body of seventy-five or eighty millions speaking German, and nursing, if their nationality is temporarily overpowered, the dream of reviving it when the opportunity shall occur.

"I have said that the annihilation of Germany is a meaningless phrase. You can not annihilate sixty-five or seventy-five million people. You can not divide them up between France and Russia, save at the cost of making those two States highly militarized, undemocratic, and oppressive Powers. If you break up those seventy-five millions into separate States, there is no reason why, if a Balkan League could be formed—as it was formed a year or two since—to fight successfully, a German League could not do likewise. And this brings me to the second point: That the military and diplomatic combinations by which the German States of the future are to be kept in subjugation can not be counted upon for permanence and stability. This impermanence and mutability are inherent in their nature, and would inevitably be revealed if there was a distribution of conquered territory among the victors. They would then be attempting to cure the evils of conquest and military domination by themselves becoming conquerors, by expanding their military domination, and by creating all the machinery to effect those purposes—including the moral or immoral qualities necessary thereto—and by fostering the kind of patriotism and national pride that go therewith. It would then be open for two countries to give satisfaction to the political passions so aroused by despoiling a third. For, as Talleyrand most wisely said, 'There are few things upon which two persons will so readily agree as the robbery of a third.'"

By way of elaborating and illustrating the main thesis of his book, which is the futility of war as a means of establishing States upon a permanent basis, the author gives a rapid summary of the amazing and paradoxical military alliances of the past, showing the extraordinary inconsistency of European statecraft. All the nations now leagued in the brotherhood of arms once held the knife at one another's throats.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Trudeau, Edward Livingston, M.D. An Autobiography. Illustrated. Pp. 322. Philadelphia and New York: Lea & Febiger.

Chalmers, Stephen. The Beloved Physician. Illustrated. Pp. 74. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.

In the fall of 1915, the world lost its "beloved physician," the man who for years fought tuberculosis, physically and scientifically, and whose autobiography reveals a genial personality, an enthusiastic student, and a glowing story of one man's efforts to build up a "bulwark against disease." Dr. Trudeau contracted the dread disease when taking care of his brother, whose death was his "first great sorrow," in days when bacteriology was unknown and tuberculosis was considered non-contagious, incurable, and inherited. In 1873, leaving his beloved wife and babies to the tender care of his friends, he was carried on a stretcher to Paul Smith's, in the Adirondacks, the famous mountain-camp which was, at that time, primitive and inaccessible. Convinced of the tremendous value of open-air life, he sent for his family, and ever after used his experience for the benefit of humanity. With the help of interested friends and men of wealth Dr. Trudeau established two great institutions in the Saranac region—"The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium" and "The Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis." In his early days of effort, Dr. Trudeau often spent many days in suffering and weakness, which only an indomitable spirit would have conquered. He is so human and whimsical in his book that it in no way becomes oppressive, but describes seriously and interestingly the wonderful achievements of medical science in fighting the world's great curse and menace.

Stephen Chalmers's little book is a personal tribute to Dr. Trudeau, as the discoverer of the efficacy of open-air treatment for tuberculosis, and was written by one closely connected with him for years at Saranac. It is just what was needed to complete Dr. Trudeau's autobiography. To the main facts of the Doctor's life, it adds the things which Dr. Trudeau's innate modesty prevented him from saying of himself, speaking in unstinted praise of his optimism, his unselfishness, his whole-souled devotion to the cause, and his power

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(SEÑOR GRANADOS is an Officer of the French Academy, a member of the Legion of Honor, an intimate friend of Spanish Royalty—he is the composer of the first thoroughly Spanish Opera ever written. The composer, too, of the first opera—produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York — which was ever sung in Spanish outside of Spain.)

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"It was a dramatic moment—that in which I saw him first.

"He sat—a dark, slight, intense man—listening to one of his own piano performances reproduced on the Duo-Art Pianola, exactly as he had played it a week before. The notes were rippling upon the keyboard, as if touched by unseen hands—now falling lightly as leaves, now charged with indescribable spirit and power.

"That picture I can never forget.

"As phrase by phrase of his radiant music swept along, his face was rapt with wonder and delight. Now he would listen motionless; now—as if it were impossible to contain himself—his fingers would move as if they danced along the keyboard. Now his head would sink within his hands; now it would be raised in sheer amazement of delight.

"'Mon Dieu, it is my portrait!' he exclaimed.

"His exquisite 'El Pelele' ceased. 'Señor Granados,' I commenced, 'would you call that a perfect reproduction of your composition? Does it match your own original performance in every subtlety and shade?'

"'It is my portrait—it is my portrait,' he kept repeating, as if yet in the thrall of what he had heard.

"'Is there even the slightest suggestion of the *mechanical* in this reproduced performance?' I asked. 'Please be very frank.'

“‘Nothing—nothing!’ There could be no question of his earnestness. ‘It is all so truthful, so life-like, so exact a replica of my very touch that my pupils themselves in Madrid could detect no difference.’

“He paused, and after a moment, he said, ‘Yes, it is so human, so *personal* to me that, as I have listened to it in a darkened room, I seemed to see myself sitting at the keys. I seemed to feel the very touch of the keys in my finger-tips. . . . . . So perfect even do I conceive this instrument that I think that those who knew some pianist in his life-time could almost visualize him once again—call him to very sight through the tremendous suggestion of himself which rises in rhythmic utterance from the music-roll that unfolds his art through the Duo-Art Pianola. . . . . . To me it is a wonderful fairy story come to reality.’

“‘But, do you not admit, Señor, a certain prejudice by musicians against all pianos which are not played in the accustomed way—by hand?’ I asked.

“‘I admit that such a prejudice existed *once*,’ replied the great composer thoughtfully. ‘I admit even to this prejudice myself—*once*. But that time has gone. No prejudice can live in the hearing of this instrument. Its expression is equal exactly to the expression of the artist who made the record-roll. As well might one be prejudiced against his art itself!’

“‘But, as apart from its ability to reproduce the artist’s rhythmic characteristics or his touch,’ I enquired, ‘is its tone everything that could be desired from a piano?’

“‘The tone of the Duo-Art Pianola,’ replied the composer of ‘Goyescas,’ ‘is exactly the tone of the piano which is played by hand and possesses no Pianola additions. Let me even say this: So artistically admirable in *every way* do I conceive this instrument to be that I would have no hesitation in receiving it into my own Conservatory of Music in Barcelona!

“‘And, now, just one thing’—his finger rose to emphasize his words—‘let me remark upon one thing more important to the world of art than even this extraordinary instrument itself. Let me speak of the remarkable ideals which must have guided the Company which could evolve such an instrument. It suggests to me the spirit of an artist with his work—an artist who is never satisfied with less than perfection. The Aeolian Company must be like that. For whatever may secure mere commercial success, nothing can secure such truly artistic accomplishment which has not for its basis the highest artistic ideals, as well as the courage to achieve them. I know the difficulties it must have faced—the prejudice against all these new developments of art-in-music to which I myself have, for one, confessed; the difficulties of raising under such bitter discouragements the artistic standards of these newer instruments. I honor them for it. And I consider they have achieved for music art in this Duo-Art Pianola an enduring monument whose magnitude can scarcely be realized.’”

I have read this interview in print, and I can only say that faithfully it reflects my views.

* * *

A Word of Description of THE DUO-ART PIANOLA

To appreciate the full significance of Señor Granados’ tribute to the Duo-Art Pianola, some understanding of this marvelous instrument is necessary. Briefly, the Duo-Art Pianola is a *new reproducing piano.* It has three attributes.

FIRST —It is a regular piano for hand playing and practice, conventional in appearance and obtainable in either Grand or Upright form.

SECOND —It is a regular Pianola which may be played with ordinary Pianola music-rolls. As such it offers the same facilities for personal expression control as other models of the Pianola. As it is electrically driven, however, it does away with the necessity for foot-pumping.

THIRD —and this is its new and revolutionary feature. It re-creates from special music-rolls, the exact performances of various pianists who have made record-rolls for it. Obviously the importance of this great new feature depends on the ability of the instrument to faithfully reproduce musical values in *expressiveness* as well as technique. That it possesses this ability to a degree positively miraculous is evidenced by the extraordinary enthusiasm of the great musicians who, like Señor Granados, have made and are making record-rolls for it. Among these may be mentioned such famous names as Bauer, Busoni, Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, Saint-Saens, Carreño, Friedheim, Damrosch, Laparra, and many others.

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Only those who actually hear the Duo-Art Pianola are in a position to correctly estimate its extraordinary value as a means of entertainment, personal enjoyment, and aesthetic culture. The reader is therefore cordially invited to write us for the address of our nearest representative. He will then be shown this wonderful instrument without importunity to purchase it. Address Dept. K3.

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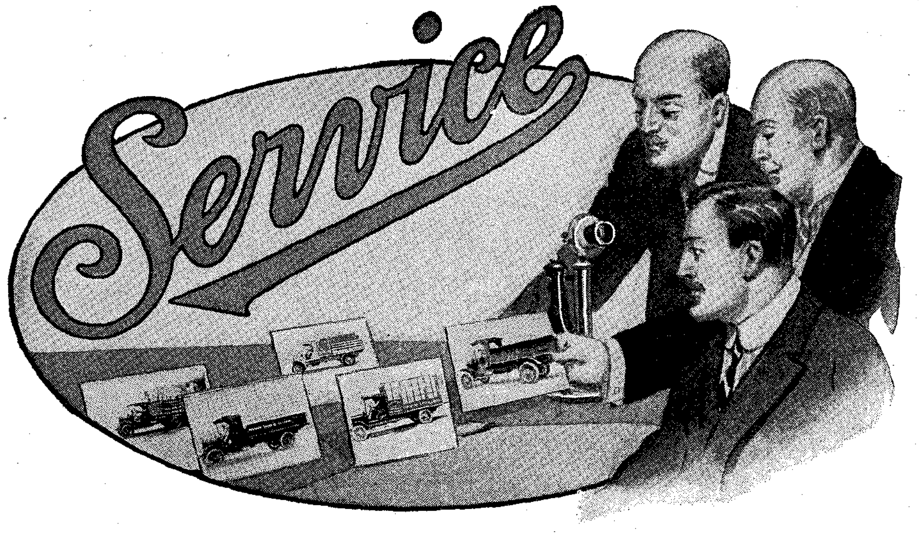
of acquiring funds to make up the yearly deficit of the Saranac institution, in order that cure and relief might be offered to those of limited means. The book is a well-deserved eulogy. It pays a glowing tribute to the "beloved physician" who, when asked if he became accustomed to tragedy so that it lost its appeal, answered sadly: "Pity as an emotion, passes. Pity as a motive, remains."

Moore, Benjamin Burges. From Moscow to the Persian Gulf. Being the Journal of a Disenchanted Traveler in Turkestan and Persia. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xx-450. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The journey described here in journal-form has no claim to interest as having to do with the war. The course taken was entirely out of the course of fighting except where it crossed the line of the Turkish drive into Persia—more of a feint than a serious effort. The account is of interest mainly as linking up places not usually associated. The road led from Moscow southeast by Samara and Orenburg to Tashkend; then west via Samarkand, Bukhara, Mero, Askabad, Mashhad, and Nishapur to Teheran, finally southwest by Kashan and Ispahan to Bushir. The first part describes the cities named and the Russian steppes. Thence the interest is both present and antiquarian, since the route was over historic ground. As for the present the traveler aw much of interest, but a great deal that was depressing. Civilization, Mr. Moore implies, has much to do before these lands and peoples achieve what seems to an Occidental the realization of what soil and opportunity promise. Inertia lies heavy on land and folk. For the past, here are rephotographed, among the 160 illustrations of the book, many of the monuments presented in more ambitious and technically archeological records. Historic events of the distant past are alluded to, and contact with the present is occasionally felicitously made. The personal character of the narrative, with the various adventures of travel arising from the nature of the country or of the entourage, carries one along pleasantly, in spite of the necessarily "disenchanting" revelations concerning countries and peoples. The book is interesting and informing.

Nearing, Scott, Ph.D. Anthracite: An Instance of Natural Resource Monopoly. Pp. 251. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1 net.

"This little book is not a general study," says its author in his preface. It does not aim to "set forth any new hypotheses, but rather to explain some of the more important phases of modern economic life" as they apply to one industry, localized in one corner of one State." Dr. Nearing begins his own summary of his argument by asserting: "Monopoly is on trial in the United States." What the verdict will be, in his opinion, is indicated by a further statement: "Wherever it appears, monopoly leads to certain well-defined ends that are evidently in conflict with the best interests of society." Declaring "that the business-world is being rapidly transformed from a competitive to a cooperative basis," Dr. Nearing says: "There is no chance that this generation will go back to the competitive régime of the early nineteenth century." Opposing ownership as having in it "the seeds of monopoly," he reaches these conclusions: "The time seems to have come when the public interest demands that the Government shall take over the anthracite coal-fields and sell anthracite to the American people at cost. . . . The change which seems most likely to benefit both workers and con-



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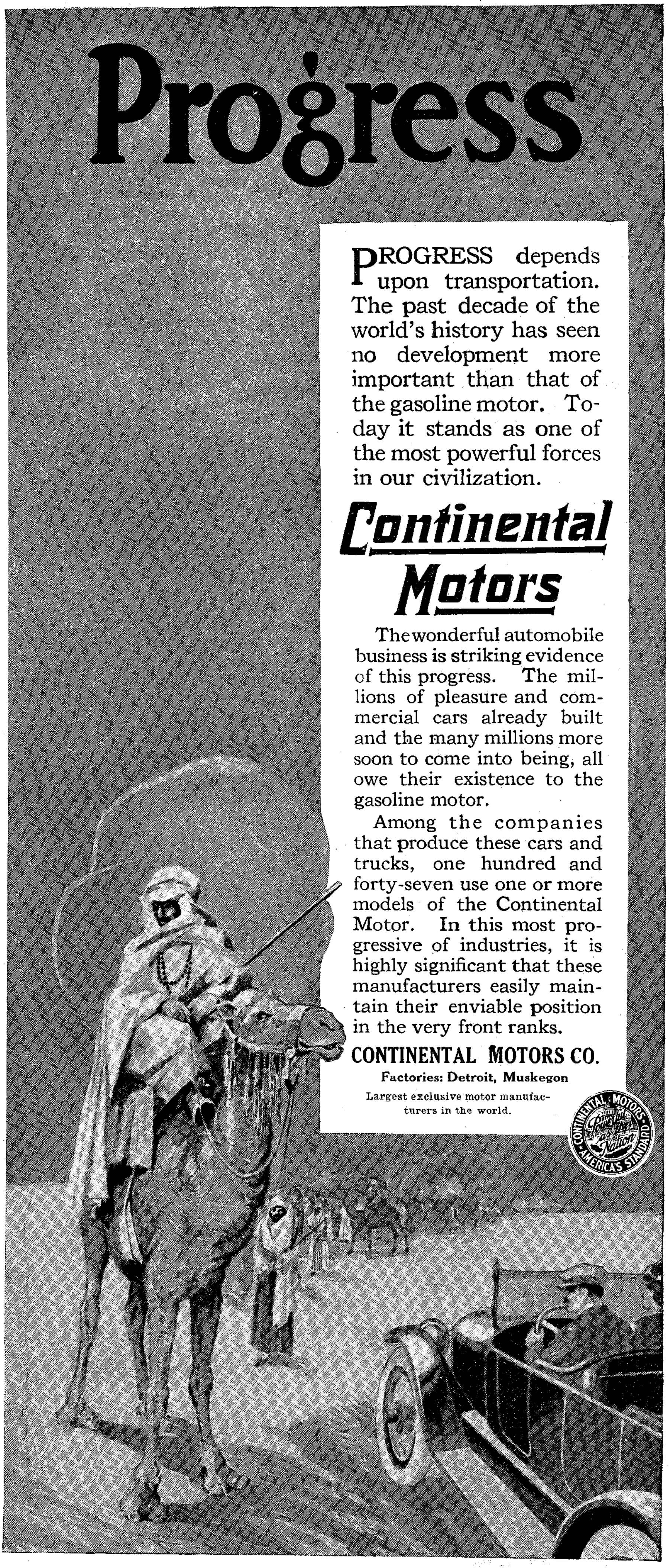
sumers is an economic reorganization that will make the community the owner and director of the anthracite-field and of its administration." Between his opening statements and these conclusions he puts in array a mass of figures concerning the production of anthracite coal—its prices, its profits, the wages of miners, etc. Dr. Nearing was dropt from the faculty of Pennsylvania University a few months ago for teaching what was not acceptable to the powers behind it. If those powers included coal-magnates, this further quotation from him, in his chapter on "Wages," may shed some light on the objections to what he taught: "The wages paid by the anthracite industry to a great body of its workers are inadequate to provide health, efficiency, and decency for a moderate-sized family. They are even more inadequate when they are considered from the standpoint of up-to-date business-practise."

Morgan, Dick T. Land Credits: A Plea for the American Farmer. Pp. 297. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.50 net.

The first sentence of this book gives its author's reason for writing it—"There is a crisis in land-credit legislation!" In his preface, Mr. Morgan says: "Primarily my object in writing 'Land Credits' is to serve my constituents who have trusted and honored me, and to aid the great young State which I am proud in part to represent." His State is Oklahoma, and he represents it in the National Congress. Disappointed in the recommendations of two commissions which went abroad to study rural credits, believing that Congress should not enact into law either of the three bills which came into shape as results of that study, Mr. Morgan employed his vacation, beginning with the adjournment of the Sixty-third Congress and continuing until the present Congress assembled, in preparing this work. Its basis is the enormous extent of agricultural industry, and the meagerness of credit accorded thereto, as compared with other interests. "Our farmers," he says, "have been compelled to pay a higher rate of interest than has been paid by those engaged in other industries. This has, in effect, placed an annual tax of immense proportions upon agriculture, imposed upon our farming population unnecessary and unjust burdens and hardships, retarded the expansion of agriculture, our greatest industry, and thus held back the growth of our country, reduced its wealth, and weakened the fabric of our National Government." In his contention against the bills now under legislative consideration, and for the better system, as he asserts, which he advocates, Mr. Morgan masses a great array of information about Adequate Credit, Inadequacy of Reserved Fund, Multiplicity of Bond-Issuing Banks, Interest, and Government Aid. This last, he says, "was the rock upon which rural-credit legislation stranded in the Sixty-third Congress." The question of Governmental Aid, he urges, should be wisely studied, in and out of Congress, so that a conclusion may be reached "fair to the farmers and just to the non-farmers, and that will give to agriculture the proper aid, without injury to other industries, and that, in the end, will contribute most largely to the prosperity of all classes."

Brooke, Rupert. Letters from America. Preface by Henry James. Pp. 180. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

As a country we are not—nowadays, at least—unduly concerned as to the impressions we may make on a young



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Englishman who visits us for the first time, but Henry James tells us, in his preface to the present book, that its author was an unusual young man. His tribute to the poet, now made poignantly famous by his death in the war, is no inconsiderable part of the volume's charm and appeal. Rupert Brooke was "young, happy, radiant, extraordinarily endowed, and irresistibly attaching." "He exprest us all, at the highest tide of our actuality, and was the creature of a freedom restricted only by that condition of his blinding youth, which we accept on the whole with gratitude and relief." Born at Rugby in 1887, the son of a house-master, he became a precocious youth of whom the most charmed and conclusive description was, "that no young man had ever so naturally taken on under the pressure of life the poetic nature, and shaken it so free of every encumbrance by simply wearing it as he wore his complexion or his outline." Four books only are left of his work, for early in the war he became a prey to blood-poison, after giving his life to his country's need. His letters from America give impressions of New York, Boston, Harvard, Montreal, Ottawa, Niagara Falls, and the Prairies, and show keen intelligence, poetic expression, and artistic power of selection, but he had an idea that most Americans go about in shirt-sleeves and say "wal."

Herrick, Robert. The World Decision. Pp. 253. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Readers will agree as to the literary merit of Mr. Herrick's war-book, his facility of expression, and his command of forceful English, but only sympathizers with the Allied cause, with complete indifference to the "other side," could rest absolutely content with his verdicts on events of the last two years. The work contains three parts: I, Italy, her hesitation, awakening, and final decision; II, France, her suffering, her wounds, and her achievements; III, America and her lessons learned and to be learned from the war. Mr. Herrick ascribes Italy's hesitancy in joining the belligerents to inner political corruption, under German influence, and her final decision to the stirring appeal of D'Annunzio for native pride and idealism, altho he acknowledges that D'Annunzio is considered a decadent and degenerate poet who had left his own country to live in Paris. One has to read without thought to believe his statement that the German race "make a cult of inhumanity," and are more bloody and cruel than the "Latin race," especially when memory takes us back to the French Revolution and the Spanish Inquisition, but he is more convincing when he discusses the Green, White, Yellow, and Orange books, of which he says: "Nations do not go to war for the reasons assigned to them. The blanks between the lines of these diplomatic briefs are often more significant than the printed words." For France he has only words of praise for her spirit, her achievements, her patiently born suffering, and her rapid learning of Germany's lesson of organization and efficiency. If Mr. Herrick knew Germany and the Germans as well as he does the French from actual experiences, instead of hearsay, he might not designate them, as he does, as "Barbarians," for whom he has only words of contempt, wholesale condemnation, and a verdict of complete annihilation.

And yet the pro-Ally will be delighted at Mr. Herrick's sweeping assertion of French gains and ultimate victory, and will echo and repeat the scathing and scandalous tales of atrocities and inhuman and barbaric deeds of these Germans from whom France has "learned her lesson."

The author's summing up of America's part in all this—what she has done and ought to do—leads him to say some pretty hard things about President Wilson's policy and the character of American youth—words to be endured, indorsed, or repudiated according to the principles of the reader. We are not yet sure of the world-decision, but Mr. Herrick's decision is, that Germany is all wrong, brutal, and lustful and barbaric; France is all right, a land of ideal and loyal patriotism; England is a lamentable spectacle of inefficiency; Russia a charitable nation without "predatory desires"; and America is dangerously hesitating at the crossroads. His plea is that we should support the Allies and "make ours a Latin rather than a Teutonic world."

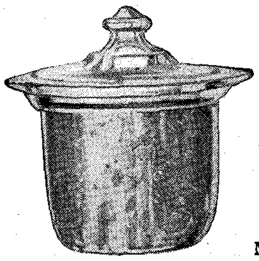
Martin, Arthur Anderson. A Surgeon in Khaki. Illustrated. Pp. 279. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1915. $3.

Dr. Martin, a New Zealander with war-experience in South Africa, joined the Royal Army Medical Corps at the outbreak of the war, and records, in these personal reminiscences, his impressions of those days in 1914 when the British Army fought "so stubbornly" in France and Flanders. The narrative has the attraction and value of personal experiences and testimony. It is written in the spirit of partizanship only natural to a British surgeon in the war. It includes experiences at Havre, Harfleur, on the Marne and Aisne, and La Bassée, and Ypres. It gives an insight into the daily life of Red-Cross workers, their opportunities, difficulties, and adherence to duty through horrible vicissitudes. Dr. Martin pays the highest tribute to nurses and others who worked under his direction. He also speaks highly of the French general and soldier, but unconsciously arraigns England for lack of method, system, and executive direction when troops were to be moved, and especially for confusion and unnecessary mistakes when the medical department was organized and hospital-supplies were transported.

Robinson, Charles Mulford. City Planning. Illustrated. Pp. 344. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

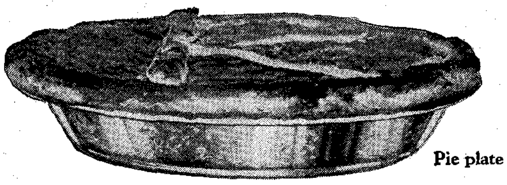
Town-planning, we are told, "is the art of laying out cities to serve the business requirements, convenience, health, and comfort of the public." It guides the growth of a village or city "in conformity with a scientific design." "It adapts the physical form of the city to the peculiar needs of its parts." Behind town-planning are "the deepest and most permanent instincts of mankind—the desire for order, for health, and for beauty." These quotations will indicate the motive behind Mr. Robinson's writing. His long-continued study on this subject makes his words and suggestions practical and serviceable. He does not theorize, but discusses the adornment of a city, the convenience and comfort of its people, and rational methods of street-platting. The reader will be surprized and imprest by the variety of points made in regard to the width and location of streets, and the foresight and necessary legislation which should be concerned in the laying out of a city. There is nothing dry about the book. It is full of vital revelations about things that we take too much for granted. A general reading of such a book would result in a more generous interest in municipal improvement.

A new material has come into the world


Petite Marmite

Glass dishes for baking

By means of this modern discovery food is now baked in transparent glass dishes so durable that the hottest oven will not break them; and which transmits heat so perfectly that food bakes faster, bakes more uniformly, holds the flavor better and is *never burned.*

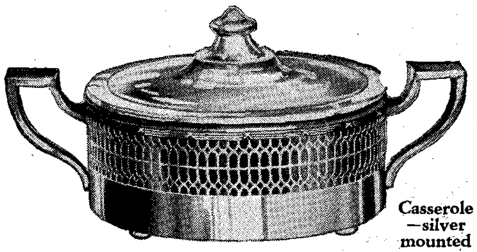

Pie plate

The baking can be seen right through the dish

This practically does away with guess-work, and insures better results.

The quick baking saves time and fuel. It makes a noticeable difference in your gas bill where gas is used.

The same Pyrex dish may be used both for baking and serving, as Pyrex dishes either with or without silver mountings are decidedly attractive on the table.


Casserole —silver mounted

Pyrex dishes do not chip, craze nor flake—thus eliminating a serious danger. They do not absorb grease nor odors. They are not affected by acids nor alkalis. They are tough and stand rough handling. They are easily washed as food does not stick nor burn on, and every speck is seen at a glance.

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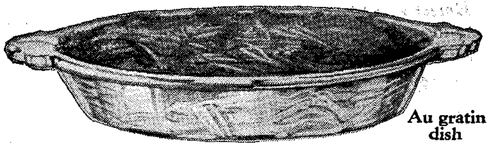
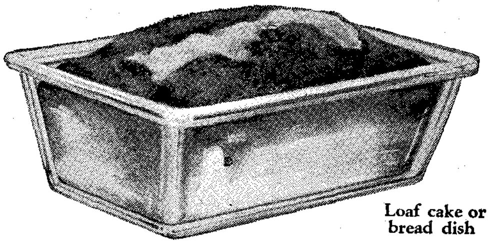

Au gratin dish

PYREX Glass Dishes for Baking

Trade Mark Reg. (*"FIRE-GLASS"*)


Loaf cake or bread dish

A large variety of shapes and sizes, ranging in price from the Ramekins at 12½c to the large Casserole at $2.

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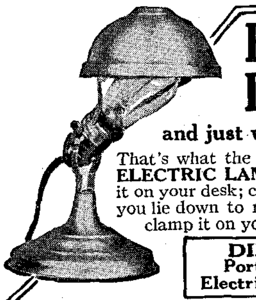

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CURRENT POETRY

NOT even the poet who created the phrase has been governed more thoroughly by the principle that "the proper study of mankind is man" than has Edwin Arlington Robinson. The heart of man, the mind of man, the soul of man—are the things which exclusively interest him. Mr. Robinson states questions rather than answers them; he exhibits humanity, but does not attempt to explain it. He has been called a realistic poet by people who are fond of labels, but the important thing about him is that he is a poet, a creative artist, whose unsentimental and yet sympathetic portraits of mankind are illuminated with that magic glow which the world associates with what it calls genius. Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite and other authoritative critics consider him the greatest American poet of our time. From his new book, "The Man Against the Sky" (The Macmillan Company), we take this spiritual portrait of a perplexing philanthropist. With every reading, this poem becomes more significant and compelling.

FLAMMONDE

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk,
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprize,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
And what he saw we wondered at—
That none of us in her distress
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold,
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over naught;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends.
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him—
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to take the drift
Of incommunicable ways
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We can not ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest:
Rarely at once will Nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We can not know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

Here is a poem more whimsical in expression, but no less serious in theme. The situation described could be made into literature by no living poet except Mr. Robinson, and it could be presented in prose by no writer except Katherine Fullerton Gerould.

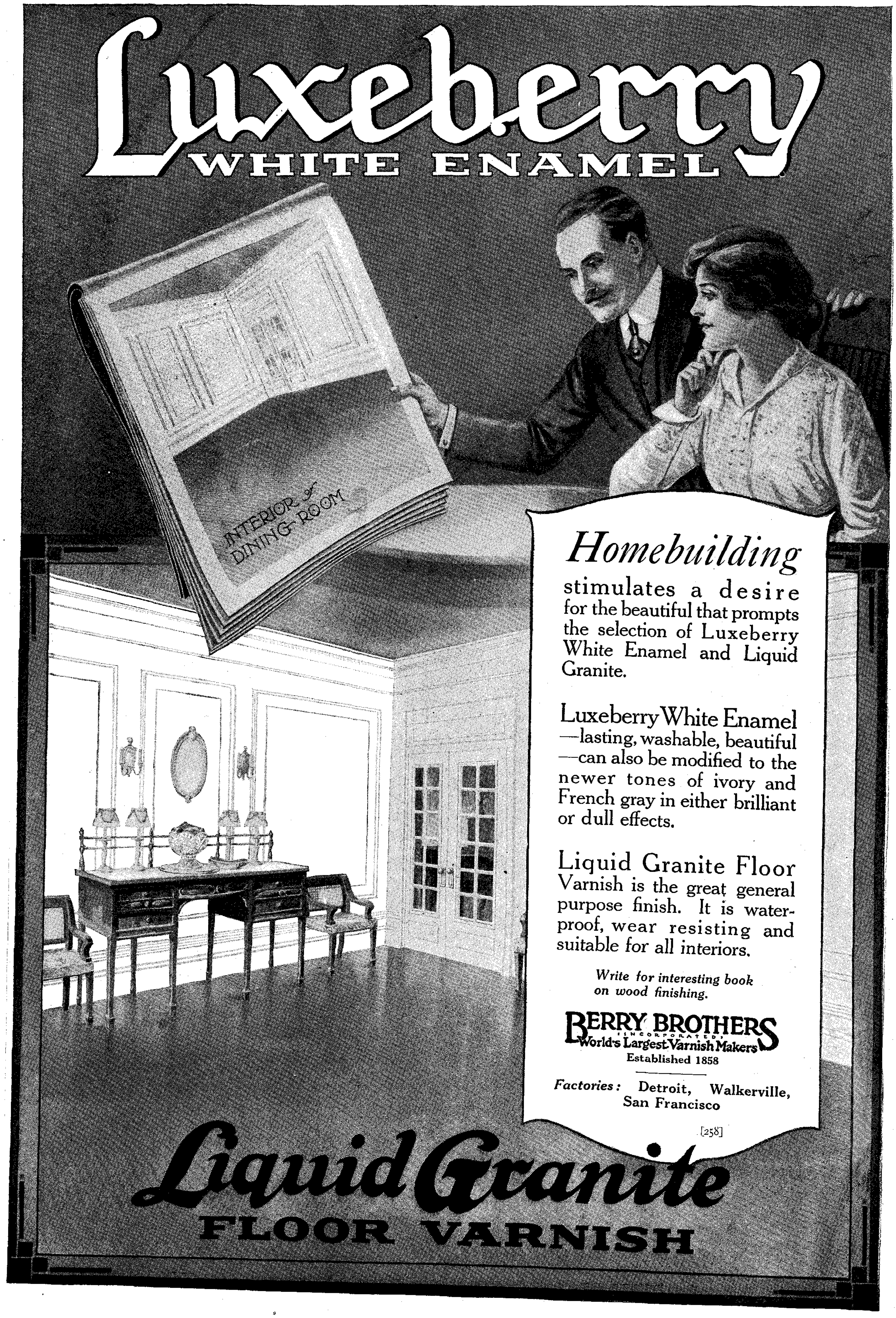
OLD KING COLE

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

In Tilbury Town did Old King Cole
  A wise old age anticipate,
Desiring, with his pipe and bowl,
  No Khan's extravagant estate.
No crown annoyed his honest head,
  No fiddlers three were called or needed;
For two disastrous heirs instead
  Made music more than ever three did.

Bereft of her with whom his life
  Was harmony without a flaw,
He took no other for a wife,
  Nor sighed for any that he saw;
And if he doubted his two sons,
  And heirs, Alexis and Evander,
He might have been as doubtful once
  Of Robert Burns and Alexander.

Alexis, in his early youth,
  Began to steal—from old and young.
Likewise Evander, and the truth
  Was like a bad taste on his tongue.
Born thieves and liars, their affair
  Seemed only to be tarred with evil—
The most insufferable pair
  Of scamps that ever cheered the devil.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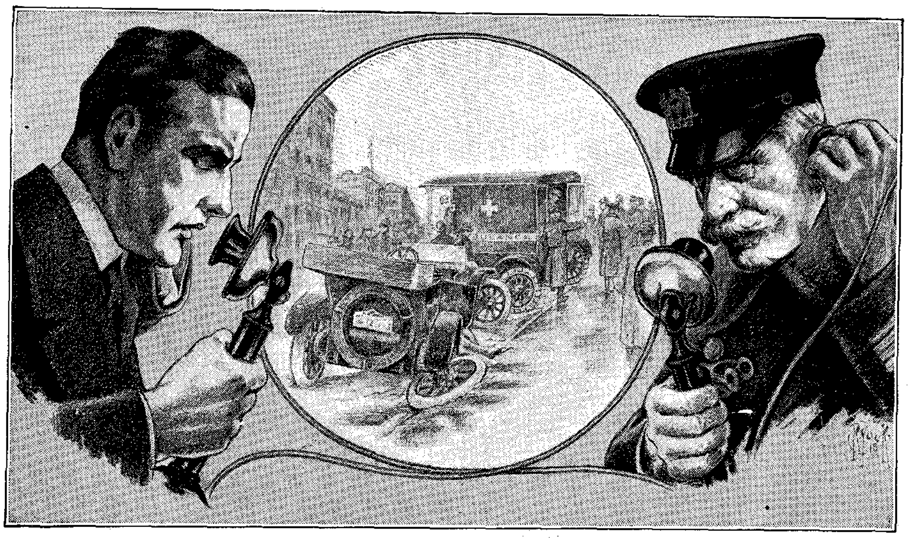

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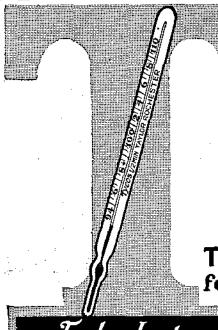

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The world went on, their fame went on,
And they went on—from bad to worse;
Till, goaded hot with nothing done,
And each accoutered with a curse,
The friends of Old King Cole, by twos,
And fours, and sevens, and elevens,
Pronounced unalterable views
Of doings that were not of heaven's.

And having learned again whereby
Their baleful zeal had come about,
King Cole met many a wrathful eye
So kindly that its wrath went out—
Or partly out. Say what they would,
He seemed the more to court their candor;
But never told what kind of good
Was in Alexis and Evander.

And Old King Cole, with many a puff
That haloed his urbanity,
Would smoke till he had smoked enough,
And listen most attentively.
He beamed as with an inward light
That had the Lord's assurance in it;
And once a man was there all night,
Expecting something every minute.

But whether from too little thought,
Or too much fealty to the bowl,
A dim reward was all he got
For sitting up with Old King Cole.
"Tho mine," the father mused aloud,
"Are not the sons I would have chosen,
Shall I, less evilly endowed,
By their infirmity be frozen?

"They'll have a bad end, I'll agree,
But I was never born to groan;
For I can see what I can see,
And I'm accordingly alone.
With open heart and open door,
I love my friends, I like my neighbors;
But if I try to tell you more,
Your doubts will overmatch my labors.

"This pipe would never make me calm,
This bowl my grief would never drown.
For grief like mine there is no balm
In Gilead, or in Tilbury Town.
And if I see what I can see,
I know not any way to blind it;
Nor more if any way may be
For you to grope or fly to find it.

"There may be room for ruin yet,
And ashes for a wasted love;
Or, like One whom you may forget,
I may have meat you know not of.
And if I'd rather live than weep
Meanwhile, do you find that surprizing?
Why, bless my soul, the man's asleep!
That's good. The sun will soon be rising."

Of all living poets, perhaps the one least similar to Edwin Arlington Robinson is Walter de la Mare. Mr. de la Mare seems to be indifferent to contemporary humanity; his concern is chiefly with the abnormal and the supernatural. Here is the title-poem from his new volume, "The Listeners, and Other Poems" (Henry Holt & Co.). It demonstrates his extraordinary power of creating atmosphere, especially an atmosphere of terror. Those who like the short stories of Algernon Blackwood can not fail to enjoy the poems of Walter de la Mare.

THE LISTENERS

By Walter de la Mare

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And the bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveler;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of fantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Tho every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Here is an exquisite little song. It is highly artificial, its air of archaic simplicity is most deliberately manufactured, and yet, for some reason, it is convincing. Its charm is so great that the reader is, almost against his reason, convinced of the poet's sincerity.

THE THREE CHERRY-TREES

By Walter de la Mare

There were three cherry-trees once,
Grew in a garden all shady;
And there for delight for so gladsome a sight
Walked a most beautiful lady,
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in those branches did sing,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet,
But she walking there was by far the most fair—
Lovelier than all else within it,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet.

But blossoms to berries do come,
All hanging on stalks light and slender;
And one long summer's day charmed that lady away,
With vows sweet and merry and tender,
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen the green branches deck;
Weeds nod in its paths green and shady:
Yet a light footstep seems there to wander in dreams,
The ghost of that beautiful lady,
That happy and beautiful lady.

There are many delicate and graceful lyrics in Mr. Charles Hanson Towne's "To-day and To-morrow" (George H. Doran Company), lyrics that show that the author of "Manhattan" and "Youth" is steadily acquiring new mastery over words and—what is more important—new sympathy with mankind. "Racing With the Rain" is as stirring a piece of poetic narration as has been printed for many a day; the rush of the rhythm suits admirably the rush of the thought, and in the last three or four stanzas there is the very fragrance of the summer rain.

RACING WITH THE RAIN

By Charles Hanson Towne

We were rushing through the valley, and my friend was at the wheel:
The highway lay before us like a rod of burnished steel.
There was dust upon our motor, there was dust before our eyes,
But the live thing sped like magic underneath the summer skies.

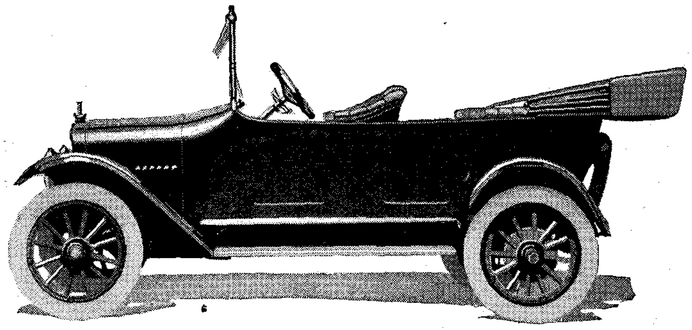
Maxwell

Service

SERVICE should be a big and vital factor in every efficient institution. Yet the word is sometimes loosely used, not to describe a highly important department, nor to conceal it, but rather in place of it.

Maxwell service has a real and definite meaning. It starts with the car itself and it is perpetuated by a highly effective organization consisting of 16 complete service stations, 54 district branches and over 2,500 dealers and agents — all intent on giving surpassing service to every Maxwell owner.

Maxwell responsibility does not cease with the sale of the car, for Maxwell owners represent the good will of our company — their satisfaction is our biggest asset and their loyalty to our car and our company is paramount.



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Full equipment, including Electric Starter and Lights.
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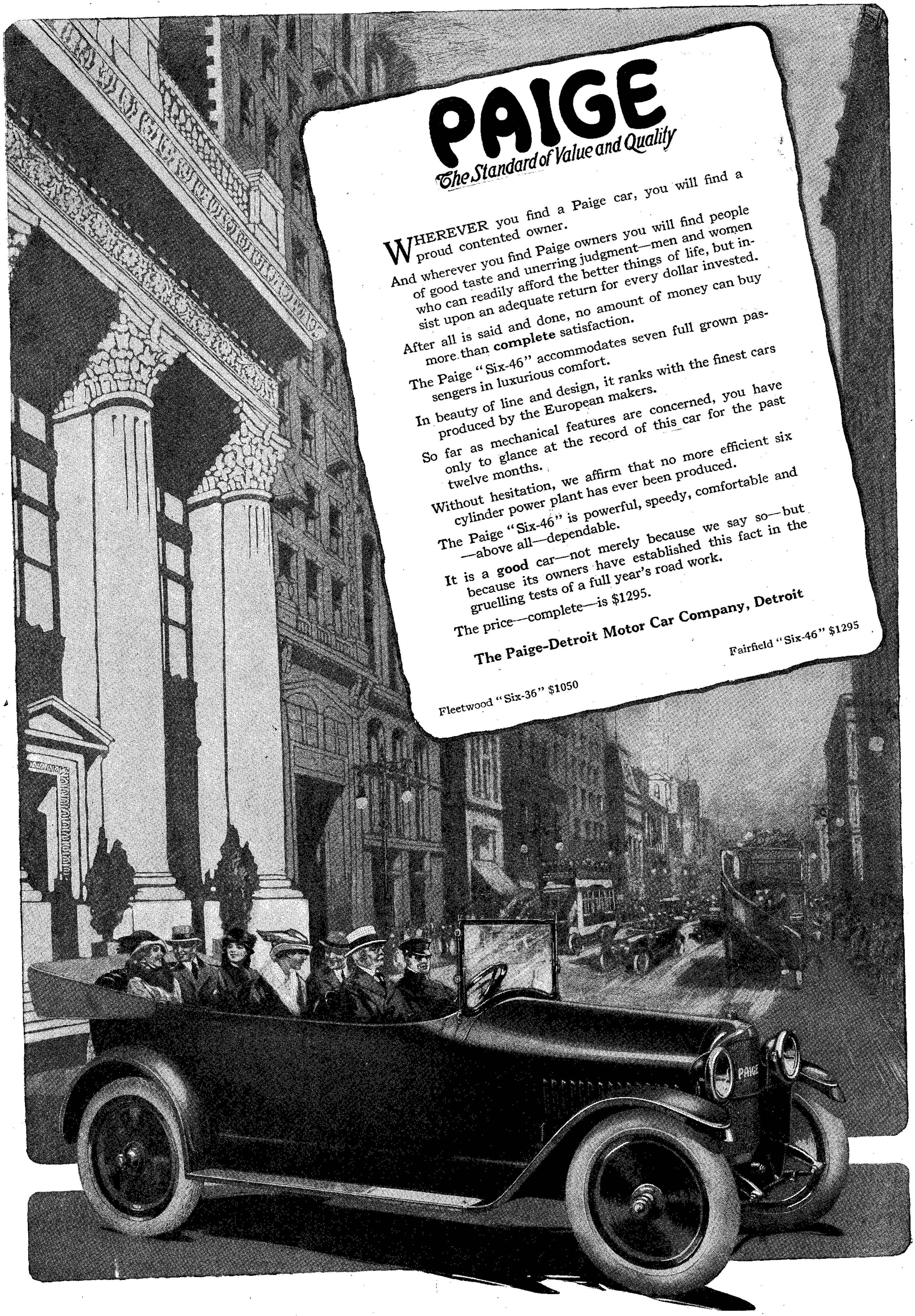

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WHEREVER you find a Paige car, you will find a proud contented owner.

And wherever you find Paige owners you will find people of good taste and unerring judgment—men and women who can readily afford the better things of life, but insist upon an adequate return for every dollar invested.

After all is said and done, no amount of money can buy more than **complete** satisfaction.

The Paige "Six-46" accommodates seven full grown passengers in luxurious comfort.

In beauty of line and design, it ranks with the finest cars produced by the European makers.

So far as mechanical features are concerned, you have only to glance at the record of this car for the past twelve months.

Without hesitation, we affirm that no more efficient six cylinder power plant has ever been produced.

The Paige "Six-46" is powerful, speedy, comfortable and —above all—dependable.

It is a **good** car—not merely because we say so—but because its owners have established this fact in the gruelling tests of a full year's road work.

The price—complete—is $1295.

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-36" $1050

Fairfield "Six-46" $1295

Of a sudden came a turning, and we heard a distant drum.
"It is thunder!" cried my comrade "And the storm will quickly come."
At his words I looked behind us—yes, black clouds were scurrying on.
"Now for speed!" I told my comrade. "It's five miles to Avalon!"

There's a flowing road to Newbright that is like a silver snake;
It's the kind of road that every reckless racer loves to take.
Now it lay white in the distance for a good three miles or more,
And beside it was a deep stretch of the curved Atlantic shore.

On my hand there fell a rain-drop like a signal from on high;
Black and blacker sped the storm-clouds in the wide tempestuous sky.
Close behind us now that army of the purple hosts of rain,
And above us, marching, marching, with a thundering refrain.

Just a touch upon a tiny bit of metal, and we whirled
Swifter than the swiftest eagle flying high above the world.
Swift as water down Niagara, plunging madly through the air,
On, and on we raced; the lightning flashed around us everywhere.

Ranks of blue rain surged behind us. Would they drench us, would they come
Like a sudden bright battalion filled with war's delirium?
Would their gleaming swords surround us, cleave our cheeks, or goad us on
Faster, faster, on that flowing road that led to Avalon?

Now the earth was dark around us, but we had no need of lamps,
For the lightning blazed before us search-lights from celestial camps.
Far ahead we saw the roadway like a shining, endless track,
And we heard that army breathing, breathing closer at our back.

Who would mind a healthy drenching? Surely not my friend and I!
Let the torrents pour upon us—we could still be warm and dry!
But the race was for the glory and the triumph we could feel
If we beat our blue pursuers—beat them with a bit of steel!

Pride of conquest. zest of winning, tang of mad achievement—these
Were the laurel we would gather, and the crown that we would seize!
Naught but victory did we dream of, effort, wearing her bright bays;
Our reward the joy of striving, and no man's indulgent praise!

See! the spires of home before us! Ah! the roofs of Avalon!
But the jealous rain behind us, now it prest more madly on!
Furious at our seeming triumph, swift it sent its first brigades
On the wind to touch our shoulders with their glowing silver blades.

But we reached the village court-house, and our haven lay ahead,
Underneath the arching elm-trees that were hospitably spread
Like a monstrous, thick umbrella far along the avenue;
Dauntless followed those battalions, shining ranks and ranks of blue.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez Cigars
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

Still the dust was on our motor, still the dust before us lay,
When, out from the drooping elm-trees, we were on the roofless way.
Ah! the open door before us! One mad plunge, our glad disdain—
Safe at last! For we had beaten those mad regiments of rain!

The incongruity of the appearance of wild animals on the vaudeville stage must be apparent to every thinking man. But the tragedy of the situation has never, in our experience, been brought out so clearly as it is in the extraordinarily powerful poem we quote below. It takes something more than enthusiasm and artistry to write adequately on such a theme as this; it takes discretion and restraint and a sense of proportion. A poet less gifted would have made this poem grotesque or bathetic, but Mr. Towne has made it realistic and appealing. The climax of his last stanza is admirable.

BABOON

By Charles Hanson Towne

At eight o'clock in the evening,
And at two in the afternoon
The monster curtains open,
The fiddles creak and croon;
And then I bow to the people—
A lumbering baboon.

I wonder why I do it?
Why do the humans stare
From even rows of shadow
Behind the footlights' glare?
Why do I go through my weary tricks
On a table and a chair?

They laugh and clap and giggle,
They never seem to tire,
For I am quite amusing
As I dance upon a wire,
Or leap, at my master's signal,
Through golden hoops of fire.

I can not smile, like the people,
I can not speak at all;
I pirouette insanely
In the foolish carnival;
Yet could I laugh, oh, I would laugh
When the velvet curtains fall!

For I wonder why those people
Sit in such even rows,
And smile at my useless knowledge,
Laugh at my mincing toes,
And dream that they have wisdom!—
How little a human knows!

And why do they always gather
In houses bright and hot,
When they might be out in the open
In a place I've never forgot?
Why do they live in a shell like this,
And bid me share their lot?

And why is my life a schedule,
Run by rote and rule?
I was not meant for theaters,
I was not made for school;
I was not meant to caper here,
A thing of ridicule!

I was not meant to be the slave
Of a man in a shiny suit,
Or bring the golden dollars in,
To stand up and salute;
The good God put me in the world
To be a happy brute!

But at eight o'clock each evening,
And at two in the afternoon
The monster curtains open,
The fiddles creak and croon;
And I bow to the senseless people—
A sensible baboon.

ONE GALLON
Kyanize
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GLOSS
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WHITE ENAMEL
BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
BOSTON-CHICAGO-MONTREAL

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KY-AN-IZE
White Enamel
is the American-made, guaranteed White Enamel that gives to all wood, metal or plaster work—*indoors or out*—that hard, brilliant, stay-white surface.

Leading Architects

specify it for the beautifying of homes, clubs and public buildings everywhere.

Kyanize White Enamel has double the covering capacity of ordinary enamels. It will not crack, chip or peel.

It has no end of home uses. It will transform beds, cribs, tables, chairs, kitchen cabinets, baby carriages—so they look like new.

It will brighten the worn places about the house—*wood, metal or plaster*—anywhere a white enamel paint can be used.

Kyanize White Enamel is easily kept clean and makes repainting unnecessary. It will give you lasting wear and satisfaction.

And because it dries with a hard porcelain-like finish—that is sanitary and easy to keep clean—it is also preferred for the exacting requirements of hospital use.

Never be without it in the home. A Kyanize Home is a clean home—a white home—a beautiful home. Besides, it will save you many a dollar.

There is a Kyanize Dealer in your neighborhood. If you do not know him—write us. We will gladly give you his name and address.

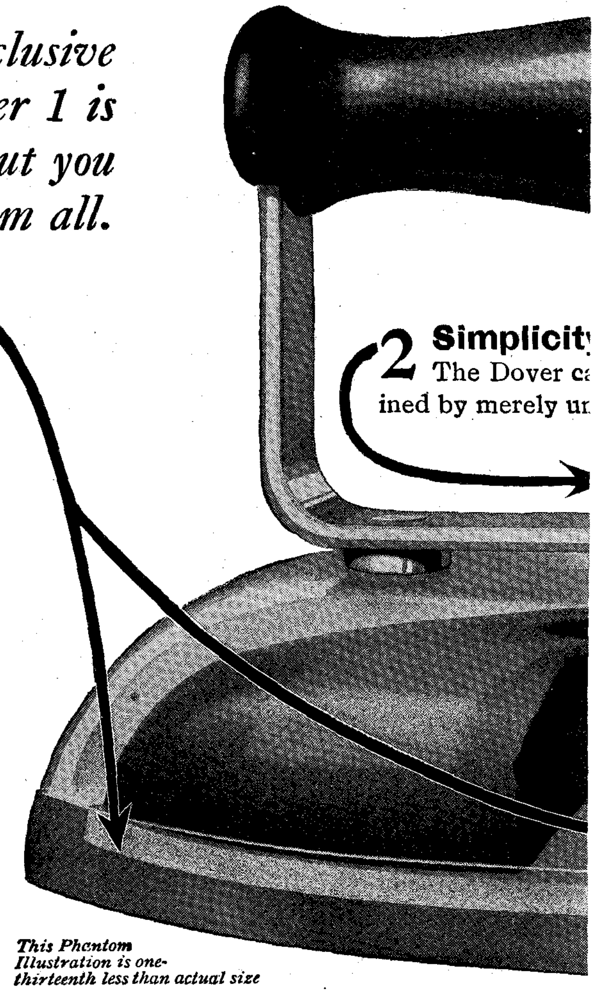
Boston Varnish Company
Everett Station
Boston, U. S. A.

Highest Award
and Only
Gold Medal
Panama-Pacific Exposition
To NO-BURN-OUT
Electric Irons

The Judges Sav

Their Reasons for A

—8 simple, conclusive reasons. Number 1 is most important but you should read them all.



2 Simplicit
The Dover ca
ined by merely ur

This Phantom Illustration is one-thirteenth less than actual size

The Heating Element 1

is made of a resistance coil, *hermetically sealed* in an indestructible insulator of fused alumina. This is the prime cause for the efficiency and permanence of the Dover Iron—the reason why this iron is properly called No-burn-out. The heating element, heart of the iron, is fixed into the ironing base with 65 tons of pressure and vitrified with 1400 degrees of heat. It expands and contracts equally with the iron—hence can never crack. It is not affected by heat or moisture and cannot be penetrated by air—hence it protects the nichrome resistance wire against every possible injury—preserves it for all time.

This explains why The Dover irons can be given an *eternal guarantee* as opposed to the usual five-year or ten-year guarantee—because the Vea Heating Element *never can burn out, rust out or wear out.* The Dover iron has been given a test equal to a *hundred years of family use*, and at the end of the trial *no* wear was perceptible.

Moreover, The Dover iron is *economical* as well as *permanent*, because the heating element is a perfect conductor of heat as well as a perfect *non*-conductor of electricity. Thus the proper ironing heat not only is generated, but is *delivered* to the bottom surface of the iron, where it can be used.

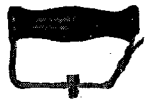
To Dealers and Jobbers

You know us as the company which revolutionized the sad-iron business with our Asbestos Iron—the acknowledged leader of stove-heated irons. Now with The Dover we place the electric iron business on a *merchandising basis*—with great profit to you because of the benefit to the consumer. You can afford to handle these irons and sell them to your most particular customers because they *will not come back for repairs or adjustment.* They *stay sold.* Out of 4600 sold in two cities, *only one* was returned—and that for cord trouble. We do not manufacture cord.

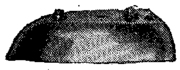
The Dover can be made for any voltage, and if they are used on the current for which they are designed there is no reason why they should ever give the slightest trouble.

Write for samples and discounts.

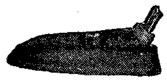
Four Simple Dover Parts



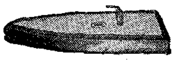
Easy-grip handle; ebonite, with nickeled standards



Hood, beautifully nickel-plated



Heat Reservoir



Vea Heating Element and Ironing Base with blue-steel finish.

THE DOVEF

NO-BU

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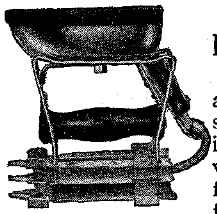


As a Stove, Ribbo
Press or Velvet Resto

By the use of the tr attachment, which is stantly applied, the Do is held firmly in an verted position and p forms a number of use functions in addition those named. It will do anything that car done on a one-burner stove and is invalua for pressing scarfs or delicate fabrics.

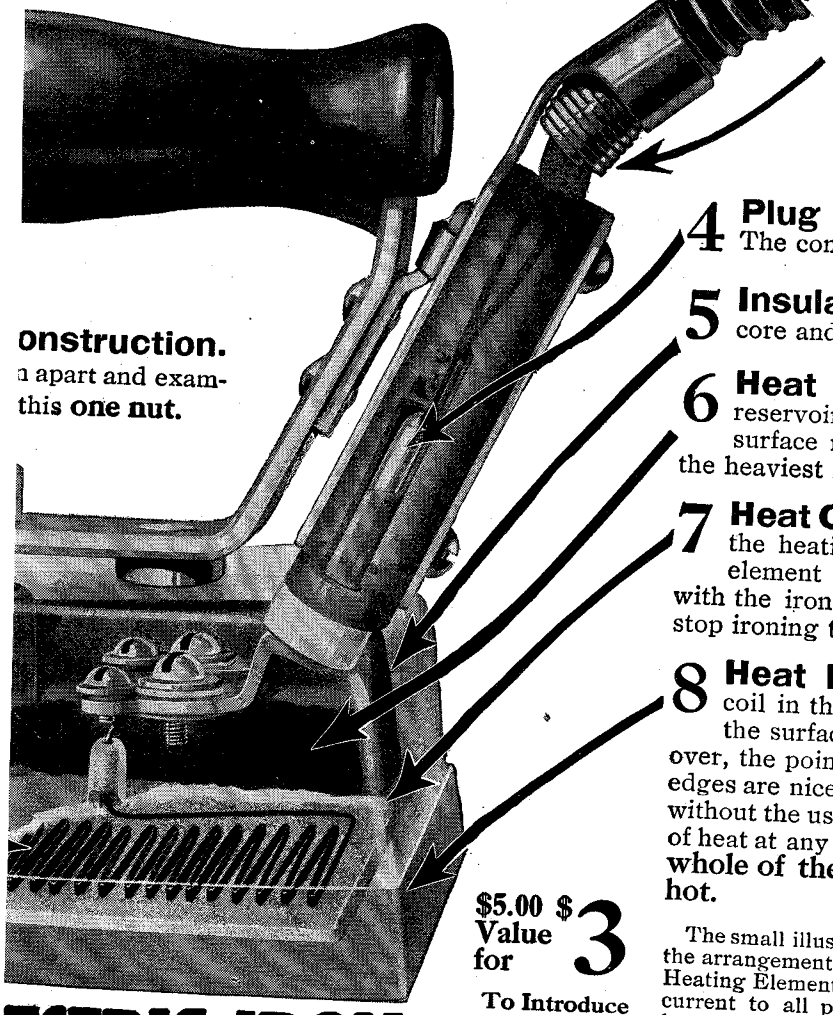
This trademark your iron means

VEA
NO-
HEATIN

Dover Manufactu

the *Inside* of this Iron

ırd—*Your Reasons for Buying*



onstruction.
a apart and exam-
this one nut.

3 Cord is efficiently protected against wear by this rigid steel clamp and coil. The cord itself is specially made for The Dover with many extra strands, giving greater pliability and longer life.

4 Plug has extra long spring contact with terminal posts. The connection is simple, firm and positive.

5 Insulation provided by dead air space between core and hood prevents loss of heat upward.

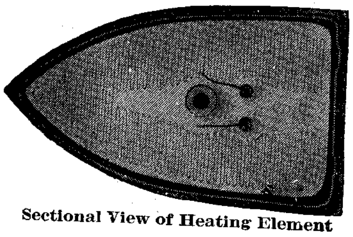
6 Heat Storage effected by large core acting as reservoir for excess heat, which is delivered to the ironing surface more rapidly than it can be cooled off—even by the heaviest ironing.

7 Heat Conduction is perfect between the reservoir, the heating element and the ironing base. The heating element conducts heat freely and is in perfect contact with the iron parts above and below it. You never have to stop ironing to wait for The Dover to heat up.

8 Heat Distribution is even and constant. The coil in the heating element is so wound that every part of the surface is heated equally and simultaneously. Moreover, the point is sharp, for ironing in close corners, but the edges are nicely beveled so that the iron glides smoothly and without the usual wrinkling. There is no reason for an excess of heat at any point, because the **whole of the iron is always hot.**

$5.00 Value for $3
To Introduce

The small illustration shows clearly the arrangement of the coil in the Vea Heating Element—how it carries the current to all parts of the ironing base. In this view the alumina has been cut away, exposing the wire.

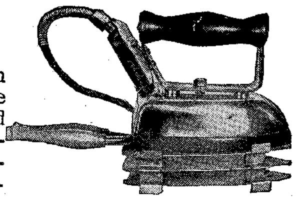


Sectional View of Heating Element

ECTRIC IRON

·OUT

f the Dover



Curling-
ı Heater
indent in
verse side
steel stand
it unneces-
have a sep-
electric ap-
for heating the curling iron or to en-
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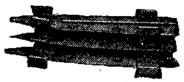
e. All women who own Dovers appre-
his feature.

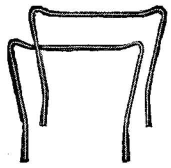
A OUT ENT on the heel of the *inside is right*

Company, Canal Dover, Ohio

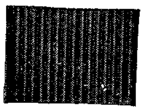
Free Equipment
With Every Dover Iron



Three-deck Steel Stand, Electro-welded, with Curling-iron Indent



Truss Attachment for Stove Stand



Handy Waxer and Cleaner

To Every Housewife

Do not buy an electric iron until you know what's inside of it. Insist on getting one which is guaranteed *forever* by the manufacturer. Be sure that the resistance wire is surrounded by a *permanent* insulator which is a *conductor of heat*. These things sound technical—but they are really very simple, and they are the *first principles of success* with your electric iron.

(1)

Waxer and Cleaner Free for This Coupon

To any housewife who will send us the name and address of herself and of her hardware dealer we shall send, prepaid, our splendid Waxer and Cleaner—a great convenience with either stove-heated or self-heating irons. We shall also send our interesting booklet, "What's Inside." Clip and mail this today.

*Hardware Dealer's Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*Your Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

PLANS AND PLANTS
for Grounds and Gardens

HERE is a book every home-owner should have. It was written for us by Mr. Herbert Durand, in order to give helpful information *strictly from the amateur's point of view*. It is beautifully illustrated and tells briefly and plainly how you can plan and plant your own grounds *in perfect taste* and have beautiful flowers every day for table and room decoration.

From the hundreds of trees, shrubs and flowering plants listed in confusing catalogs and garden books, it picks the select and inexpensive few that you *must* have and will *like* most. It shows by simple diagrams how to group and plant them and tells how to make them thrive.

"Plans and Plants" is of special value to owners of average town or city lots, and of suburban places up to one acre in area.

We will send a copy to any address, postpaid, for 25 cents (stamps or silver) and if you return the envelope to us, we will accept it as good for 50 cents on any order amounting to $2.50 or more.

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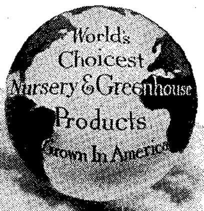

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Special Features for Spring Planting
ROSES
FLOWERING SHRUBS
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VINES
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EVERGREENS—CLIMBERS
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Our Giant Flowering Marshmallow and 150 other specialties
300 Acres of Nursery—500,000 feet under glass. We plan and plant Grounds and Gardens everywhere. Visit our Nursery, only 8 miles from New York, or write for our illustrated catalogue No. 11.
Rutherford, New Jersey

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10,000 acres under state test greatly enriched farm lands; increased crops up to 100% by the use of

THE STANDARD INOCULATION
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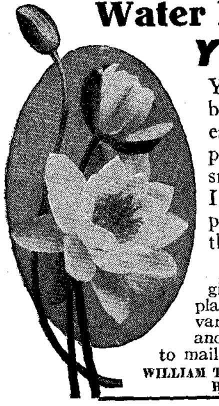
HIGH BRED NITROGEN GATHERING BACTERIA
for CLOVERS, ALFALFA, BEANS, and OTHER LEGUMES

Let us send you this proof and show you how to grow finer and richer peas, beans and sweet peas at less cost and bother. Buy FARMOGERM in bottles at 25c and 50c. 1 acre bottle $2—5 acre size $6. Write to-day for "Legume Grower," *our free book on* building up soils.

Earp Thomas Farmogerm Co., Dept. 50, Bloomfield, N. J.



Water Lilies for *Your* Garden

You can grow these beautiful flowers just as easily as asters or sweet peas. A half-barrel or a small pool is all you need. I can help you with your plans and in selecting the right varieties.

My 1916 Catalogue gives full instructions for planting, with descriptions of varieties and pictures of tubs and pools. I will be pleased to mail a copy to you on request.

WILLIAM TRICKER, Water-Lily Specialist
Box K, Arlington, N. J.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

VERDUN

NO maniacal Cubist could represent the ear-stunning roar of the guns; no Futurist symphony could do justice to the horror of splintering tons of steel amid massed human bodies, or to that strange wintry scene in the Meuse valley when the angry flame of shell-explosions gleamed through softly falling snow. Who, indeed, shall paint the picture of Verdun—Modern War to the utmost of which we are so far capable? The earth trembles and quakes as tho Nature herself shuddered. White hillsides become gray with dead and dying. Regiments appear, are hidden in a rain of shell, and are gone. Orders are issued by men on the verge of madness. Night comes on, and the wan light of star-shells illumines heaps upon heaps of slain, who here and there are standing almost upright, so densely are they packed together. And over them advance the leaping forms of the living. Night is only an episode in the fighting.

So it lasted from Monday, February 21, for seven days and nights, before the first lull came. At a cost in men estimated as high as 100,000, the Germans carried an amount of territory such as might be covered by one's thumb on a large-scale wall-map of the Western front. And as a result of that first terrible week, but two of the Verdun forts fell, and those the most distant. A sketch of the seven days as experienced by the French defenders is given by a French officer, who reached Paris wounded. It is quoted from the New York *American*. The Germans came on in a flood of humanity, he says, "and it apparently mattered not to the German officers whether nine out of every ten of their men were sacrificed so long as the tenth reached the goal." We read on:

> The German infantry began their attack on Monday, February 21. The first symptom of the battle favorable to the French was the inability of the Germans to silence the French artillery. The offensive opened with strong reconnoitering parties advancing, wherein was noted a large proportion of officers.
>
> Then came the infantry in great numbers. During the next two days the fighting waxed fiercer and fiercer.
>
> At first fourteen German divisions were engaged, then sixteen, and finally seventeen divisions (340,000 men). The French command at this point carried out a maneuver which will be recorded as a masterpiece in military history.
>
> If the Germans had been only fifteen yards away the French could have been submerged by the attack, providing the attacking forces were prepared to make any sacrifice, but the distance being 1,500 yards there was little chance against the opposing artillery. The French troops were accordingly swung back to positions from which they could see the Germans approaching over exposed ground.
>
> The effect was that the immediate front

GARDEN TALKS

WHAT TO PLANT

Several important considerations should govern the planting of the suburban home grounds or country estate. These may be summed up as follows: (1) Color Harmony—discordant colors should not be grouped together; (2) Height of Plants, Shrubs or Trees—the taller should be always planted behind the shorter; (3) Period of Bloom—plan to secure a continuous succession.

We are indebted to the excellent handbook issued by the Omaha Civic League for the following helpful selections of suitable and standard *Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Perennials* and *Annuals.*

Trees

For Shade: Locust, walnut, oak, linden, maple, ash.
For Boundaries: Poplar, cedar, pine, spruce.
Novelties: Variegated maple, hawthorne, Russian olive, birch, ginkgo, flowering crabs and almonds, redbud, mulberry.

Shrubs

Almond. May
Althaea. Aug., Sept.
Barberry
Burning-bush
Chinese Crab. May
Deutzia gracilis. June
Forsythia. May
Golden Currant. May
Honeysuckle. May
Hydrangea. Aug., Sept.
Indian Currant. July
Japanese Quince. May
Judas-Tree. May
Lilac (Syringa). May
Rosa rugosa. June
Snowberry
Snowball. May
Spiraea. July
Spiraea, lanceolata. June
Spiraea. May
Syringa. June
Tamarisk
Weigela. June

Hardy Vines

Ampelopsis Engelmanni
Ampelopsis quinquefolia (Virginia Creeper)
Akebia quinata
Aristolochia Sipho
Celastrus scandens (Bittersweet)
Clematis paniculata
Crimson Rambler
Dorothy Perkins
Wichuriana. White
Setigera. Rose
Lonicera (Honeysuckle) in variety
Lycium, Chinese
Lathyrus latifolius (Perennial Pea)
Bignonia radicans
Wistaria
Wild Grape

Annual Vines

Balloon Vine
Cabea Scandens
Gourds in variety
Humulus Japonicus
Ipomoea Noctifolia
Ipomoea purpurea
Nasturtiums in variety
Phaseolus multiflorus
Tropaeolum Canariense (Canary-bird Vine)

Perennials

Asters
Bellis perennis
Bleeding-Heart
Bocconia
Boltonia
Chrysanthemums
Columbines
Coreopsis
Day Lily
Foxglove
Gaillardia
Hardy Grasses
Hibiscus
Hollyhocks
Iris
Larkspurs
Lilies
Lily of Valley
Lychnis
Meadow-Rue
Meadow-Sweet
Monarda
Poppies
Peonies
Phlox
Physostegia
Plantain Lily
Platycodon
Pyrethrum
Rudbeckia
Sedum
Sweet Rocket
Sweet William
Veronica
Vinca
Yucca

Annuals

Ageratom
Alyssum
Antirrhinum
Asters
Candytuft
Coreopsis
Cornflower
Cosmos
Dahlias
Eschscholtzia
Gladioli
Godetia
Heliotrope
Marigolds
Four o'Clock
Mignonette
Nasturtiums
Nicotiana
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Petunias
Phlox
Poppies
Ricinus
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Sweet Peas
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Wallflower
Zinnias

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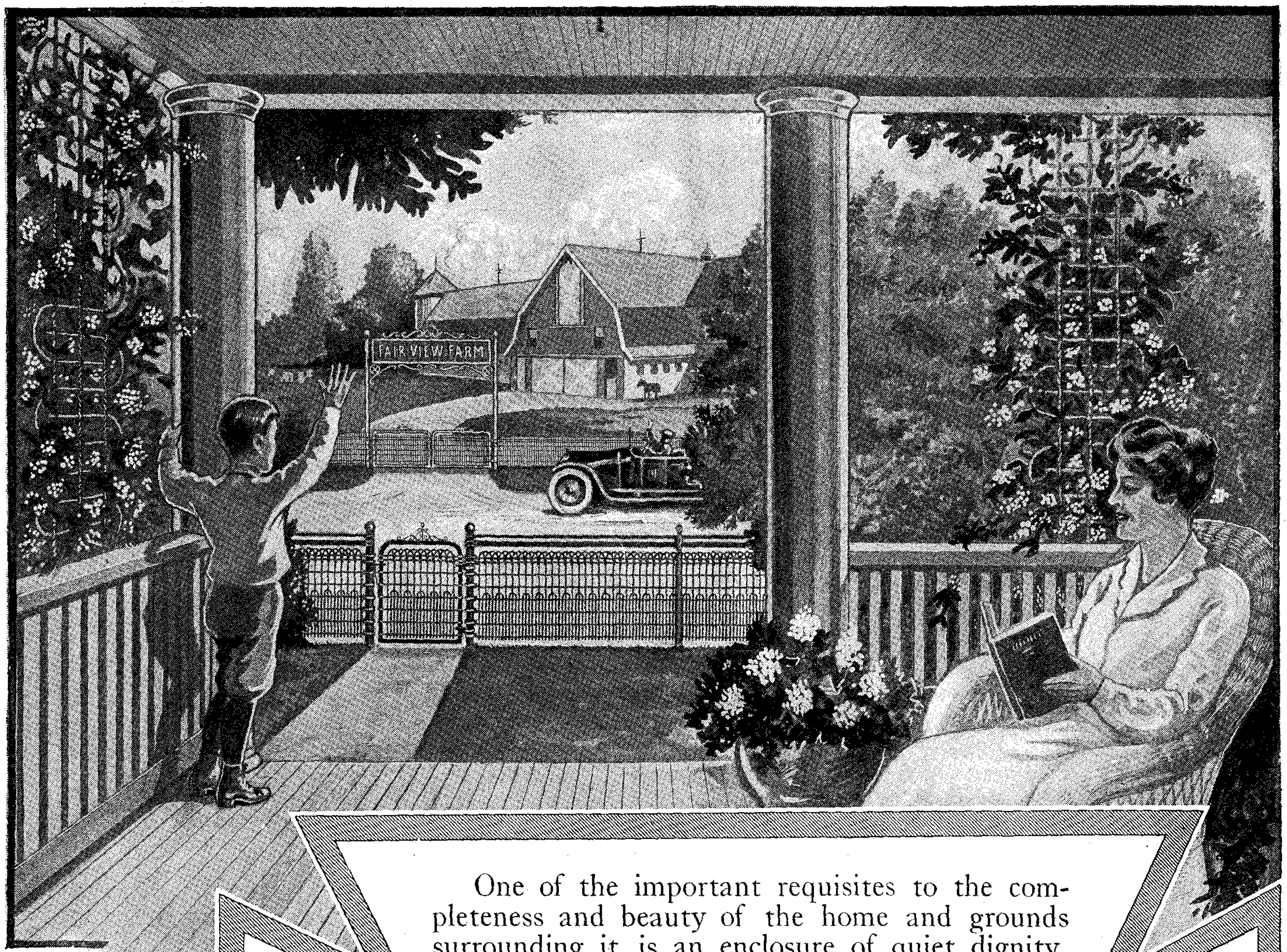

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of the attack, which was originally twenty-five miles in extent, was reduced to nine miles, but even this soon proved too wide. The German losses were so great that the attack could not be kept up at all points.

On Friday, the critical day, the front was reduced to six miles and then to five. On Monday, February 28, the offensive dwindled to fragmentary attacks.

In *The New Republic*, Gerald Morgan reminds us of the truism which this war has so far developed—"one can always take a front trench, at a price." When the front one is taken, the second-line trench can be taken in exactly the same way, tho possibly only at a higher price. But even when willing to pay, you can not do all this in one great rush. Guns are too important, and supplies, and reserve troops. All these must be moved up, with every mile or two that is gained. Thus it is that, as he expresses it, the Germans are proceeding in a series of jumps. It may be that this process will keep up for a considerable time, and the stories that come in now of those few unprecedented days of din and horror will be multiplied into infinity. Yet, as the first glimpses of a new warfare, destruction on an orgiastic scale not imagined by the most morbidly scientific minds of three years ago, they hold a permanent fascination for us. An example is this story, told by a French soldier, of the famous charge of the Brandenburgers. It is clipt from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

> Our hardest time was the twenty-four hours we waited, sheltered behind the crest of a hill, out of range of the German guns. At last came the order to advance, and we started in two columns to the right and to the left, encircling a hill, gradually quickening our pace until we came to the top. As we broke over the crest of the hill we saw the Germans in front of us, but we could not fire for fear of hitting

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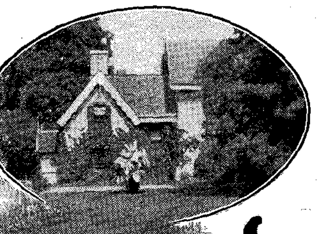

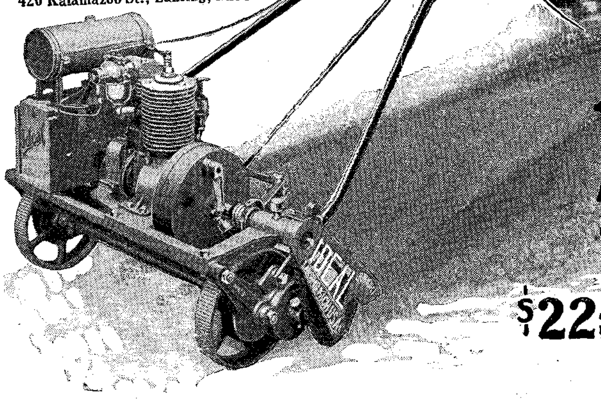

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our own men coming from the opposite direction. We waited, and at last came our chance to use our knives and bayonets.

We went at them on a full charge. They tried to resist us, but we could not be stopt, and we carried them back over the plateau, disregarding a few left in our rear. It was not those behind that we cared most about; it was those ahead of us that we wanted to get at.

There was a short, fierce struggle at the foot of the Vauche plateau, then at a bound we were on the crest of the hill, where our officers made us stop against our will and quickly dig trenches for shelter from the enfilading fire. At night we put up a barbed-wire barrier to ward off a charge to regain the position. The Germans did try furiously to retake the lost ground, but it was too late. They began it with their heavy guns, then came fire from the right and left, with infantry-assaults. But our mitrailleuses were all ready for them and they never reached the barbed-wire entanglements.

Then there is the story of the wounded French sergeant, he who "would gladly have given both arms to be able to stay until the enemy was beaten." He belonged to a *Soixante-quinze* battery near Regnéville, and tells of the German attack on Saturday morning on the Côte du Poivre. The New York *Times*, among other papers, printed the story:

From dawn till seven o'clock their howitzers had tried to demolish us, without hurting a man or a gun. We held our fire, waiting for their infantry. At 9.30 A.M. the message came that they were moving forward. We could not see them, because they were hidden by Talou Hill. As we tried to look out the lieutenant ordered us under cover. Suddenly the telephone-operator gave the signal, and we began firing, at 1,800 meters. We fired at full speed for twenty minutes. When "Cease fire" came there was a heap of shell-cases fully man-high behind our guns.

At the order I rushed to look out of the trench at the side of the battery.

At the top of the ravine, on the edge of the plateau, was a great heap of Germans. They looked like a swarm of bees crawling over one another; not one was standing. Every minute shells threw bodies and débris into the air. The whole ravine slope was gray with corpses; one couldn't see the ground, they were so numerous, and the snow was no longer white. We calculated that there were fully 10,000 dead at that point alone, and the river ran past dappled with patches and streaks of blood. I had read of rivers running blood; now I have seen it. While the stream was not crimson, one could trace the reddish patches distinctly.

We watched, fascinated; then came a German shell, and a piece lodged in my shoulder. The lieutenant said it served me right for not keeping covered.

Even a more graphic description of the frenzy of din and death is given by another, whose story we quote from the New York *Evening Post:*

At dawn we received orders to leave the trench and to retire to a strong position in the Vaux Woods in front of Douaumont. Bending low, we retired the four or five kilometers through the snow without

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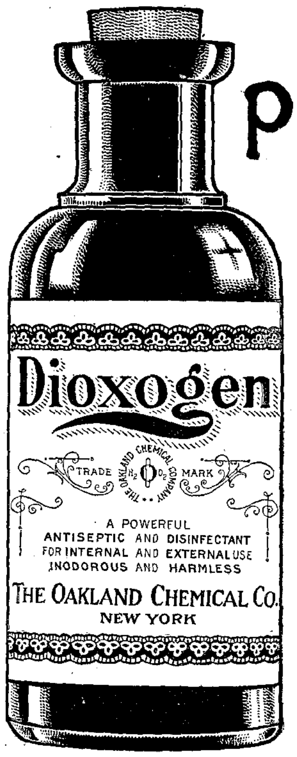
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> much loss. Once in the new trenches, we could not hear one another speak, so great was the noise of the cannonading, and when we looked through the periscopes we could only see heavy clouds of smoke shutting out the sky, with jets of fire-flashing through the snowflakes. There were about a dozen of us in the trench. At last we all burst out singing, and yet none of us could hear a word spoken, even by himself.
>
> Then we saw the Germans coming on. They were in such masses that they looked like a flock of sheep. When our guns began to speak, white, empty spaces showed among the gray of the advancing masses, but they were soon filled up by fresh patches of gray. As they neared our barbed wire, our machine guns opened fire, and we had to cover our ears with anything that came handy—the noise was now so tremendous. I felt no fear, but I had no feelings or thoughts, only a sort of buzzing and vertigo.
>
> When night came on and the flares lighted up the field, the Germans seemed to be quite close, but it was an optical illusion. They advanced very bravely, waving their rifles or leaping as they passed over the heaps of dead. I was knocked over by a shell and had my arm broken, and as the trench was completely destroyed I crawled away and fortunately met an armored automobile which took me to Verdun.

There should be recorded, too, the tragic stratagem played on the Germans in Caures Wood, near the village of Beaumont. The whole wood had been mined, and was connected electrically with a station in the village. Says *The Times:*

> When the Germans had advanced, fully a division strong, to attack the wood, the French regiment holding it ran, as if seized with panic, back toward the village. The Germans pursued them with shouts of victory. Soon the last Frenchman had emerged from the trees, but the French commander waited until the Germans were all in the mined area. They were just beginning to debouch on the other side when he prest the button. There was a tremendous roar, drowning for a moment even the boom of the cannon. The wood was covered with a cloud of smoke, and even on the French trenches in Beaumont "there rained a ghastly dew."
>
> When the French reentered the wood, unopposed, they found not a single German unwounded and hardly a score alive.

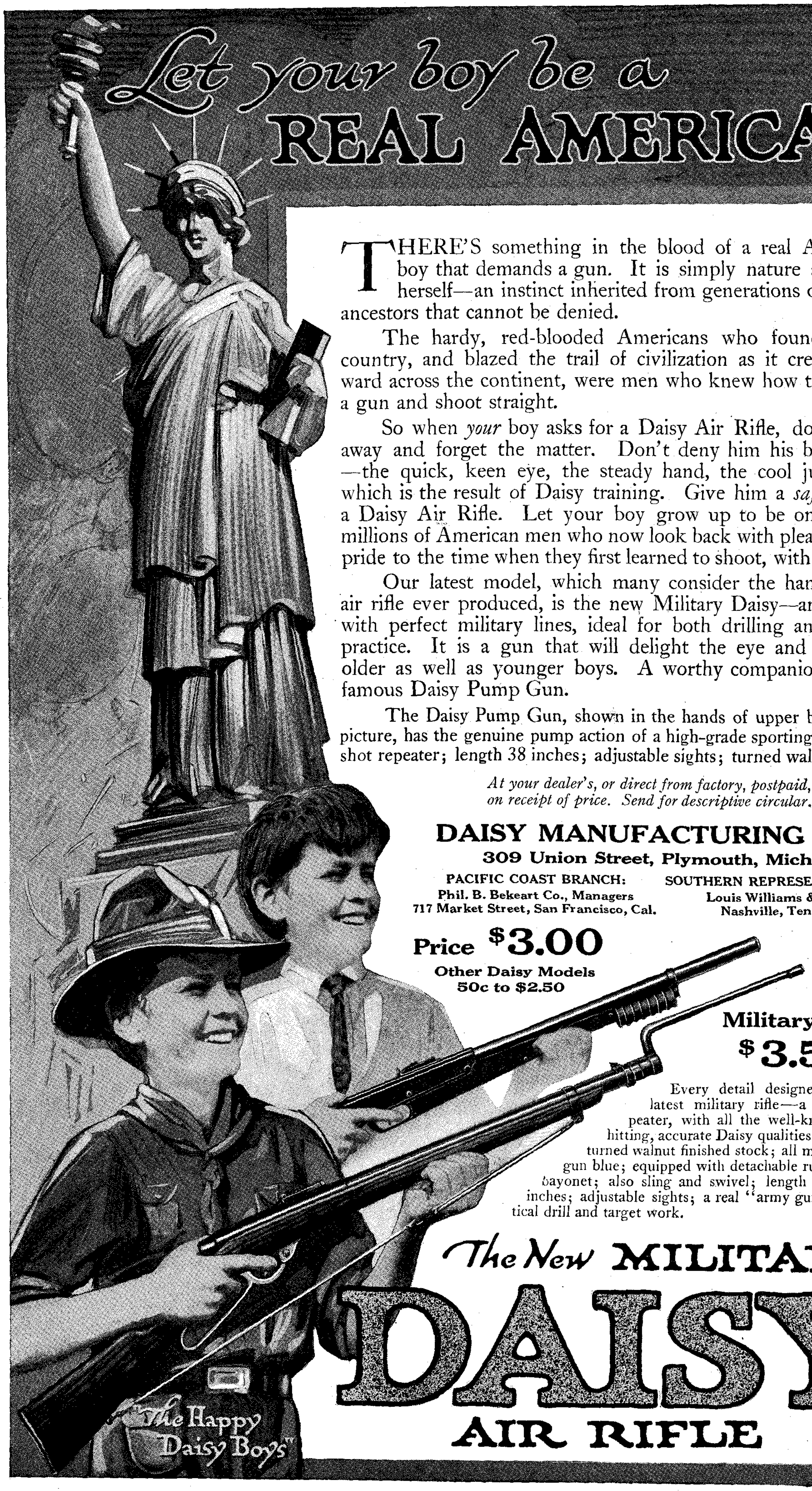
From the French front we gain the impression of the Germans as inspired by the fury of desperation, casting aside their lives by the thousands in the one last hope of breaking the opposing line. We imagine furor and confusion behind the German line, efficiency forgotten, since all is to be devoted to this one great sacrifice for a vital gain. Strangely enough, the story of the attack from the rear of the Germans is quite different. It is a calm story, almost colorless. The Cologne *Gazette* dispatches furnish it to the New York *Times* and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

> I spent yesterday on the battle-field in front of Verdun. The Meuse Valley in many places had been transformed into a lake by floods. The woods on the rolling Meuse heights, everywhere sown with barbed-wire entanglements, are mown down by artillery. The battle-ground is distorted by explosions. The captured French trenches, which had undergone a severe bombardment, had been very extensively developed, but showed signs of less secure construction than ours.
>
> Contrary to assertions which have been made, the heavy snowstorm did not stop the progress of the battle in the slightest degree. Our artillery continued to fire uninterruptedly through the veil of snow. Toward midday the sky cleared. From my high vantage-point I saw before me the entire row of heights, from Fort Douaumont to the Côte de Froide, the main fortress-line north of Verdun.
>
> Here the principal battle raged. Our heavy fire lay upon it. One could see the giant black clouds of the big-calibered guns rise like enormous trees. The firing and fall of our heavy shells could be clearly followed. The masses of smoke that developed showed where fires had been caused. Behind Fort Douaumont, too, pillars of smoke seemed to signify the advance of the battle beyond this height, that was now firmly in our hands.
>
> On the front ridge of the heights west of Douaumont numerous flashes caused by the enemy's shrapnel were observable, leading to the deduction that one of our infantry-attacks was proceeding.
>
> Guns of all calibers roared about me. The firing also extended toward the southwest, over the fortifications on the opposite side of the Meuse. In the direction of Vacherauville the artillery-fire of the enemy appeared to occupy itself almost exclusively with the foremost line and seemed powerless against the German artillery-firing from the rear. During my long stay in the neighborhood not a single shell fell there. I could see Verdun with the naked eye; a large church was the most prominent feature. By means of glasses fires could be discerned in the town.
>
> I talked with some of our men who, after several days of attacking, had been withdrawn to the rear to get rest. They laughingly related how they had always gone farther than they had been ordered to go. On one occasion they had been told to take one hill, but instead they carried three in succession. They had now had a welcome wash, eaten well, and slept well, and were ready to get at it again.
>
> The fresh appearance of the troops and their splendid spirits astounded me in the face of the signs of such terrible fighting, and especially the calm, clear, almost unmoving sureness with which this Titanic undertaking was being carried through, almost like maneuvers.

The most picturesque event of the first chapter of the Verdun struggle was the charge of the Brandenburg regiment, who went into the fight with the words of their Kaiser ringing in their ears: "All Germany counts on your valor." The paper last quoted gives us the story of a captured Brandenburger:

> From early Friday until Saturday morning we awaited the order to begin the assault on Douaumont, through a breach that had been made by our artillery.
>
> Early Saturday morning the order for

Let your boy be a REAL AMERICAN



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So when *your* boy asks for a Daisy Air Rifle, don't turn away and forget the matter. Don't deny him his birthright—the quick, keen eye, the steady hand, the cool judgment which is the result of Daisy training. Give him a *safe* gun—a Daisy Air Rifle. Let your boy grow up to be one of the millions of American men who now look back with pleasure and pride to the time when they first learned to shoot, with a Daisy.

Our latest model, which many consider the handsomest air rifle ever produced, is the new Military Daisy—an air rifle with perfect military lines, ideal for both drilling and target practice. It is a gun that will delight the eye and hand of older as well as younger boys. A worthy companion to the famous Daisy Pump Gun.

The Daisy Pump Gun, shown in the hands of upper boy in the picture, has the genuine pump action of a high-grade sporting rifle; 50-shot repeater; length 38 inches; adjustable sights; turned walnut stock.

At your dealer's, or direct from factory, postpaid, on receipt of price. Send for descriptive circular.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
309 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH:
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Managers
717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN REPRESENTATIVES:
Louis Williams & Co.
Nashville, Tenn.

Price $3.00
Other Daisy Models 50c to $2.50

The New Military Daisy $3.50

Every detail designed after the latest military rifle—a 50-shot repeater, with all the well-known, hard-hitting, accurate Daisy qualities. Beautifully turned walnut finished stock; all metal parts in gun blue; equipped with detachable rubber-tipped bayonet; also sling and swivel; length over all 45 inches; adjustable sights; a real "army gun" for practical drill and target work.

The New MILITARY DAISY AIR RIFLE

A Remarkable Book on Food Protection

It tells the secret of keeping meats, vegetables, fruits, butter, eggs—fresh, palatable and healthful during the hot summer months. Now is the time to learn these important facts so that you'll *know* and be prepared when summer comes.

This interesting book was written from the experiences and investigations of men who make the famous

"MONROE" Refrigerator

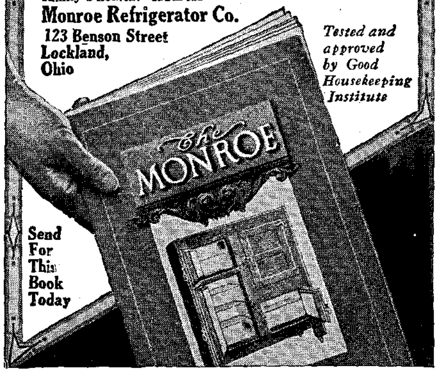
the most highly perfected type of home refrigerator. The "Monroe" was the first to devise and introduce the single piece, jointless, round corner, porcelain food compartment—the acme of cleanliness—the joy of thousands of housewives.

Write Us Today

Your name and address is enough. We'll send you this valuable book with our compliments. Read it. Face next summer with food facts—this will ensure your family's health. Address

Monroe Refrigerator Co.
123 Benson Street
Lockland,
Ohio

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute


The MONROE
Send For This Book Today

How to Sell Things

A valuable little book, treating every phase of the science of selling—approaching the prospect, the presentation, objections, tact, how to close, personalities, moods, persistence, patience, productive factors, etc., etc. Its title is

SUCCESSFUL SELLING

By E. LEICHTER

The author knows every twist and knack of selling—from long and wide PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. It will show you how to increase your sales—how to win BIG orders. Order to-day. By mail, 54c.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., 354-60 Fourth Ave., New York

Don't Throw That Chair Away!

It is as good as ever; just a bit scratched and scarred. You can easily make it like new in a jiffy. Stain and varnish it with one application.

Lucas Paints

Purposely Made for Every Purpose

will enable you to *save many dollars*—by renewing the furniture that's scarred and marred—refinishing chairs, woodwork, etc.

Lucas Home Helps Varnish Stain is made in 16 attractive colors, such as Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Rosewood, Walnut, etc. Send 20c for a trial can; sufficient to finish 2 chairs.

Send for New Book

"The Art of Interior Decoration," in colors. Mailed to any address on receipt of 6c and dealer's name.

John Lucas & Co. Inc.
Office 281 Philadelphia

The Giant Painter

us to attack came and we leapt from our lines singing "The Watch on the Rhine," but it was soon apparent that the French machine guns were doing terrible work to our lines. Every bolt struck home and our men fell in solid files, but we closed up the ranks and went forward.

The ground beneath our feet writhed with the bursting of big shells and we stumbled at every step. The earth tremors made it almost impossible to maintain a footing. It was better when we broke into a run, and at that clip we soon reached the French line, where it was a hand-to-hand fight with your troops.

It was terrible butchery, but fortunately our supports were close behind us and we held our ground. But not for long, however. We had only begun to organize for defense when the real tempest struck us. It was a fresh counter-attack, and nothing could stand against it. I was taken a prisoner without knowing how, but most of our men were killed right there.

This is what the *Lokal Anzeiger's* correspondent saw as he stood on the Lorraine heights:

> Clearly visible on the horizon rose a bare ridge of heights on the right bank of the river towering above the Meuse heights, and in the valley behind lay Verdun. At the northern point of this ridge, which was also the highest point, a far-away garland of white shrapnel clouds looked like the silhouette of the fortress which we had conquered. In the immediate neighborhood of this fortress of Douaumont the battle was raging with particular fierceness.
>
> How can we describe the hell on the height of the ridge to the left of Douaumont, upon which for miles the French artillery-positions extended? Upon them the fire of our heavy and heaviest guns was directed. As high as a house columns of dust, earth, and smoke rose from our bursting shells, and it was almost incomprehensible to us that men could live there and fight.

Many grim features characterized the fighting. One defender wrote home to his parents from hospital: "So numerous and high were the heaps of Teuton dead that we had to withdraw our machine guns a hundred feet in order to fire over the corpses." A French officer tells of the finding of a Prussian non-com. transfixed by a German bayonet; a German company, in the mêlée, had charged a section advancing to its own support. Another story tells of how the Germans, when a mine exploded virtually under their feet, rushed with a cheer down the open throat of the mine-gallery, and of how French and German fought at hand-grips in the dark, aided only by the flashing electric torches of the wounded. The French were eventually called back—those that could obey—and then a mitrailleuse molded out of the rest and of the advancing Germans a barricade unassailable. The story of the three French sappers has its thrill, too. It is furnished by the International News Service, in the words of one of the trio. The incident occurred on the edge of the Vauche Wood, as we read:

> Bernard, Jean, and myself were ordered to prepare a mine directly the Germans came our way. When the storm of shells began to abate we started with electric lamps, picks, and powder-fuses through a long sap at the end of which we were to lay the mine in an excavation already prepared.
>
> We did our work and went back. We had not proceeded far when a frightful explosion shook the earth. We sprang forward. The outlet was blocked with stones, and we were doomed. A shell had burst over our gallery and choked it with earth and stones. Jean cried out:
>
> "Our doom is sealed. What's the good of waiting to die by starvation?"
>
> He pulled out his revolver. I caught his arm.
>
> "You are mad," I said. "Let's wait till the mine explodes. If the crater is deep we may reach it."
>
> We waited, crouching and listening to the roar of the battle overhead. At last our mine exploded.
>
> In spite of the stifling heat, we returned to our barrier. I squeezed through into the mine. I felt moisture trickling through. It was blood.
>
> Like furies we began to scratch away the soil with our hands. Presently a fresh horror confronted us. A barrier of corpses lay between us and salvation. We had struck the crater formed by the explosion.
>
> Working like demons all the time, we burrowed through this inferno till we reached the blessed light, but we lay in the crater eight hours till stretcher-bearers arrived.

WHY THE MOVIES THRIVE

THE man who used to say that reading the average theater-program made him so excited he couldn't enjoy the play is only one of the many who suffer patiently night in and night out from a superfluity of advertising pages and "Hints to the Well-Drest" and a minimum of information about the play itself. Another affliction that "the man in the stalls" must endure is the tremendous list of "complimentary notices" of the thousand and one firms whose labors have contributed to the particular production in question. The *Dramatis Personæ* of the biggest review shrinks in comparison. But the New York *Telegraph*, in the rôle of Job's comforter, gives us a glimpse of the worst that is yet to come—the theater-program of the future:

> Dances arranged by the Mansions.
> Gowns by Boobson.
> Hats by Jacob.
> Miss McFlimsey's third-act costume made especially for her by Marjory from silk designed exclusively by Flotsam & Jetsam.
> All hair-nets by Wiserier.
> All velvets from Whiterock.
> Rouge from Rubicon. Face-powder from Nudhut.
> False eyelashes from Louis.
> Earrings from Severe Brothers.
> Calcium-light from Aurora Borealis.
> Perfume used in Act I from Manon, that in Act II from Lipton.
> Shoestrings from the Neverknot Manufacturing Company.
> Gentlemen's cigarets from Piccadilly,

Ltd. Ladies' cigarets from the Settlement Club.

Dressing-room drinking-water from the Little Dipper Springs.

Beauty - patches from Lady and Seamstress.

Optic belladonna from the Piker Drug Company.

Original manuscript by C. Jones.

Stage-version by H. R. Sideburn.

PRISON-CAMP MAIL IN GERMANY

ARISTIDE is a middle-aged waiter at "Henri's," with a nephew in the French Army who was captured by the Germans in a mining-operation north of Arras. Armande, the nephew, is "somewhere in Germany" now, in one of the 150 prison-camps established throughout the country. Aristide wishes to write to him, to urge him to keep up his spirits, and to send him, perhaps, a bit of money. He does so, laboriously, and addresses the envelop somewhat in this fashion:

M. Armande du Bois,
Prisonnier de Guerre,
Allemagne.

Beautifully indefinite, isn't it? Almost as tho he had written, "To my Nephew, who was captured by the Germans." But Aristide does not worry over it—"Name of a name! If the *Boches* can not figure that out, of what use is their vaunted efficiency?" The missive is posted in a calm faith in the Teutonic intelligence that is more than amusing. But hundreds and thousands of just such letters are received by the German postal authorities daily. Many and many of them are not even addrest to a known prisoner, but are little better than "tracers" for those reported missing, or even last pathetic attempts to disprove the casualty-list's bitter news. How the letter will ever reach the person addrest few writers bother to think. They figure that if the letter does not arrive no harm is done. But each one of these letters means an added burden for the German postal-service, which, we are told, is already handling the amazing total of twelve million letters and postal-cards a month to and from their prisoners. Germany claims 1,500,000 prisoners, and each prisoner claims from one to a dozen friends or relatives in his own country who are interested in his welfare; and such is the amusing and somewhat inconsistent method of modern warfare that he is allowed to burden his jailer as much as he pleases with the correspondence between them and himself. Modern warfare means the torpedo, the aerial bomb, the poison-gas, the "drive," with its ramparts of slain—and it also means every convenience of free correspondence for its prisoners. It would seem that the Germans are the most progressive in efficient care for the lesser needs of their prisoners. In the "Weekly Report on General Conditions in Germany

Here It Is At Last!

"Ideal" Radiator Thermometer—Makes Fireless Cooking Easier

A wonderfully accurate mercury instrument (no springs), registeri g from 100 to 600° F. Stands on the radiator—tilted at just the proper angle to ensure easy reading. Large, clear figures. Can be used in ovens as well. Tube is of extra strong glass, set in a groove and having *a bulb at both ends,* will not break. Eliminates all disagreeable guess-work and uncertainty. You can now do your cooking

In Accord with the Principles of Leading Schools of Domestic Science

Simply set the Thermometer on the radiator—heat the radiator to proper temperature required for whatever article of food you intend to *Roast, Bake, Steam, Stew,* or *Boil*—and your Cooker does the rest. No matter what make fireless cooker you possess, you should use the "Ideal" Thermometer. Indispensable if you want your food cooked properly. Earns its cost by the saving of fuel that is unknowingly wasted under the "guess" method. Comes handsomely nickeled, in a neat case, complete with "Schedule of Temperatures" for different foods, meats, etc. Price only $1.50 prepaid, or

$1.50

NOW FURNISHED FREE WITH EVERY

IDEAL
GUARANTEED
Fireless Cookstove

9 Sizes to Select From — One for Every Home

Roasts, Bakes, Steams, Stews, and Boils Perfectly

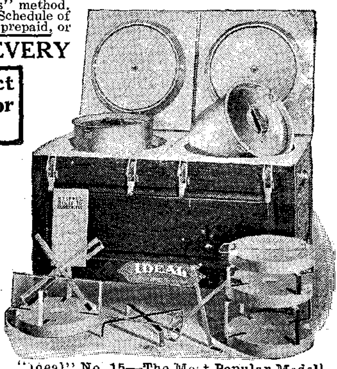
The "Ideal" cooks the flavor INTO, not out of the food. Cuts cooking costs 80 per cent. Affords highest cooking efficiency. Strong, durable construction assures long life. Patented "Water Seal" Top and "Heat Conserving Valve" (exclusive with the "Ideal") prevent seeping away of precious cooking heat. No wonder the "Ideal" is in a class by itself—ahead of all.

Generous fireproof heat repelling insulation. Separate covers give access to one compartment without disturbing the others. Heavy, thick, pure Aluminum lining throughout. Seamless Aluminum Cooking Compartments. "Ideal" Aluminum Utensils and Radiator Thermometer.

Outer case built like a cabinet (not like a box) of specially "vulcanized" solid oak. RESISTS CLIMATIC INFLUENCES. Gives long, faithful service. The "Ideal" helps you realize your desire to provide BETTER meals with less work, bother and expense. Send postal for our interesting fully illustrated free book which tells all.

THE TOLEDO COOKER CO., 1394 W. Bancroft Street, Toledo, Ohio

In most places, a reliable dealer sells the "Ideal" line. If no dealer near you, we will ship direct. Take no substitute for the "Ideal." If your dealer does not handle our goods, give us his name and we will send you, free, a book of valuable recipes.



"Ideal" No. 15—The Most Popular Model!
17 1-2 in. high, 16 1-4 in. wide, and 30 1-2 in. long.
Do not hesitate to ask for our FREE BOOK giving all details of use, equipment, manufacture, price, etc.

Your new home

Shall it be beautiful? Shall it be comfortable—warm in winter, cool in summer? Shall it be economical—not constantly needing painting and repairs?

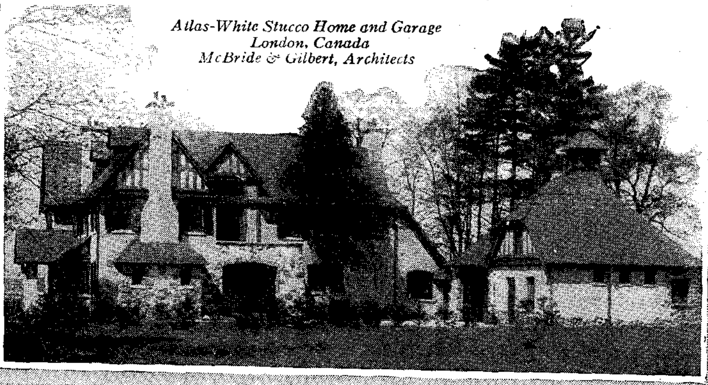
Have you considered stucco?

Atlas-White Stucco

A well-built stucco home is *comfortable*—easy to heat, easy to keep cool, and *economical*—no painting and almost no repairs. It has *beauty*, charm and individuality. When finished with Atlas-White Portland Cement, in a pure white or a warm mellow tint, the effect is exquisite.

Our Atlas-White portfolio contains information for home builders and reproductions of many beautiful homes. It will help prepare you for consultation with your architect. Send coupon below for a copy.

The Atlas Portland Cement Company
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis
Minneapolis Des Moines Dayton



Atlas-White Stucco Home and Garage
London, Canada
McBride & Gilbert, Architects

ATLAS WHITE
THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT CO. WHITE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT NEW YORK N.Y.

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, 30 Broad Street, New York, or Corn Exchange Bank Bldg., Chicago:
Send me the Atlas-White Portfolio. I expect to build a home costing about $..........
Name and Address..........

OUR DAD-BURNED ADVERTISEMENT WORRIED HIM

Fayetteville, Tenn., January 13, 1916.

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.
21st and Market Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

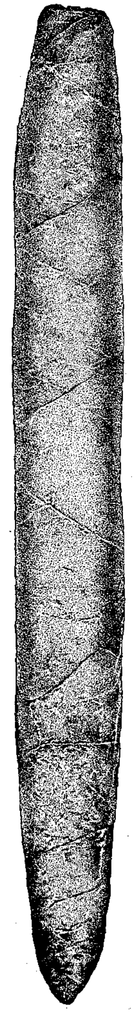
I have been seeing your dad-burned advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post now for the last twenty-five years, it seems like, and every time I see it I read it, and every time I read it I swear to myself that I'm going to sit right down and order a box *of those cigars,* but *somehow or other,* I have *not* until now taken typewriter in hand to carry out the threat.

Please send me, by express prepaid, fifty of your Panatelas, MILD, on approval. I *agree to smoke ten, and if I like them, to* remit $2.50 within ten days after receipt of cigars by me; otherwise, I will return the forty remaining cigars at your expense.

As to *references, I refer you to any of the* banks here—The Elk National, First National or Farmers National—or to any other business house in Fayetteville.

I simply had to order these cigars to get that ad. of yours out of my head. It worried me. Will say, however, that if your cigars smoke as well as they read; they are some smokers. Think I will sleep better after getting this letter out of my system.

Yours truly,
(Signed) M. N.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

When this gentleman ordered our cigars he was skeptical. Now he is convinced. The best way to test our claim that we sell direct from our factory to the smoker, by the box, a better cigar than he can buy in the usual retail way, is to take us up on our own proposition.

OUR OFFER is: Upon request we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Literary Digest, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

This is the offer referred to in the letter.

The cigar is the one shown here—a hand-made panatela cigar with a filler of long Havana and a wrapper of genuine Sumatra.

This is a *moderate* cigar. You can smoke seven or eight a day and feel no ill effects. A cigar of equal quality, bought in a cigar store, would sell three for a quarter. Our way of selling saves money.

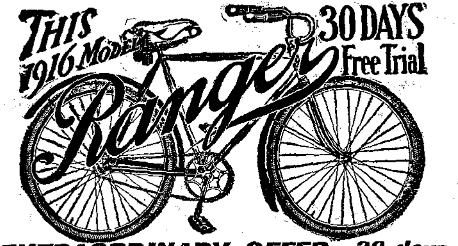
We have been manufacturing cigars and selling them direct to the smoker for nearly fifteen years. We have thousands of customers so well satisfied that they buy their cigars from us on standing orders.

Why don't you put it up to us, as did the writer of the above letter, and find out whether or not our way permits you to save money and smoke better cigars?

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Incorporated
2056 Market St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Print Your Own Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60 Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for catalog of presses, TYPE, cards, samples **The Press Co. Meriden, Conn**



***EXTRAORDINARY OFFER*—30 days** one month's free trial on this finest of bicycles—the *"Ranger."* We will ship it to you on approval, *freight prepaid,* without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is *absolutely genuine.*

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls, at *prices never before equaled* for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. **It's free.**

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE, rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at **half usual prices.** A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1916 model *Ranger* furnished by us.

It Costs You Nothing to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. **Do not buy** a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S 172, CHICAGO, ILL.

during the European War" (published by the American Association of Commerce and Trade, Equitable Building, Friedrichstrasse, 59–60, Berlin), we are given a few statistics concerning the German mail-service for prisoners. We read:

> In the case of prisoners of war in Germany, the mail from France, French colonies and territories, from Servia and Montenegro is forwarded by the postal department of the Government of Switzerland.
>
> The mail from Great Britain, her dominions and territories, is forwarded by the Dutch Government, while Sweden attends to the mail from Russia. The same postal departments forward the mail in the opposite direction; that is, the mails for prisoners of war in Germany to their respective countries.
>
> It goes without saying that every letter or other mail-matter addrest to a prisoner of war in Germany, in order to reach its destination as quickly as possible, should bear the name of the camp where the prisoner of war is detained. This primary rule, however, is very often overlooked, and the volume of such mail-matter—bearing insufficient address—is increased, furthermore, by the fact that France does not issue nor publish any official casualty-lists.
>
> What is the result of the latter fact, deplorable as it is? The French soldier who has not been heard from by his family and relation is either assumed to be dead or taken prisoner or may be missing. His relations, eager to get word from him, and to relieve their anxiety, resort to the mails and address their son or brother as a prisoner of war in Germany. Such letters bear frequently even the number of a detention-camp, because the sender happens to know somebody in his home town who has a relative in this particular camp. He never reasons that there is more than one camp in Germany where Frenchmen or Englishmen are held.
>
> The German postal department can not know beforehand that any such message is a dead letter in the truest sense of the word.

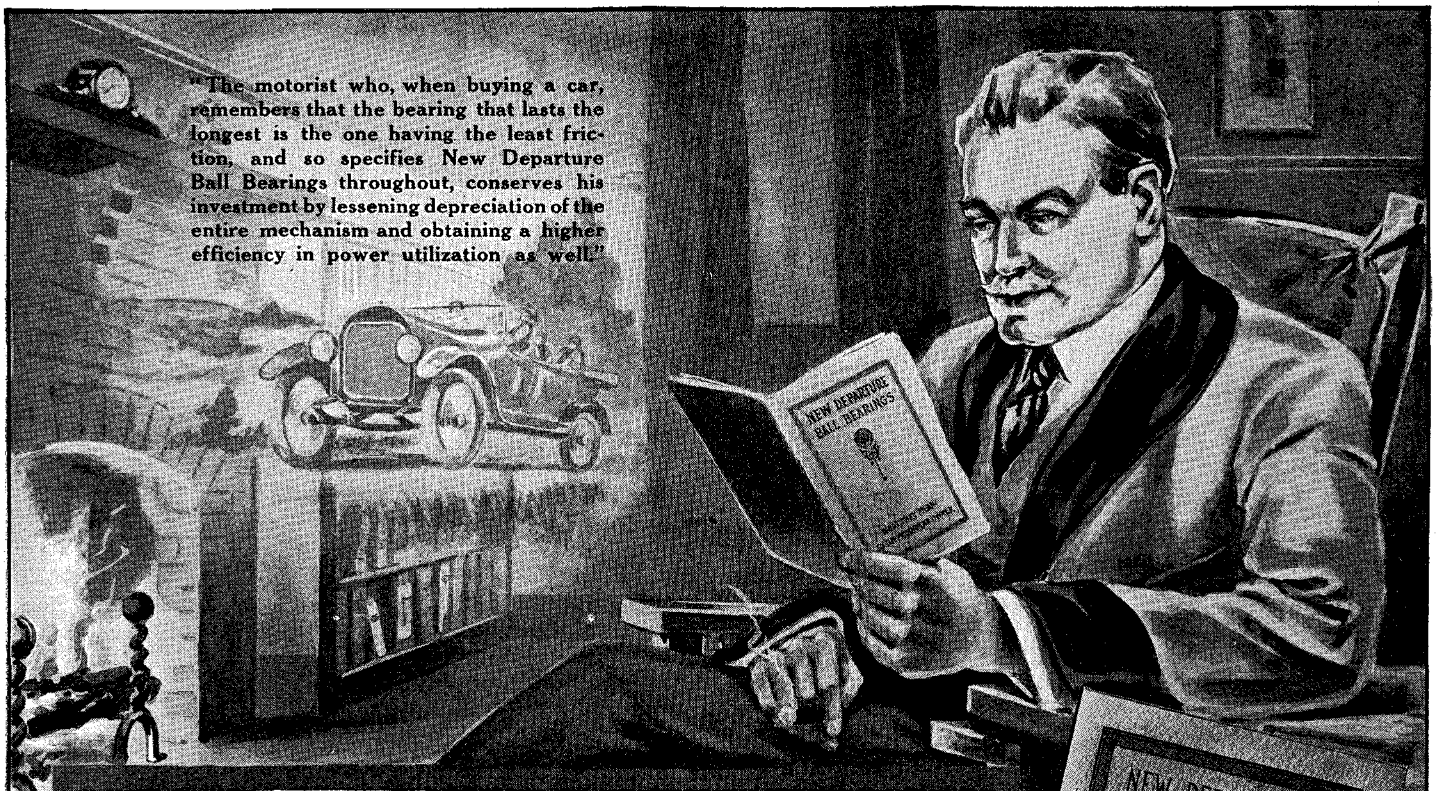
With 150 detention-camps, each averaging some 10,000 prisoners, it would be impossible to send letters on from one camp to another in aimless search for the right person, and therefore, facing the necessity in true German fashion, the Government established a central office in Berlin, a clearing-house for all mail of which the addresses seem questionable or likely to cause trouble in delivery. And this is no makeshift bureau. One can not quite manage a sneer at Teutonic system, reading this:

> A card-index, numbering 1,200,000 names, has been installed at the above-mentioned central office. These cards bear the names of 900,000 Russians and 300,000 French, Belgians, and white and colored British subjects.
>
> Each card contains the name of the detention-camp or the hospital, as is the case, the full name of the prisoner, his military charge, his troop, regiment company, and country. The cards are filled out in the camps by prisoners of war of the respective countries.
>
> It is a curious fact that the mail from Russia is addrest more carefully than from any other of the belligerent countries, altho some 3,000 letters per day bear incomplete addresses. Postal cards form the majority of all mail-matter received. Some 30,000 letters and postal cards are received daily at the central office in Berlin addrest in Russian. Some 12,000 parcels are received in Berlin from Russia every month.
>
> The German postal department, with the exception of Bavaria and Wurttemberg, handles each month 4,500,000 letters and postals, sent by prisoners of war in Germany, and 7,000,000 pieces of mail-matter that has been received in Germany from the belligerents.
>
> Last month's record shows that Russian prisoners of war sent and received 3,400,000 letters and postal cards, French and Belgians 7,200,000, and white and colored British something like 1,200,000. This totals about 12,000,000 each month.

VILLAGE MOTLEY

EVERY ONE will recall in some little country town where he has spent at least a week in summer, if not all the long years of his childhood, the familiar, unquestioned figure of the "queer" member of the community. He is a fixture as characteristic as the "general merchandise" emporium. Perhaps when we have perfected our studies in feeble-mindedness we shall do away with him, but at present nearly every village and hamlet knows him well and greets him daily. To the children he is boon companion, ogre, or prey, according to the form of his mental weakness and the attitude in which they have been schooled at home. To the grown-up he is the easy butt of ancient ridicule, or the provoker of untiring merriment, frequently a pest, occasionally a fast friend. Rarely is he appreciated. Seldom does he earn even a spoken eulogy as sincere as this to "Old Cracked Joe," which appears in the Cincinnati *Enquirer:*

> They said he was of good blood—only that his parents were first cousins. The doctrine of danger in consanguinity was ours—that prehistoric instinct that preserved the family bond inviolate and served to weld in indissoluble links the alien clans, lest they devour one another.
>
> Nevertheless, in those sweet, dark ages of ours, Joe was quite other than a missing link. Big of bulk, forbidding in outline, suspicious of those grown was he. But the children were unafraid. He came and went unheralded.
>
> The pig eyes in his red face flashed the danger-signal to the stranger. But we swung on his tattered coat, and a new and strange light flickered in those same eyes for the moment as he grinned.
>
> Hello, Joe,
> How's your toe?
>
> And Joe replied:
>
> Toe in a boot,
> And a root, toot, toot!
>
> And we shrieked and shouted in the abundance of joy. Wasn't Joe the funniest ever—and a bully old fellow every way?
>
> When the circus came around this



"The motorist who, when buying a car, remembers that the bearing that lasts the longest is the one having the least friction, and so specifies New Departure Ball Bearings throughout, conserves his investment by lessening depreciation of the entire mechanism and obtaining a higher efficiency in power utilization as well."

"I'm Mighty Glad I Sent for This Book."

"I've learned something important—and every man who is about to buy a motor car should read what I have read.

"I never knew the Bearings of an automobile meant so much to the automobile owner.

"Why, this information about New Departure Ball Bearings answers nearly every question I had decided to ask when I bought my car.

"One thing, I've discovered—a car is only as good as its Bearings whether you pay one thousand or five thousand for it.

"Personally I've decided what I can afford to pay for my car, and every dollar I pay must count. And this book has proved to me beyond any doubt that the Bearings in a car decide its true value to the car owner. This book about

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

has opened my eyes. Here is the inside story of 'Low gas and oil consumption,' 'How to get long life out of the car,' 'How to prevent waste of power,' 'How best to overcome shock and strain,' 'How to secure smooth, easy riding qualities under all road conditions,' and a lot of other interesting things besides.

"Every car owner and every man who is going to buy a car should know these things. True, they're technical, but here it is all told so simply a child could understand.

"The New Departure Manufacturing Company has performed a valuable service to every man interested in Motor Cars. This booklet, 'New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner,' is truly worth while.

"You can get it by return mail, by writing for it. Ask for Booklet 'B'."

New Departure Ball Bearings are made in three types and a wide range of sizes, thereby providing a correct bearing for any load or speed in any automobile or machine where friction occurs between rotating members. They are internationally standardized with reference to bore, diameter and width—can be used in replacement of Ball Bearings of any make.

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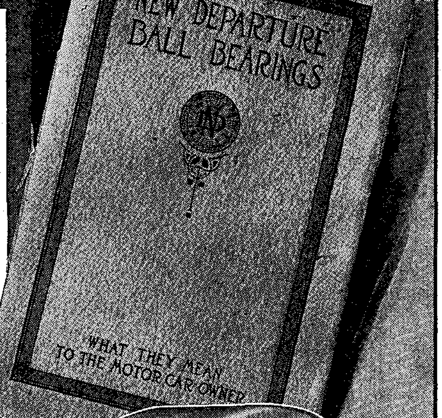
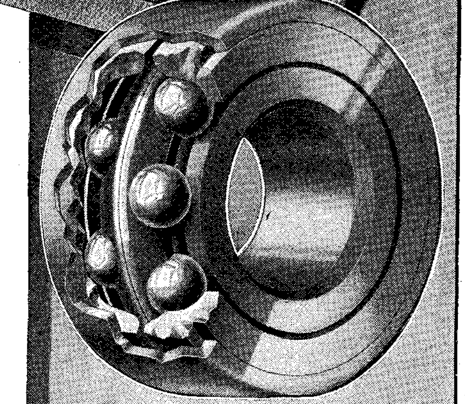

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS
WHAT THEY MEAN TO THE MOTOR CAR OWNER



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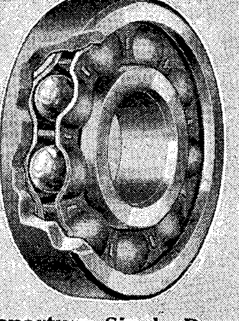
A single, self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying *all* the loads and stresses simultaneously from *whatever* direction they may come, with equal efficiency, and reducing friction to the vanishing point.



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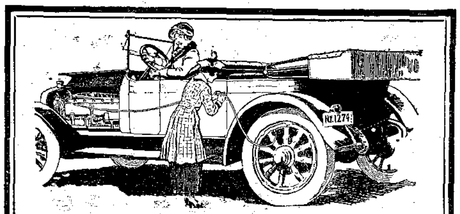

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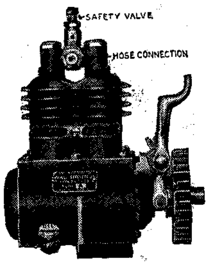

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child of the obscure sprang up from nowhere. Riding with the driver of the front wagon or walking ahead, blowing on his walking-stick such tunes as the Pied Piper of Hamelin used when he wooed the children into the enchanted mountain — this was Joe. The grown men laughed, the housewives scolded and gave him doughnuts and coffee. That was their way. Women are peculiar.

Came the day when his soul sped. They found him at the foot of the big trestle. Whether he fell off or was struck by a passing train none knows. But he was in a kneeling position, as tho in prayer, his stick beside him and the red handkerchief filled with the innocent revivings of the last household met on his journey.

What shall be said of such? Is it possible that a beautiful soul is hidden within? What could the disciples have meant when they asked of their Savior: "Did this man sin, or his parents, that he should have been born blind?"

TORPEDOING CONSTANTINOPLE

MAKING history in a submarine seems as fascinating as it is perilous. When the complete annals of the submarine in this war come to be written, we shall learn of even more thrilling cruises than the month-long expeditions of the German *U*-boats among nets, mines, submarine-chasers, and armed trawlers. Possibly they will transcend even the bombardment of Constantinople by the British submarines *E-7* and *E-11*, one of the several British undersea adventures in this distant war-area that have won fame for this branch of the Royal Navy. There is little news of the *E-7's* expedition, save an exuberant letter, appearing in part in the Manchester *Guardian* and complete in *The New Republic*, written by a young sailor aboard. But he declares that: "The tale of our doings is the sort of thing one read of in the old days. We fairly shook things to the core. . . . We are the first submarine in history to bombard a place on shore under fire."

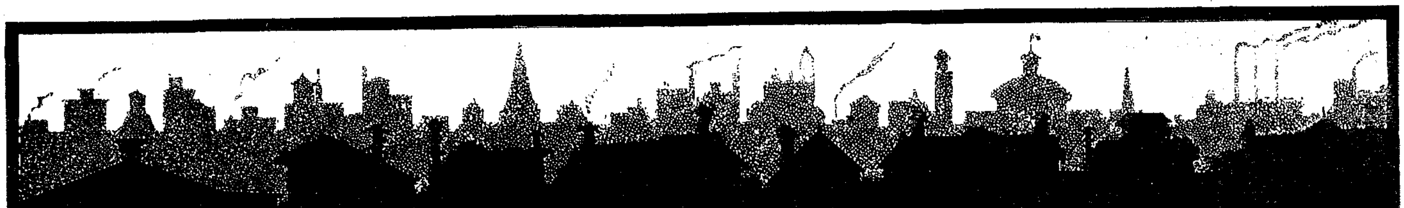
The New York *Sun*, however, prints the story of the *E-11's* cruise in fuller detail. The narrator in this case was an American of Turkish birth, compelled to serve in the Turkish Army, twice captured by the British, the second time by the *E-11* itself. Revealing the fact that his sympathies were with the Allies, and also that his knowledge of Turkish waters would be of value to his captors, he was accepted as pilot of the submarine and served aboard the vessel in that capacity for twenty-four days in operations in the Sea of Marmora and beyond, of which the most remarkable was the shelling of the arsenal at Constantinople.

He tells us that he has no love for the interior of a submarine. He got used to it in time, but no more, and "that is as much as any one of the oldest members of that boat will ever like it." Taken at its best, he declares, "the submarine is a sneak," and he does not believe that the most ardent naval commander calls it any better name down in the depths of his heart. He continues:

> If any one wishes to know how terribly difficult it is to operate a submarine boat while she is cruising under water all he has to do is to spread a map upon the ceiling and, sitting on a chair holding a mirror in his hand, let him try to study that map. It is telling on the nerves, especially on the nerves of those responsible for her, when she is running under water. In order to stand it, the crew will have to undergo hard training, and even then not every man can stand the nerve-racking process of constantly doing duty in a submarine while submerged for long stretches of time.
>
> While running submerged the atmosphere is fearfully awe-striking. When a submarine is running on the surface it usually uses its oil-burning engines, but once under water it starts its electric motors. The steady, grilling noise of these motors and the peculiar vibration produced through the gliding of the body of the boat through the under-water make the uninitiated shiver with cold chills. Naturally the steering of the ship is done by chart and compass, so you can hardly tell where you are going. The air is bad, and as it gets hot it becomes foul. You lose all ambition and would feel like crying: "I would give my life for a bed."

One of their "usual" depredations upon Turkish shipping is described briefly:

> When our submarine suddenly submerged after a steamer had been sighted our commander ordered every one to be silent, and in a second deathly stillness, reigned in the already quiet boat. I noticed that our commander was listening. Unconsciously every one in the boat followed the mental attitude of our leader. We all listened. Like the sounds of the submarine bells, so the propeller of the steamer about two or three hundred feet above made its steady splash in the water heard in our boat. To me it sounded like the noise one hears in approaching a water-power mill. Then it became apparent that we had already passed our victim and were about a mile ahead of her toward the west.
>
> We opened our water-ballast tanks, and in another second all motors were pumping out water. As the water-ballast tanks became empty we steadily rose to the surface, and when we fairly reached the top of the sea sun-rays entered the interior of our boat through the large glass trap-door next to the observation-platform. At last, when we came out to the surface, we observed the Turkish steamer, which we had been chasing during the last four or five hours, between us and the northern shores of the Sea of Marmora.
>
> No sooner had our victim observed us come out of the water than she began to turn back toward Rodosto. But as she made this attempt she exposed her entire length and became an easy target for our torpedo-attack. We had already directed our torpedo toward her bow some few yards ahead of her course, and in exactly 1 minute and 20 seconds—so our commander told us—it reached her. Besides troops, she must have been carrying munitions, because a few minutes after our torpedo had taken effect and the



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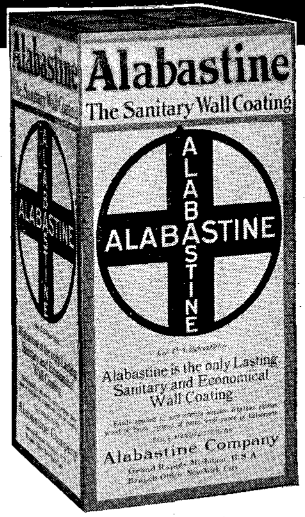
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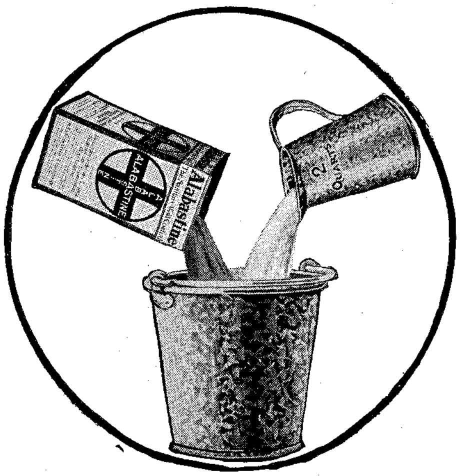

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Turkish steamer began to go down slowly, there occurred a terrific explosion on board the sinking ship. We were about a mile distant from our victim when she went down, yet the force of the exploded munitions on board even shook our boat.

The writer was not on that submarine many days before—so he declares—he became convinced that, altho his commander was a daring naval officer and possest an admirably well-prepared chart and found his bearings minutely, he knew very little of the Turks and their peculiar country. For example:

> He did not realize that whenever he sank a troop-ship he not only sank along with it so many Turkish soldiers, but that he also drowned as well Armenians, Greeks, Jews, and Arabs. He did not know that the words "Turkish soldier" were misleading, as the armies of the Turk include Christians, Jews, and Arabs of Christian and Moslem faiths. He did not know that there were non-Moslem Turks, and that when we referred to losses of life on those ships which we destroyed we should say *Osmanlis*. This bit of information somewhat cooled off his enthusiasm.

After being led astray three separate times, the *E-11* started again for the harbor of Constantinople, and this time met no tempting convoy of transports or supply-ships to persuade her from her course. As we read:

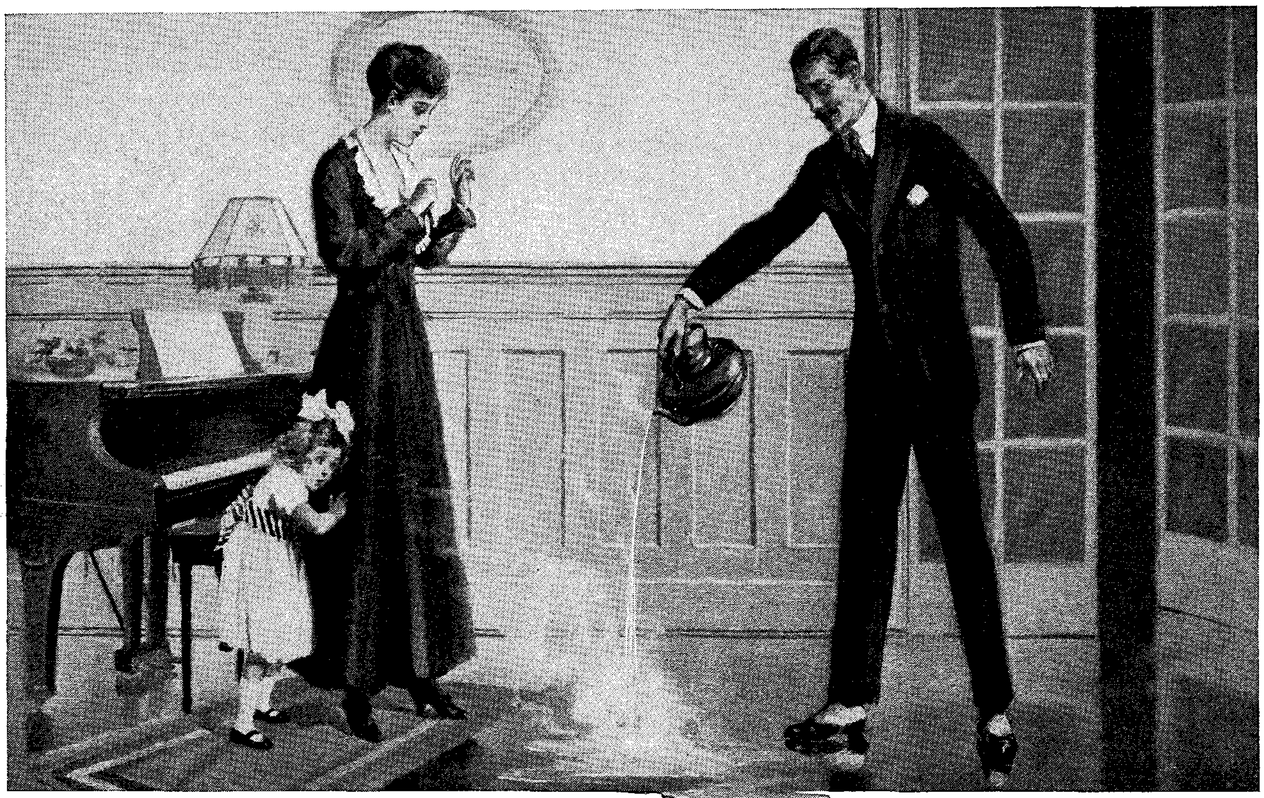
> On May 29 we submerged to the very bottom of the sea, at least I thought so, as our boat that night did not have any of its usual motion. Early the next morning we raised far enough to stick out our periscope a little, but she was still under water. Our commander was the only person on that boat who did any seeing. The rest of us did not know where we were.
>
> When we came out of the water on that spot I thought we were in the harbor of a friendly nation. Everywhere around us there were steamers, and we could see with our naked eyes people on various quays moving about. Our boat ran full speed toward a supply-ship that was lying alongside the arsenal pier. On the north side of the arsenal pier lay the old *Hamidian* yacht, which had recently been converted into a training-ship.
>
> As soon as we had launched our torpedoes, we opened fire with our gun and commenced to bombard the arsenal itself. The commotion and the confusion can hardly be imagined. While we were firing we were steadily withdrawing toward the sea. When we were about one and a half miles from the arsenal pier we heard a roaring explosion. Some of our gun-shots must have ignited the munition-boxes that were piled high on the pier. The explosion was so terrific that at that distance our boat rocked as tho one of our munition-boxes in the boat had exploded. Then the supply-steamer began to lean over on the side in which she had received our four torpedoes. Other explosions followed, and the next moment the old *Hamidian* yacht was covered with flames.
>
> I can not tell the extent of our destruction to the Turkish shipping in the harbor of Constantinople, but we made things lively, and the whole affair continued just twenty-one minutes. Then a shot fell within fifteen yards of our boat. The Turkish gunners were on the job. Order was given, and as we submerged we spouted lots of steam and oil to convey the idea to the Turks that we were sunk.

This shrewd trick came near being borne out in verity by the succeeding events, for the *E-11*, sighting smoke in the distance and fearing retribution in the shape of a torpedo-boat, found herself, on attempting to escape this fancied peril, caught in a dangerous net of her own weaving. She came within an ace of meeting with a bit of poetic justice which would have precluded our ever reading the following tale:

> Our propeller was working as usual, but we were not going. We forced electric lights through our glass trap-doors on top of our boat, and then by the help of our periscope we discovered that we were caught in the network of the masts of one of the sailing-ships we had sunk some few days before. It was difficult to learn to what extent we had entangled ourselves among the cross-ropes of the ship below us. Finally it was decided that one of the officers don his diving-suit and leave the boat through one of the torpedo portholes in the stern of the boat and find what ailed us on the outside.
>
> So, instead of releasing the torpedo into the water, we withdrew it from its bed, and, still keeping the outer hole closed, we put the third lieutenant-commander in the space just vacated. Then, after having closed the inner door, we opened the outer end of the torpedo-bed as tho we were going to shoot out a torpedo, and then we shot him into the water. It was a perilous job, for if he had found out that he could not release us from our tangle he could not return to the boat, as we could not open our hatches unless we had risen to the surface of the water. The lieutenant, Guy d'Oyly Hughes, had taken along with him a small steel saw, a service revolver, and a dozen sticks of dynamite.
>
> In ten minutes he had cut the ropes that had entangled our propeller and pounded on the shell of our boat twice, which was an agreed signal to reverse motors and pull back. In another five minutes we were out of the water, our heroic third lieutenant clinging to the torpedo-hole, just above the propeller.

Tho the other story mentioned, of the *E-7's* trip, is crudely brief and bald, it is worth while to quote its concluding paragraph. The writer, be it remembered, is a young lad whose submarine has just achieved something never done before, and he is writing his mother about it. He tells of their return to the fleet, after twenty-four days' absence:

> The reception we got in the harbor was great. The whole fleet and everything manned the rails and cheered us madly. Just imagine us—all dirty and unshaven, the flag with bullet-holes all over it, and conning-tower all dents from bullets and rusty—steaming through the lines, and thousands of men cheering like mad. Battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, transports, and the captains leading the cheers.



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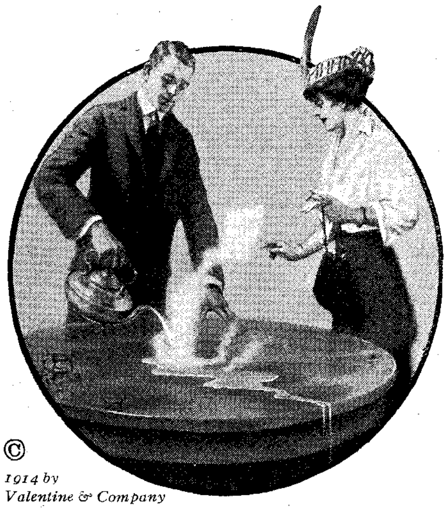

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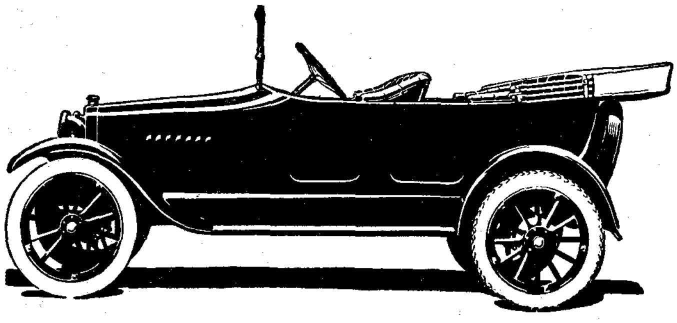

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It was great. I have heard cheers before, but this was the real thing. Poor old Cochrane's eyes were full of tears as he saluted to cries of "Are we downhearted?" and "Well done, *E-7*." At present I am resting on land and basking in the light of popular favor. It is very nice to be a hero among one's own cloth, you know, because they really mean it, and they really understand.

A LIVING MEMORY OF THE PAST

LEANING on a crutch and cane, in deep mourning, aged and rather forlorn, a little figure of a woman occasionally makes its way about through the convalescent hospitals in southern England. It is the Empress Eugénie. She is ninety now and an intensely pathetic picture, but once upon a time the thin locks were golden and upon them a royal husband placed the crown with which the great Napoleon had crowned Marie Louise. She is a memory of grandeur and pomp, of days that gild the pages of history, of power and tyranny. Now, in the midst of the crash and thunder of the greatest war in history, she is alone and almost forgotten, and one to whom the passer-by is kind, first, because she is a very old woman, and, only as an afterthought, because she has been the Empress of the French. The Kansas City *Star* remarks upon her strange survival of her own epoch:

Ninety years old this coming May, if she shall live until then, Eugénie has outlived her husband, Louis Napoleon, who made her an empress; she has outlived Wilhelm I., Bismarck, von Moltke, all the colossal figures of the Franco-Prussian War.

She is believed to have used her influence for that war so that her son, the Prince Imperial, might have securely placed upon his head the crown of France, and it is related of her that she used to call it "my little war."

If that is true, what must be the thoughts of the bent woman in black, leaning upon her crutches, as she talks with the men wounded in this sequel of "her war" of forty-five years ago?

She is the only living ghost left of all the principals of the Franco-Prussian War; a romantic figure, alone, like the last autumn leaf upon an oak-tree. What an exemplification she is of the emptiness and vanity of place and pomp and power! Raised by her beauty and her ambition from nothing to a throne, she saw the glittering Empire in which she shone go down in one tremendous crash; she escaped death at the hands of a French mob by creeping out the back door of her palace; she saw her husband die in exile of a broken heart; her son, the Prince Imperial, the darling of her dreams, came home to her pierced with Zulu lances. For a generation she has been a forlorn widow in black, weeping at the tombs of her dead.

An Italian writer who wandered upon her grounds at Farnborough came upon her and spoke to her with gentle tact. She turned toward him a sad face and said: "I am the past. I am the distant horizon, where exists a mirage, a shadow, a fantom, a living sorrow. Mine was a dream killed by fate. Now I am an old woman, poor in everything that makes a woman rich. I have lived. I have been what I have been. I do not ask more. I ask only not to be remembered."

A BELOVED STORY-TELLER

A DELIGHTFUL sermon on the folly of ever growing old is to be found in the pages of John Townsend Trowbridge's autobiography, written only a few years ago. It is echoed in the closing phrases of that work: "I am in the enjoyment of a tolerably green old age. I have known the sharpest afflictions; but tho much is taken, 'how much more abides.'" Up to the time of his death, at the age of eighty-eight, a few days ago, the youthful, optimistic outlook on life that "My Own Story" evidences was still the dominating factor in his life. And not only did he carry youth along with him, but he helped others to keep their youth green. It is not strange that many who might never call Trowbridge a great novelist or a great poet declare him to be of all writers the nearest to their hearts. Glancing over the newspapers, we become convinced that editors particularly feel an indebtedness to him. Most editors were small boys about forty years ago, and that was the time of Trowbridge's greatest popularity. They are looking back now, regretfully, to those days of enthralment, and are inclined to compare their favorite author with the juvenile writers of to-day to the distinct discredit of the latter. Do boys nowadays read "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," "Cudjo's Cave," and a long list of other books by J. T. Trowbridge? Do they speak "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine," or "Vagabonds" on Friday afternoons? Echo and "The Mother's 1916 Guide to Literature for the Young" answer "No." And yet, these stories, as well as "Folsom's Folly," "Father Brighthopes," "Neighbor Jackwood," and others, have given enjoyment to at least two generations of young readers. Of this a "poll of the press" gives emphatic confirmation. "We do not think that Mr. Trowbridge ever wrote a poor story," asserts the Rochester *Herald* editor, who continues:

> A great deal of talent went to their making—so much of it, indeed, that an adult who could not enjoy them as much as the boys for whom they were especially designed must have been composed of remarkably poor material. Surely the spirit of youth could not have been in such as he. There was in these stories nothing of the mawkish, nothing of the pseudo-religious, nothing of the goody-goody sentiment that has so often completely spoiled the stories written for youth. The boys created by the pen of Mr. Trowbridge were always real boys, the kind of boys that most of us were in the days when we were young, and

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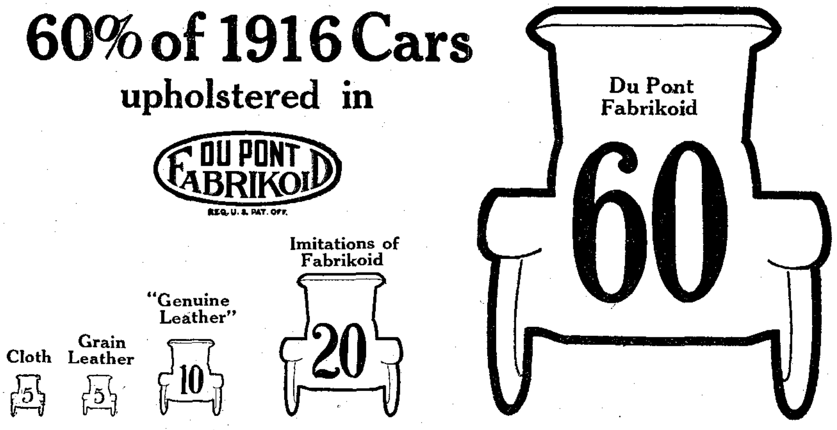

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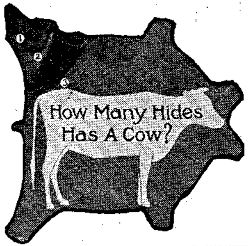
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consequently interesting to all who were either real boys or had been at a time further back than it is altogether happy for them to recall.

Another editorial writer, on the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, reminds us that Trowbridge held the record of never having had a manuscript returned to him by a publisher, and this in spite of the fact that he "covered every field of literature"—

> Poetry, short stories, novels for the young and novels for the old, books of travel and description, essays, and the like, and all with apparently equal facility. He had a remarkable creative imagination conjoined to a pleasing style. His books abounded with humor, and some of his short stories are overflowing with fun.
>
> The real charm of Trowbridge was that he always had a capital story to tell, and he told it very well. He never filled pages with useless descriptions, but made every word bear on the progress of his tale. Modern ideals are different from those of forty and fifty years ago, but at their best modern novels for boys lack that sweet reasonableness and that profound appreciation of boy-life which characterized some dozens of books of the old writer.

The leisurely and sincere work of Trowbridge, in the same class with that of his contemporaries, Louisa M. Alcott and Hezekiah Butterworth, leads the New York *Evening Post* to make some rather disparaging reflections on the "cheap fecundity" of the Henty-Alger school and most of those who have followed. Of all his boys' books the favorites seem to have been "Cudjo's Cave" and the "Jack Hazard" series. Says the Philadelphia *Press:*

> His "Cudjo's Cave," that masterpiece of fiction for the juvenile, and his "Folsom's Folly," alike readable to young and adult, won him an army of devotees that paid him beautiful devotion and allegiance during their manhood and womanhood.
>
> Trowbridge's "Cudjo" was not a great work. But well can we recall the infinite scorn with which the boy of our day treated his fellow who honestly answered that he had never explored the mysteries of that cave with the delightful author. Well, too, do we remember the envy with which the unfortunate youngster regarded his fortunate brother when the latter related the wonders of that mythical cavern.
>
> Two millions of boys must have read that enthralling juvenile tale. And to these millions the name of J. T. Trowbridge came as that of a boyhood friend, whose memory became the mellower as the days lengthened for boy and writer alike.

"Who of us now in middle life or a little past it has forgotten *Jack Hazard?*" demands its neighbor, *The Public Ledger:*

> The stories in which he played a leading part were among the best ever written for boys. They began as long ago as 1871 in *Our Young Folks*, one of the best magazines ever published, of which the author of the stories was an editor. Mr. John Townsend Trowbridge lived a long and useful life, and wrote many tales and verses which gave him an immense popularity with readers of all ages, but he did nothing

better than "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes" and its several sequels. Now that he is dead at the age of eighty-eight, thousands will feel that they have lost a friend. He was not, in the strict sense of the phrase, a great writer. His most distinct gift was humor, and in that once-familiar story, "Coupon Bonds," and in the yet familiar poem, "Darius Green and His Flying-Machine," he hit a very high mark indeed. His novels, of which "Neighbor Jackwood" was perhaps the best, never rose above mediocrity; they would be rather hard reading now. Nor was it given to him to reach the upper levels of poetry, tho a part of what he wrote is deservedly found in our anthologies. But he made his characters real; he depicted with rare fidelity certain phases of American life, and he will keep without question his modest place in our literature.

His verse is as fondly recalled as are his tales. "Darius Green" was written, we are told, in the pure spirit of derision, and Mr. Trowbridge afterward confest—forty years afterward, when for the first time he saw an aeroplane really fly—that he had had at that earlier date not the slightest idea that a man who tried to fly could be anything but a crack-brained lunatic. "Vagabonds" is another old favorite, to be found in many nineteenth-century anthologies, and doubtless in many more scrap-books. Few readers will fail to recognize the first lines:

"We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!—
Over the table—look out for the lamp!"

Then, there are the familiar lines of "Darius Green":

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
"That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
  Jest show me that!
  Ur prove 't the bat
  Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Nur I can't see
What's the use o' wings to a bumblebee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me;
  Ain't my business
  Important's his'n is?

A Boston *Transcript* editor also pays tribute to Trowbridge the poet:

As a poet, Trowbridge wrote much that was deep, thrilling, and mature. In truth, he had the Puritan nature and the Puritan consciousness of public duty, of public responsibility, in a high degree. Through his later poems there runs the note of patriotism and of civic consciousness, as well as of high romance. But since the vision of youth, and of the homely pathos of life, was the deepest and greatest thing in him, his readers will always return to that, and it is that which his name will always mean to his countrymen. His life and work, in fact, are epitomized in the last three stanzas of his fine poem, "Two-score and Ten":

The dreamy soul, too sensitive and shy;
  The brooding tenderness for bird and flower;
The old, old wonder at the earth and sky,
  And sense of guidance by an unseen power—

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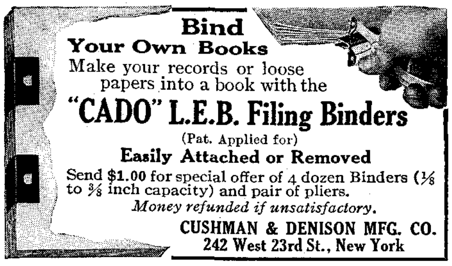

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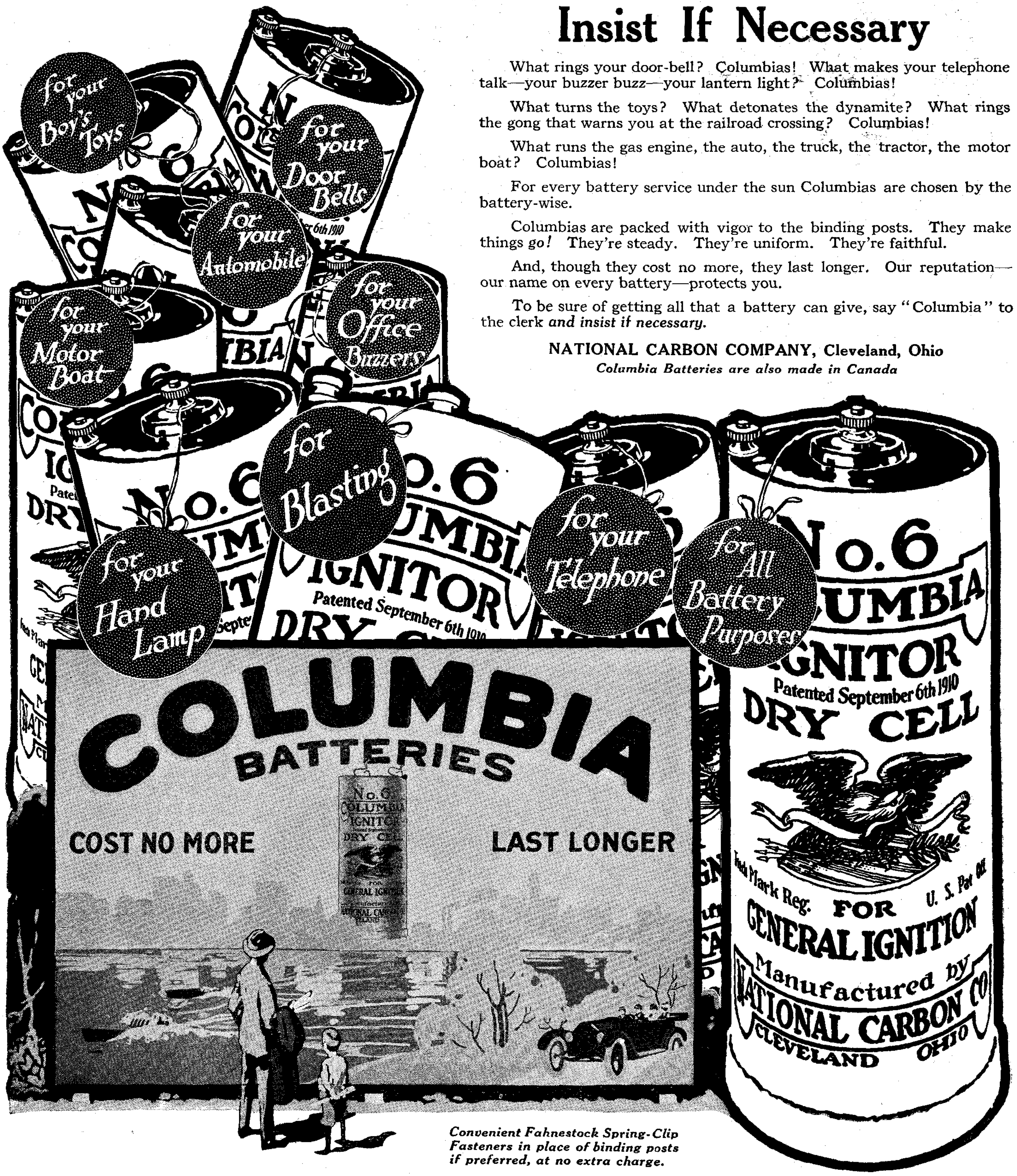
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These keep perpetual childhood in my heart.
  The peaks of age, that looked so bare and cold,
Those peaks and I are still as far apart
  As in the years when fifty seemed so old.

Age, that appeared far off a bourn at rest,
  Recedes as I advance: the fount of joy
Rises perennial in my grateful breast:
  And still at fifty I am but a boy.

QUICK-LUNCH LINGO

THE doctor writes Latin on your prescription in return for a five-dollar fee; the lawyer may even venture into Greek. The chef says "*Potage Parmentier*" when he means potato soup; the sport-writer describes his favorite form of mania in flowing imagery that scorns to mingle with the English idiom. Stock-brokers affect the deaf-and-dumb alphabet in preference to their own; poets, Fourth-of-July orators, and railroad-folder-writers all show a considerable scorn for the common or garden variety of speech. And then, there is the Quick-Lunch expert. Not all Speed Restaurants are equipped with these experts, but on occasion they are to be found, and their free translations of the items on the bill of fare are at once the fascination and bewilderment of the patron. A writer in the Boston *Post* introduces us to one of them:

The other day in a down-town restaurant, after I had polished off a platter of beans, I tarried to converse with one of the waiters who is a friend of mine. He was very busy, of course, yet, while waiting on customers, he found time to converse with me.

"Gimme an order of pea soup." said one customer.

"One splash of split peas," cried the waiter.

"Couple of sinkers and a cup of coffee without cream," said a gink, climbing on a stool.

"Two submarines and a mug of murk—no cow!" bawled the waiter.

"I ain't seen Jim for two weeks," he went on, addressing me. "He always used to come in here noons, but—"

"An order of ham and eggs," interrupted a customer.

"Roast two on a slice of squeal!" the waiter shouted into the tube.

"Beef stew and a cup of tea for me," a new arrival said.

"Bossy in a bowl—boiled leaves on the side!" sang the waiter. Then to me:

"I've been thinking that Jim must have the grip or something, because—"

"A dozen raw oysters," said a busy business man.

"Twelve alive in the shell!" shouted the waiter.

"Where's my eggs on toast?" complained a man in waiting.

"Rush the biddies on a raft!" yelped the waiter.

"I want a rump steak rare," ordered another man.

"Slab of moo—let him chew it!" the waiter called.

"If you see Jim," he went on, "tell him I was askin' about him, will you?"

I told him I would and slid off my stool.

"I want a bowl of tomato soup," began

the man who grabbed my stool, "a plate of beans, bread and butter, a piece of apple pie, and a glass of water."

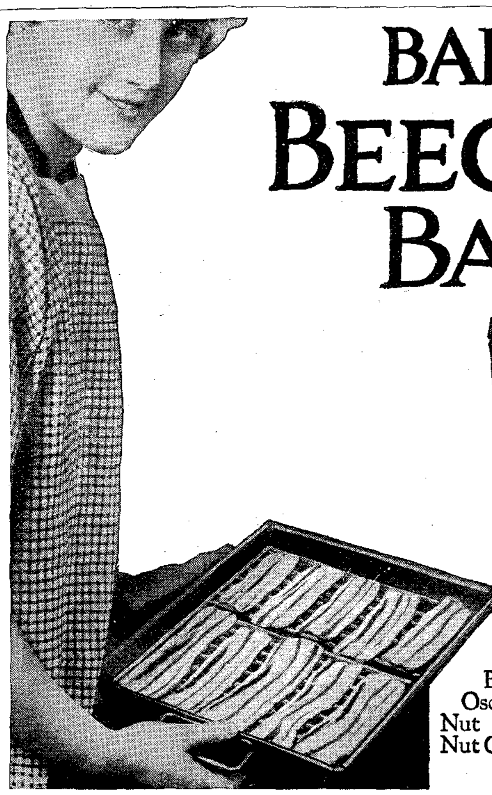
I figured that the translation of this order into lunch-lingo would be worth listening to, so I lingered. The waiter seemed to be puzzled, but for an instant only; then he shouted into the tube as follows:

"One splash of red noise, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with the lid on, and a chaser of Adam's ale!"

THE ART OF TORPEDO-CHASING

DOUBTLESS we do not sufficiently appreciate the worth of our Representatives in Washington. In a moment of reckless good-heartedness we elect them to office, and then spend all the time they are serving the sentence we have imposed upon them in finding fault with them and trying to pick flaws in their work. For our inconsiderateness in this matter we are reproached by the New York *Globe*, which takes the trouble to point out a concrete example of the sort of thing we should learn to expect of our Senators and Representatives. The Representative concerned is John R. Connelly, of Kansas, who, entering upon his second term in Congress, is rewarded for good and faithful service by a seat in the Naval Affairs Committee. Says *The Globe:*

> Mr. Connelly, for some reason or other, too long has been hiding his light under a bushel. Yesterday he brought it out and let it shine in all its glorious effulgence. To-day Kansas is almost bursting with pride.
>
> It all happened this way: Admiral Grant, commander of the submarine flotilla, was before the committee telling of some of the needs of the Navy. Mr. Connelly, clearing his throat and with a seriousness befitting the solemn occasion, looked Admiral Grant squarely in the face and asked:
>
> "Admiral, there ha been a good deal of talk about torpedo-boat destroyers. Are they vessels to destroy torpedoes?"
>
> Every member of the committee leaned forward in anxious expectation of the answer. Admiral Grant, true son of Neptune, did not falter, altho conscious of the grave responsibility thrust upon him. So he told his eager listeners all about the functions of a torpedo-boat destroyer.
>
> It seems that one at least is assigned to every cruiser and battle-ship. Its duty is to keep a sharp lookout for torpedoes. If a hostile craft discharges one at the ship it is mounting guard over, it immediately goes in pursuit of the missile. Half a dozen members of the crew are equipped with scoop-nets, something like what one uses in crabbing, and when the torpedo-boat destroyer gets alongside the torpedo a sailor nimbly reaches over and snares it. It looks pretty difficult at first, but it is very simple after all when one is trained to it. In fact, Admiral Grant said that the torpedo-fielding average of our Navy for the last five seasons has been .997. So one can see how little we have to fear on that score.
>
> We often hear that Senators and Representatives are not always qualified to



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Sex Facts Hitherto Misunderstood
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control the destinies of a great nation. What rubbish! We recall, for instance, that Senator of gigantic intellect who, when the inquiry into the loss of the *Titanic* was in progress, asked why the passengers and crew did not take refuge in the water-tight compartments when they saw that the ship was doomed. As long as we have such men as this we may rest assured that the United States will stand secure even amid a falling world.

A BAD SPELL IN COLLEGE

A PRIZE of a trip to Atlantic City or a dinner, with all due appurtenances, at Delmonico's, should surely spur any college student, male or female, to the greatest possible efforts. Such a prize was recently offered by Dr. D. B. Duncan, of Columbia University, when there convened under his instruction the first spelling-class that that University has yet known. Any man or girl who should spell one hundred words correctly would earn the prize. Eighty of these words were chosen from a current daily newspaper, and the other twenty were of as common or garden a variety. It looked like a reckless proposition for the professor, but subsequent events proved that he knew perfectly what he was about. No one got the prize, and the general average, declares a college correspondent of the New York *Globe* (who modestly admits to securing an 85 per cent.) was thirty-five words out of the lot correctly spelled. Apparently, Columbia's spelling-class will thrive.

Ten of the words in Professor Duncan's list were designated for a special use. Each student was requested to employ them in brief sentences, to illustrate their meaning. The words were "affidavit," "severance," "intrigue," "sponsor," "efficiency," "recalcitrant," "dilemma," "massacre," "colossal," and "validity." Glance them over, gentle reader. Could you meet them all with fearless front, on an examination-paper? Then you are indeed fortunate, for here is what our college youths and misses accomplished in that line:

> I do not know how to spell recalcutrant, or how to use it in a sentence.
>
> The matter was somewhat intrigue.
>
> The papers were found to be validity.
>
> In court they use affadavits.
>
> The mother was in a great delemmer about the lost of her child.
>
> There are frequent mascre during the war.
>
> He proved his affidavite.
>
> He was a colossal.
>
> The Germans discovered the intrigues of the enemies.
>
> The Germans' intrigue was discovered of the Russians.
>
> He was sponcer for the bride and groom.
>
> Efficantcy was the motto of the new business school.
>
> On such a dilemma there was no way to escape.
>
> Massacre, that is one of the chief sports of several of the belligerent counties.

THE PRESTIGE OF A MOTOR CAR no longer depends upon a mere name, surrounded by a fictitious atmosphere of aristocracy.

The only aristocracy in motor cars, now, is an aristocracy of merit.

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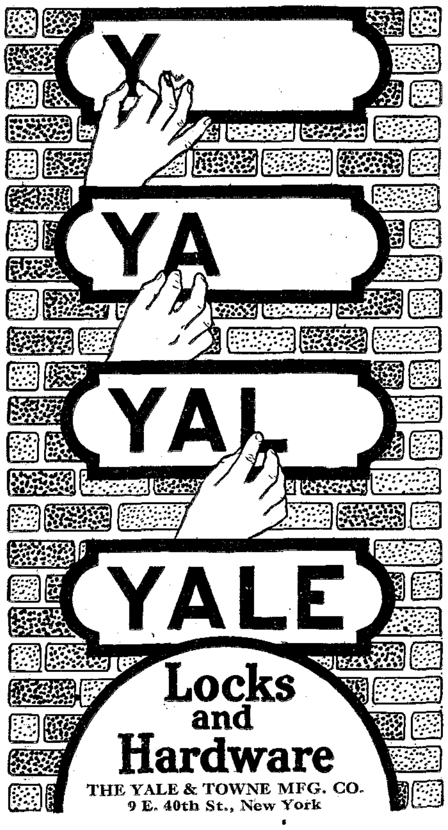
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It was a clossal man, with microscropic sense of honor.

The matter was triatia with severance.

The lawyer made out the affidavit.

He will recalcitrate from prison if he isn't watched.

The delima I was in resulted in disaster.

The sponsor of the fourth regement was not present.

The efficiency of the gunners show that they were near the top of the list.

The meaning of the word recalcutrant has put me on the two horns of a dilema.

The intrigue which he carried out more than once eventually meant his job.

He was a great severance.

It is difficult to gain of efficency.

She found herself in a delema with a house full of company, the maid suddenly left, leaving her to do everything and at the same time entertain the guests.

The Germans issued many afidavits when they took posesion of Belgium and treat the Belgians with great severance.

The Romans built in what is now Italy colosal monuments.

I think the intrigue is a very bad quality.

She told us of a maner recalcitrant.

The dilemma of our teacher in gramar composition is to teach us very well.

Your work is very validity.

He made a collossal falure of it.

Re—? [recalcitrant] are the islands in the middle of the sea.

The Indians massicured the early Americans.

The efficientcy of the pupils were a few in number.

It is hardly necessary to say, after going through the foregoing, that Dr. Duncan has picked out something of a job for himself. The shades of Webster and Johnson are likely to drop in at any time and condole with him.

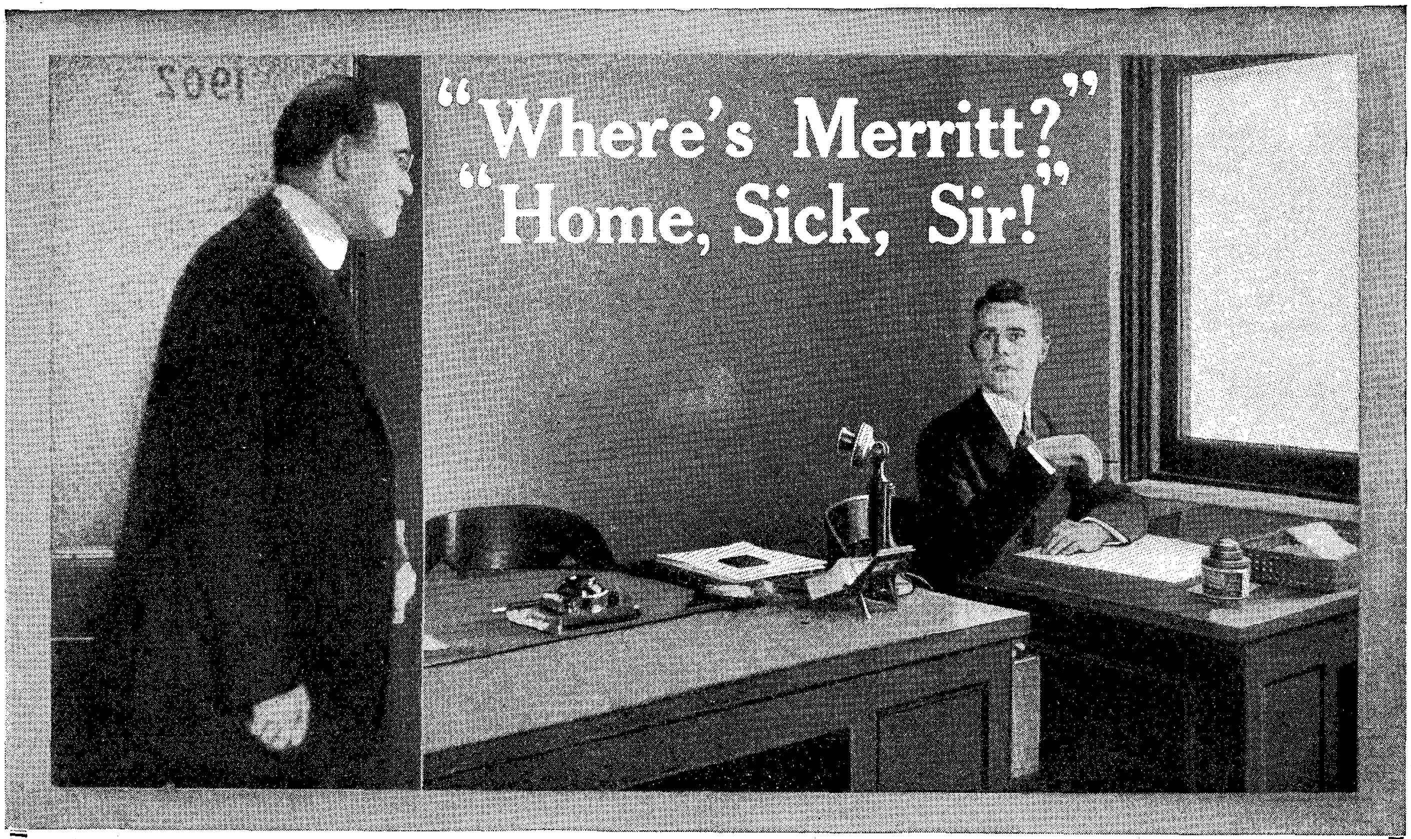
THE CHARGE OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

IN France they have hallowed the memory of the *Apache*, the felon, the murderer, the outlaw, the ne'er-do-weel, the cut-purse, and the adventurer. In that most sacred shrine of glory in all Paris, the Hôtel des Invalides, the battle-flag of the Foreign Legion—which is a collection of renegades from all quarters of the globe—is decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and droops in state between the flag of the cuirassiers who died at Reichshofen and the famous standard that the Garibaldians bore in 1870 and 1871. Once the Foreign Legion was the despised Saragossa Sea of all the flotsam and jetsam of every tide of humanity. Now its name and memory are honored above those of many a regiment of "the flower of France." It is a strange metamorphosis, and yet the explanation is a simple one. For valiant service already rendered, the Legion, in the fall of 1915, was recognized by the President of the French Republic and the Commander-in-Chief of her armies, and admitted to an equal footing with the regiments of the line. To the men of the Legion this meant much. They were no longer pariahs and outcasts. They were Frenchmen, at last, and this in spite of the fact that their numbers comprised Russians, Turks, Hindus, Bulgars, Servians, Greeks, Negroes, Italians, even a Fiji Islander, and a German. They had fought for France, and France had publicly exprest her debt of gratitude. And the gratitude they exprest in turn was of the highest type of which man is capable, for the Foreign Legion died for France. When its threadbare ranks returned from the "drive" of last September and its standard was placed in the Invalides, it ceased to exist, save that its memory lives on in the heart of France. "War did its work thoroughly with the Legion," writes one of its members who survived. "We had the place of honor in the attack, and we paid for it."

In the March *Atlantic Monthly* this survivor, Morlae by name, a Californian of French descent, tells, as few war-stories have yet been told, of the death of the Legion. It is no fanciful story. Mr. Morlae was with the Legion till the end, and lay for some time in the hospital recovering from wounds received in that memorable attack. His story is plain fact, and yet such as must stir the blood in the most peaceful of us, for it is the story of a supreme sacrifice, made by men banned from every country on earth, grateful for the harsh asylum offered them by France. "It is a story of adventurers," says he who knew them, "of criminals, of fugitives from justice. Some of them are drunkards, some thieves, and some with the mark of Cain upon them find others to keep them company. They are men I know the worst of. And yet I am proud of them—proud of having been one of them; very proud of having commanded some of them."

Graphically we are told of the elaborate preparations that preceded the drive in which the Legion fell. They were placed in the van, and Mr. Morlae's own company formed the front line of the extreme left flank. As he says:

> The detail was infinite, but everything was foreseen. Twelve men from each company were furnished with long knives and grenades. Upon these "trench-cleaners," as we called them, fell the task of entering the German trenches and caves and bomb-proofs, and disposing of such of the enemy as were still hidden therein after we had stormed the trench and passed on to the other side. All extra shoes, all clothing and blankets, were turned in to the quartermaster, and each man was provided with a second canteen of water, two days of "iron rations," and 130 rounds additional, making 250 cartridges per man. The gas-masks and mouth-pads were ready; emergency dressings were inspected, and each man ordered to put on clean underwear and shirts to prevent possible infection of the wounds.
>
> One hour before the time set for the advance, we passed the final inspection and deposited our last letters with the regimental postmaster. Those letters meant a good deal to all of us, and they


"Where's Merritt?"
"Home, Sick, Sir!"

"HE TOOK chances with draughts and young whirlwinds that swirled through the open window. Grip has laid him out flat on his back." This office is called "modern." Yet no positive system of ventilation is provided. Open windows and doors let the air in—you say. Yes—in came the air in gusty draughts and took liberties with Merritt's neck and ankles. He's home sick now and the boss wonders why profits dwindle.

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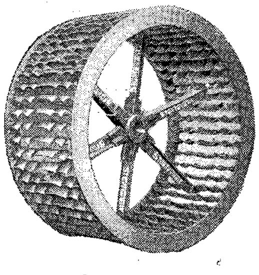

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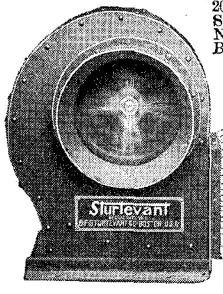

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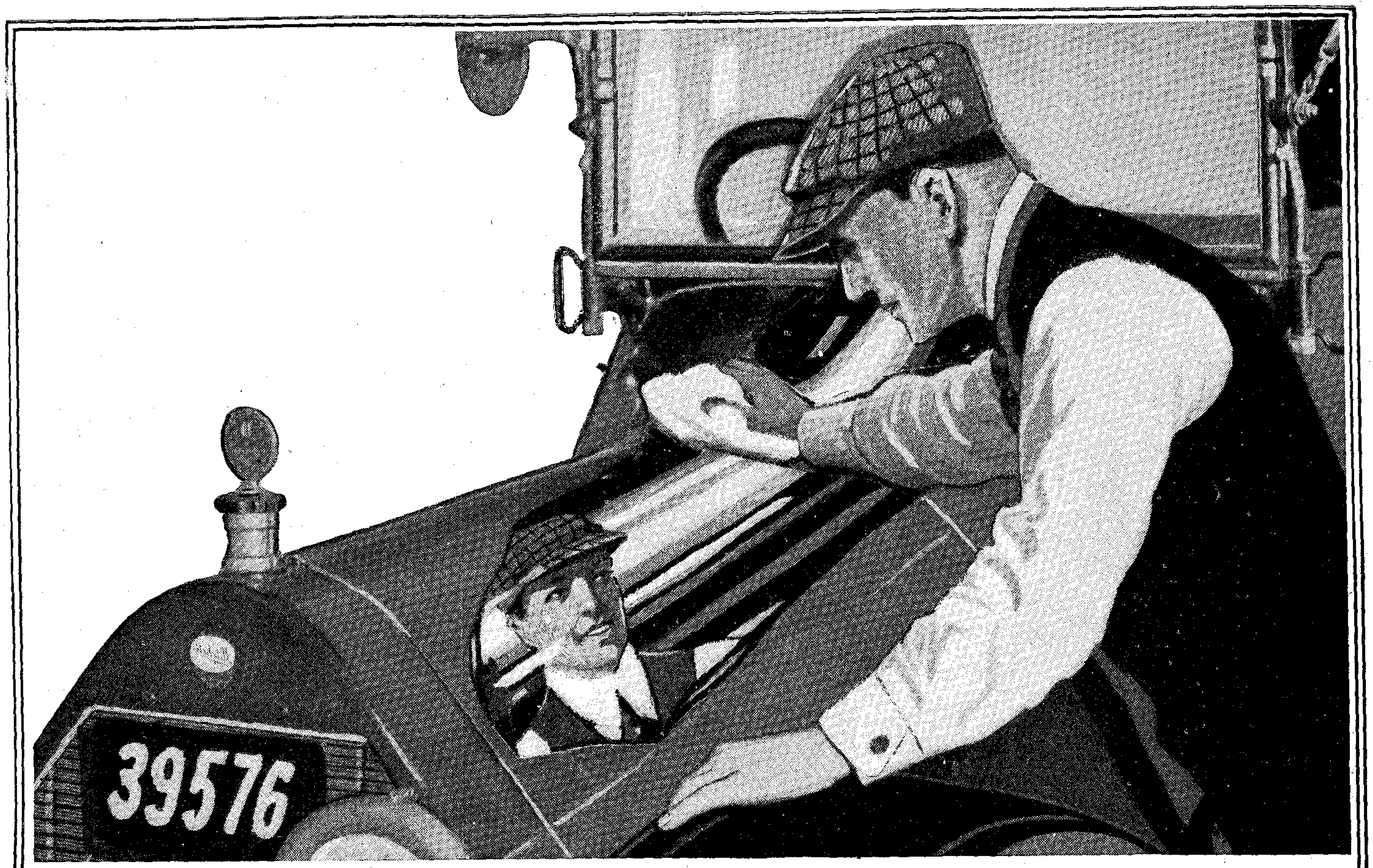
were in our minds during the long wait that followed. One man suddenly began to intone the "Marseillaise." Soon every man joined in singing. It was a very Anthem of Victory. We were ready, eager, and confident: for us to-morrow held but one chance—Victory.

Most interesting to us who sit at home, wondering what war must be to the men of Europe, is the writer's description of his sensations and his comrades' actions as they prepared for the movement which, they knew full well, would mean certain death or disablement for, not one man in ten, but eight or nine out of every ten of them:

> I did not really think I should die. Yet I had arranged my earthly affairs. "One can never tell," as the French soldier says with a shrug. I had written to my friends at home. I had named the man in my company to whom I wished to leave my personal belongings. Sergeant Velte was to have my Parabellum pistol; Casey my prismatics; Birchler my money-belt and contents; while Sergeant Jovert was booked for my watch and compass. Yet, in the back of my mind, I smiled at my own forethought. I knew that I should come out alive. I recalled to myself the numerous times that I had been in imminent peril: in the Philippines, in Mexico, and during the thirteen months of this war: I could remember time and again when men were killed on each side of me and when I escaped unscratched. Take the affair of Papoin, Joly, and Bob Scanlon. We were standing together so near that we could have clasped hands. Papoin was killed, Joly was severely wounded, and Scanlon was hit in the ankle—all by the same shell. The fragments which killed and wounded the first two passed on one side of me, while the piece of iron that hit Bob went close by my other side. Yet I was untouched! Again, take the last patrol. When I was out of cover, the Germans shot at me from a range of 10 meters—and missed! I felt certain that my day was not to-morrow.
>
> Just the same, I was glad that my affairs were arranged, and it gave me a sense of conscious satisfaction to think that my comrades would have something to remember me by. There is always the chance of something unforeseen happening.
>
> The pace was accelerating. The strain was beginning to wear off. From right and left there came a steady murmur of low talk. In our own column men were beginning to chaff each other. I could distinctly hear Subiron describing in picturesque detail to Capdevielle how he, Capdevielle, would look, gracefully draped over the German barbed wire; and I could hear Capdevielle's heated response that he would live long enough to spit upon Subiron's grave; and I smiled to myself. The moment of depression and self-communication had passed. The men had found themselves and were beginning their usual chaffing. And yet, in all their chatter there seemed to be an unusually sharp note. The jokes all had an edge to them. References to one another's death were common, and good wishes for one another's partial dismemberment excited only laughter. Just behind me I heard King express the hope that if he lost an arm or a leg he would at least get the *médaille militaire* in exchange. By way of comfort,



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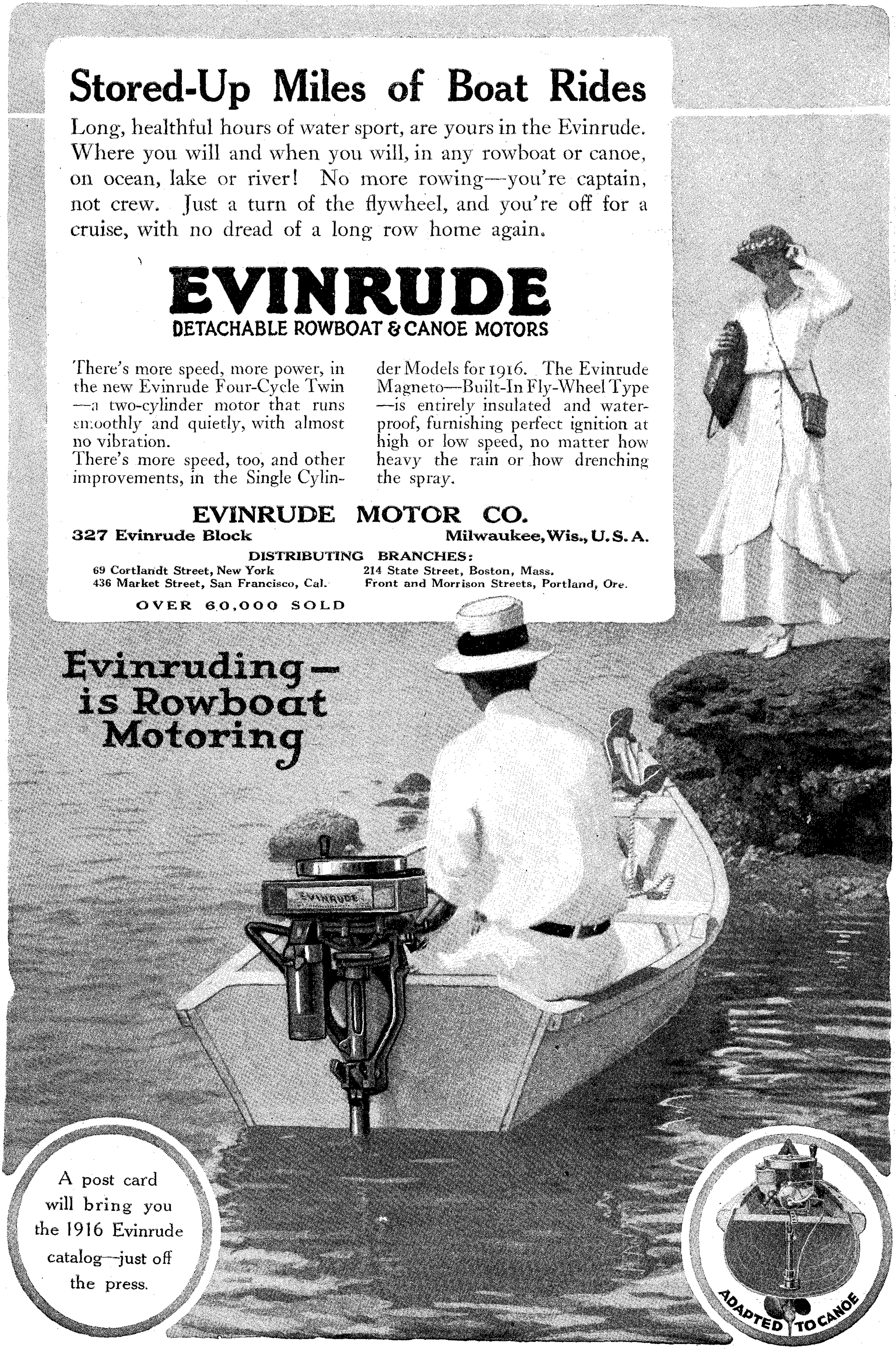
his chum, Dowd, remarked that, whether he got the medal or not, he was very sure of getting a permit to beg on the street-corners.

At eleven on the night before the attack, they began their march down to the front trenches. As they passed the supporting trenches, dark forms of the men of reserve regiments leaned out to regard them with curiosity. "Why should these men be going into battle ahead of themselves? Who were they?" "*Nous sommes la Légion.*" "*A-a-a-h, la Légion!* That explains it!" "Our right to the front rank seemed to be acknowledged. It did every man of us good." Arrived, the night passed as many another night has passed in the advance trench, and, poised on the brink of eternity as it was, the Legion laid itself down on the straw of the trench-floor and slept, for the most part soundly. But in the morning there was a decided tenseness among them. Nine-fifteen, the fatal moment that had been set weeks ago for the advance, approached on leaden feet. The artillery-fire, which had progressed steadily in intensity through the night, reached a deafening pitch. An eternity passed. Then shells from the German guns began to fall upon them. Aeroplane spies had glimpsed an unusual concentration in the first line and had pointed it out to their fire-control officers. But at last the moment came! The signal was given. We read:

> I felt my jaws clinching, and the man next to me looked white. It was only for a second. Then every one of us rushed at the trench-wall, each and every man struggling to be the first out of the trench. In a moment we had clambered up and out. We slid over the parapet, wormed our way through gaps in the wire, formed in line, and, at the command, moved forward at march-step straight toward the German wire.
>
> The world became a roaring hell. Shell after shell burst near us, sometimes right among us; and, as we moved forward at the double-quick, men fell right and left. We could hear the subdued rattling of the mitrailleuses and the roar of volley-fire, but, above it all, I could hear with almost startling distinctness the words of the captain, shouting in his clear, high voice: "*En avant! Vive la France!*"
>
> As we marched forward toward our goal, huge geysers of dust spouted into the air, rising behind our backs from the rows of "75's" supporting us. In front the fire-curtain outlined the whole length of the enemy's line with a neatness and accuracy that struck me with wonder, as the flames burst through the pall of smoke and dust around us. Above, all was blackness, but at its lower edge the curtain was fringed with red and green flames, marking the explosion of the shells directly over the ditch and parapet in front of us. The low-flying clouds mingled with the smoke-curtain, so that the whole brightness of the day was obscured. Out of the blackness fell a trickling rain of pieces of metal, lumps of earth, knapsacks, rifles, cartridges, and fragments of human flesh. We went on steadily, nearer and nearer. Now we seemed very close to the wall of shells streaming from our own guns, curving just above us, and dropping into the trenches in front. The effect was terrific. I almost braced myself against the rocking of the earth, like a sailor's instinctive gait in stormy weather.
>
> In a single spot immediately in front of us, not over ten meters in length, I counted twelve shells bursting so fast that I could not count them without missing other explosions. The scene was horrible and terrifying. Across the wall of our own fire, poured shell after shell from the enemy, tearing through our ranks. From overhead the shrapnel seemed to come down in sheets, and from behind the stinking, blinding curtain came volleys of steel-jacketed bullets, their whine unheard and their effect almost unnoticed.
>
> I think we moved forward simply from habit. With me it was like a dream as we went on, ever on. Here and there men dropt, the ranks closing automatically. Of a sudden our own fire-curtain lifted. In a moment it had ceased to bar our way and jumped like a living thing to the next line of the enemy. We could see the trenches in front of us now, quite clear of fire, but flattened almost beyond recognition. The defenders were either killed or demoralized. Calmly, almost stupidly, we parried or thrust with the bayonet at those who barred our way. Without a backward glance we leapt the ditch and went on straight forward toward the next trench, marked in glowing outline by our fire. I remember now how the men looked. Their eyes had a wild, unseeing look in them. Everybody was gazing ahead, trying to pierce the awful curtain which cut us off from all sight of the enemy. Always the black pall smoking and burning appeared ahead—just ahead of us—hiding everything we wanted to see.

Again and again they advanced in this manner, short rushes inspired by signaled orders from their captain. No shouted order could be heard above the ear-splitting din of the guns. As the curtain of fire moved on, they fell into the trench ahead—what was left of it. A moment's bloody work with bayonet and gun-butt, and they passed on, leaving the trench-cleaners to dispose of those who lurked in the intricate underground passages. They advanced again, in a dull exaltation of madness. "I remember," says the writer, "that I looked back and saw Pala down on his hands and knees. I turned and ran over to help him up. He was quite dead, killed in the act of rising from the ground. His grotesque posture struck me at the time as funny, and I could not help smiling. I suppose I was nervous. . . ." He tells of a strange change that came at one point:

> The German artillery in front ceased firing, and the next second we saw the reason why. In the trench ahead, the German troops were pouring out in black masses and advancing toward us at a trot. Was it a counter-attack? "*Tant mieux,*" said a man near me; another, of a different race, said, "We'll show them!" Then as suddenly our own artillery ceased firing, and the mystery became plain. The



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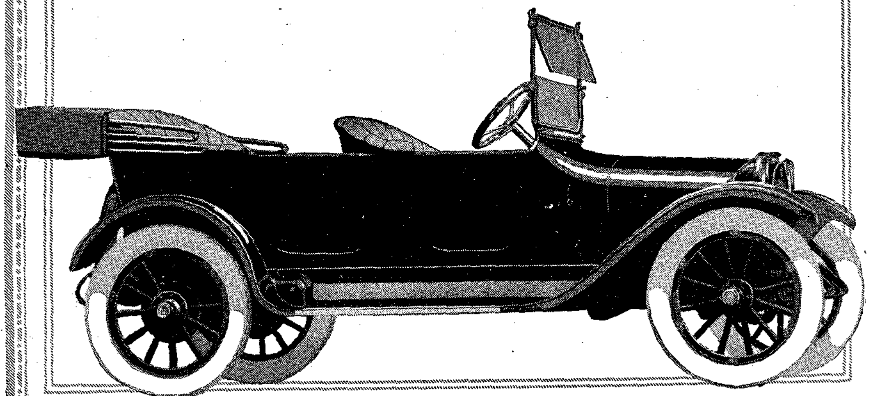

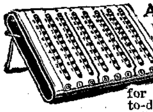

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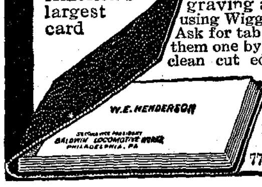

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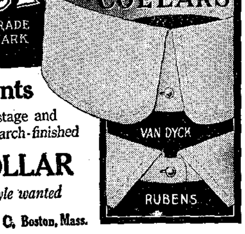

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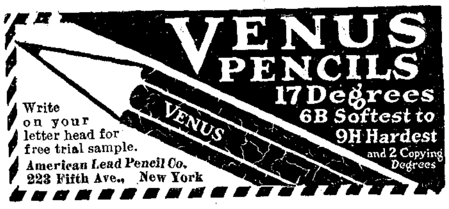


Germans were approaching in columns of fours, officers to the front, hands held in the air, and, as they came closer, we could distinguish the steady cry, "*Kameraden! Kameraden!*"

They were surrendering. How we went at our work! Out flew our knives, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, we had mingled among the prisoners, slicing off their trouser-buttons, cutting off suspenders, and hacking through belts. All the war-shoes had their laces cut, according to the regulations laid down in the last French *Manual*, and thus, slopping along, their hands helplessly in their breeches-pockets, to keep their trousers from falling round their ankles, shuffling their feet, to keep their boots on, the huge column of prisoners was sent to the rear with a few soldiers to direct rather than to guard them. There was no fight left in them now. A terror-stricken group; some of them, temporarily at least, half insane.

As the Germans had left the trenches, their artillery had paused, thinking it a counter-attack. Now, as file after file was escorted to the rear and it became apparent to their rear-lines that the men had surrendered, the German artillery saw its mistake and opened up again furiously at the dark masses of defenseless prisoners.

Finally they reached a communication-trench that they knew led directly to their destination—Ferme Navarin. It was filled with the bodies of Germans—in some places literally so. "For hundreds of meters continuously my feet as I trudged along did not touch the ground." Not all were dead, but the Legion dared not stop; the Red Cross would soon be at work in their rear—if they did not fail. They reached the desired trench, only to find it totally unoccupied—so well had the French gunners done their work. Ferme Navarin was but 200 meters distant. They advanced to open positions and dug themselves in separately, in little one-man trenches. Essentially, the charge was over. They lay at ease, rolling cigarets and chaffing each other, or even dashing now and again over into a neighbor's niche. One such dash earned the writer a bullet in the shoulder; but still a more painful experience was in store for him, as he relates:

The second sergeant had returned and relieved me at twelve, midnight. I pulled several handfuls of grass, and with that and two overcoats I had stript from dead Germans during the night, I made a comfortable bed and lay down to sleep. The bank was not uncomfortable. I was very tired, and dozed off immediately.

Suddenly I awoke in darkness. Everything was still, and I could hear my watch ticking, but over every part of me there was an immense leaden weight. I tried to rise, and couldn't move. Something was holding me and choking me at the same time. There was no air to breathe. I set my muscles and tried to give a strong heave. As I drew in my breath, my mouth filled with dirt. I was buried alive!

It is curious what a man thinks about when he is in trouble. Into my mind shot memories of feats of strength performed. Why, I was the strongest man in the section. Surely I could lift myself out, I thought to myself, and my confidence began to return. I worked the dirt out of my mouth with the tip of my tongue, and prepared myself mentally for the sudden heave that would free me. A quick inhalation, and my mouth filled again with dirt. I could not move a muscle under my skin. And then I seemed to be two people. The "I" who was thinking seemed to be at a distance from the body lying there.

My God! Am I going to die stretched out in a hole like this? I thought.

Through my mind flashed a picture of the way I had always hoped to die—the way I had a right to die; face to the enemy and running toward him. Why, that was part of a soldier's wages. I tried to shout for help, and more dirt entered my mouth! I could feel it gritting 'way down in my throat. My tongue was locked so I could not move. I watched the whole picture. I was standing a little way off and could hear myself gurgle. My throat was rattling, and I said to myself, "That's the finish!" Then I grew calm. It wasn't hurting so much, and somehow or other I seemed to realize that a soldier had taken a soldier's chance and lost. It wasn't his fault. He had done the best he could. Then the pain all left me, and the world went black. It was death.

Then somebody yelled: "Hell! He bit my finger." I could hear him.

"That's nothing," said a voice I knew as Collette's. "Get the dirt out of his mouth."

Again a finger entered my throat, and I coughed spasmodically.

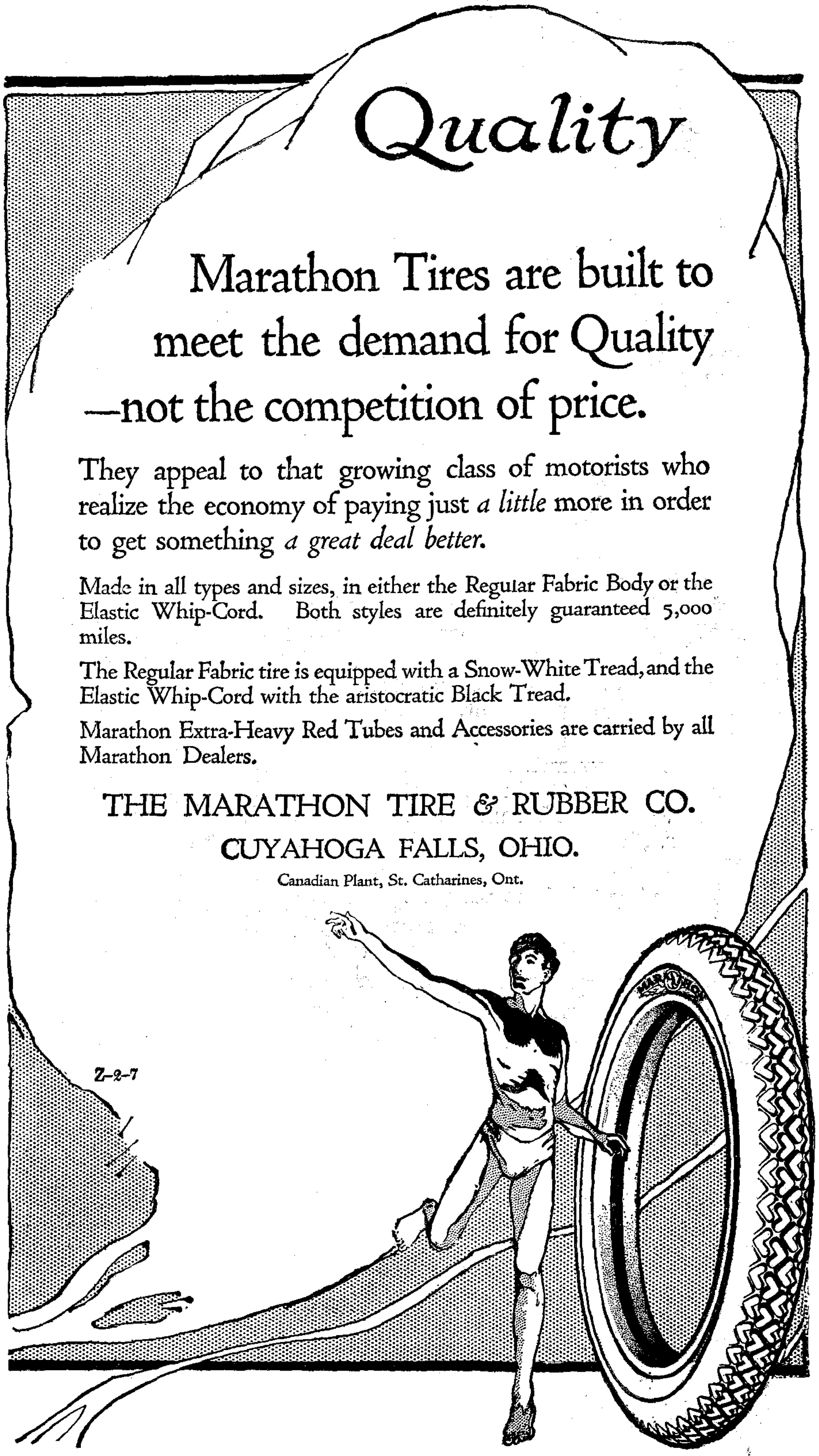
Some one was working my arms backward, and my right shoulder hurt me. I struggled up, but sank to my knees and began coughing up dirt.

"Here," says Subiron, "turn round and spit that dirt on your parapet. It all helps." The remark made me smile.

I was quite all right now, and Subiron, Collette, Joe, and Marcel returned to their holes. The Red-Cross men were picking something out of the hole made by a 250-millimeter, they told me. It was the remnant of the corporal and Sergeant Fourrier, who had their trench to my left. It seems that a 10-inch shell had entered the ground at the edge of my hole, exploded a depth of two meters, tearing the corporal and sergeant to pieces, and kicking several cubic meters of dirt into and on top of me. Subiron and the Collettes saw what had happened, and immediately started digging me out. They had been just in time. It wasn't long before my strength began to come back. Two stretcher-bearers came up to carry me to the rear, but I declined their services. There was too much going on.

And yet the night wore on with little more of moment. The Legion had done its work, and the pitiful handful of men that was left out of its numbers might take their leisure in thanking their particular stars that they yet lived. The story of their sacrifice is told, but there remains one more item, a fitting ironic touch to such a tale, that fell within the experience of the writer:

I wanted to know the time and felt along my belt. One of the straps had been cut clean through, and my wallet, which had held 265 francs, had been neatly removed. Some one of my men, who had



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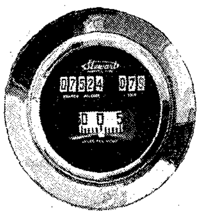

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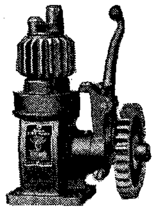

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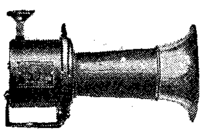

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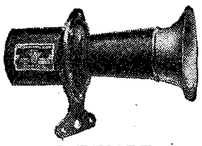

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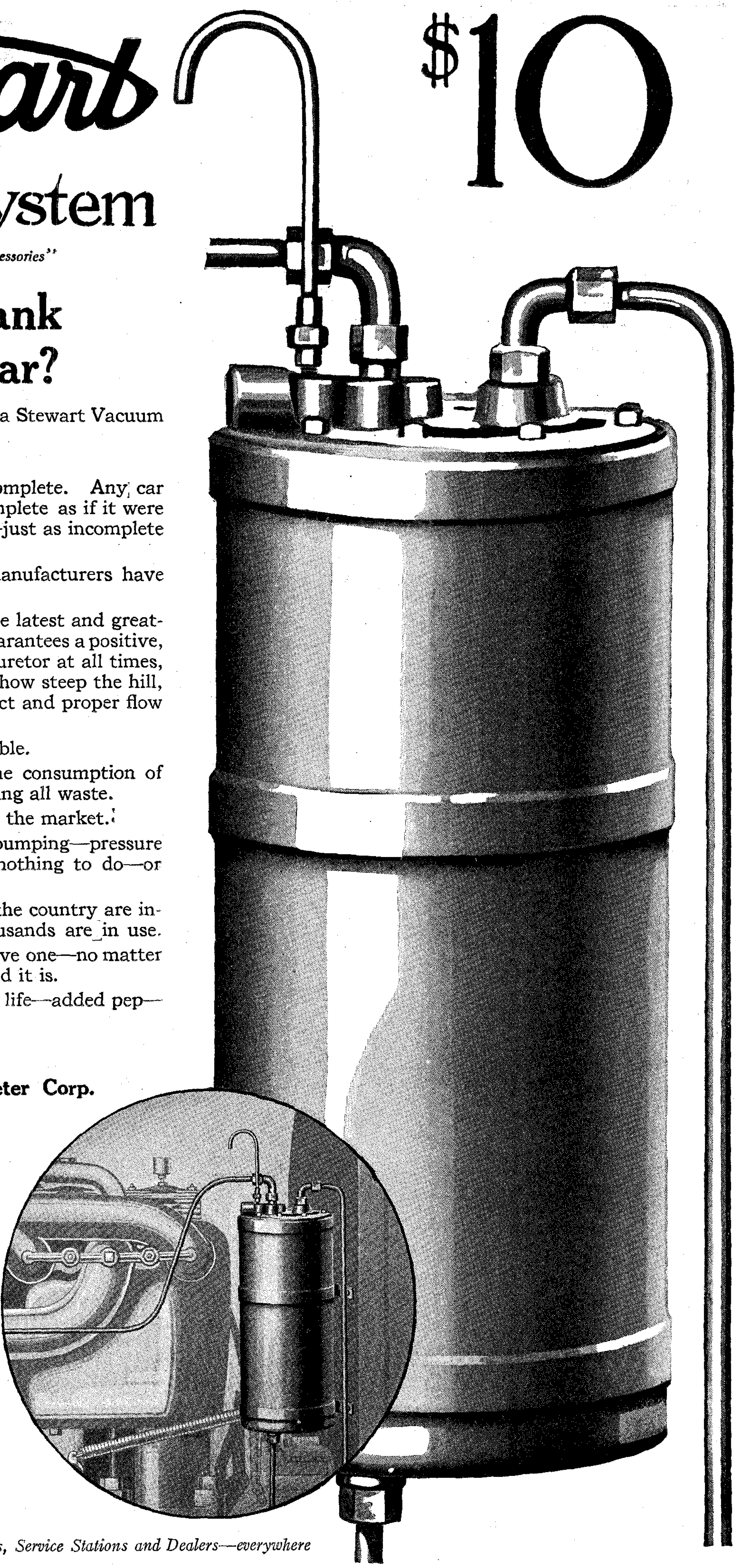


Stewart Products for sale at our Branches, Service Stations and Dealers—everywhere risked his life for mine with a self-devotion that could scarcely be surpassed, had felt that his need was greater than mine. Whoever he was, I bear him no grudge. Poor chap, if he lived he needed the money—and that day he surely did me a good turn. Besides, he was a member of the Legion.

THE RISE OF MARSHALL MABEY

MARSHALL MABEY escaped the horrors of the European War. Had he decided four years ago to remain in England, he might be now crouching in the lee of a ditch wondering when the next bit of shrapnel would locate itself inconveniently in his anatomy. As it is, all that happened to him was that he was shot up in a bubble of compress air twenty-seven feet through river-mud, twenty-five feet through the river itself, and an additional twenty feet into the air, astride a geyser of mud and foam. As the New York *Tribune* explains, he took this unconventional method of quitting work about four o'clock one afternoon, not so much because of any preference of his own as through the force of unforeseen necessity. When you are working as a "sand-hog" in a subway tunnel under a river (it was the East River, and the tunnel was worming its way from New York to Long Island City), and the river-bottom above you suddenly splits apart, with tons and tons of water above you and several tons pressure of compress air about you, choice plays a relatively small part in your actions during the next few moments. Mabey would doubtless have chosen to retire quietly into the next adjacent air-chamber, and so, by degrees, to the tunnel-mouth and up to solid earth. As it was a Saturday afternoon, he might even have lingered long enough to collect his pay-envelop at the paymaster's window. The evening would have been spent in recreation more or less mild in form, and so, as Mr. Pepys, that connoisseur of ennui, remarks, to-bed. On the contrary, he went geyser-riding, found himself floundering in the murky waters of the East River, and spent the evening in the hospital, attended by a marveling and flattering host of metropolitan newspaper-reporters. He admitted that he was "a bit shaken up" by his experience, but, "apart from that, I'm perfectly well." Later he related his experiences in some detail to a bedside acquaintance, as follows:

> You see, I didn't have time to be scared. It was Phoo!—like that—and then a second later I found myself splashing in the water.
>
> It was just as if a crack were to come in the wall up there. It seemed as if some one had cut a slash in the mud. I heard it smack—like a loud kiss—as it went apart, and we all stood a second and watched it grow deeper.
>
> Then there was a hiss, and a noise like an engine blowing off steam. I knew what had happened. I yelled "Blowout," and jumped from the scaffolding. I fell about eight feet and I tried to grab the shield. If I only could have done that I would have been all right.
>
> Driver was standing beside me. Something seemed to catch me and push me off my feet. There was a noise like a big wind. Something shot up in the air past me. I think it was Driver's body. Then I was pulled right up in the air. I remember hitting my leg on the shield as I went.
>
> It was just as if I was fastened to a balloon. I struck the ceiling of the tube. I hit it flat, with the whole side of my body. Then I don't remember just what happened. I said I didn't have time to be scared. I didn't. But I had time to think. That's funny, isn't it?
>
> I suppose I was a second coming up through the river-bed. But I had time to remember that another fellow had been caught in a blowout over on the Hudson and had reached the surface all right. I thought to myself: "Old chap, if he did it, you can."
>
> Then I reached water, still going sidewise. I sort of up-ended then and started toward the surface. My leg was numb and I wondered if I would be able to swim.
>
> They say I went twenty feet in the air when I came up. I don't remember that, but I do recollect swimming to a pier. The water was beastly cold, and the pile I hung to was all ice, and I kept slipping. The crowd on the dock was yelling at me, but they didn't seem to be doing anything. I called: "If you chaps are going to get a rope, you'd best do it soon." I was getting pretty tired.
>
> I don't know whether I'll go back to work Monday. She was here last night, and I'll have to let her get over her worry a little. And then I haven't seen either of the kiddies this Sunday. I wonder how soon that doctor is going to let me go home.

WHAT THE "QUIET FIRESIDES" SAY

OUR President has sent out an imploring call to the "quiet firesides" of this broad land for an expression of opinion on the Preparedness-question, and replies are beginning to come in with flattering rapidity. The responses are ready, but there may be a slight degree of disappointment in them for our earnest Executive. The quiet firesides are talking, as they have always talked, but they do not say quite as much about Preparedness as do the frequenters of the cloak-rooms of Congress. Still, if it will be of benefit to Mr. Wilson, there are many correspondents who are willing to report these conversations for him *verbatim*. The New York *Mail*, for example, tenders a report on the fireside—or, better, steam-heater—gossip of the metropolis:

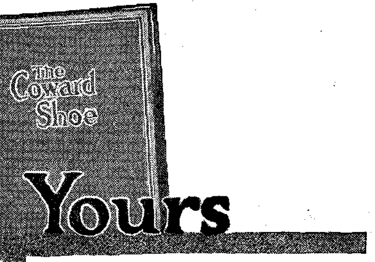
"Is there a Mary Pickford screen this week?"

"How much lower do you think wheat is going?"

"How can I make over that cerise chiffon?"

"I really can't pay the butcher to-day because my purple shoes are coming C. O. D."

"It looks to me as tho Jess Willard was awful fat."



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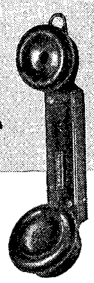

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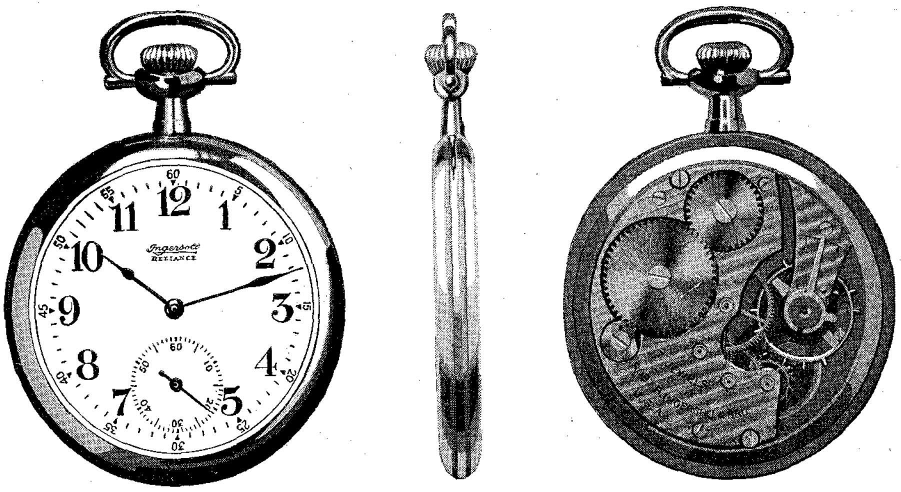
"We'll have to get a new rear tire and have the body painted."

"Steak again for supper?"

"Where is Teddy Roosevelt?"

The New York *Sun*, like a Marley's Ghost, leads us away to another fireside. Here the atmosphere is more suburban, even middle-Western. There is no direct hint of the proximity of Broadway here. It is undeniably a real American fireside. We are glad of this opportunity to see how the true American home reflects the personality of its great leader. We pause, look, and listen attentively:

> The water is up to 200 and the radiator sizzles, but Mother says she feels drafts about her feet, and with a despairing glance at the diminished bin Father consigns another shovelful to the flames, gingerly. Easter comes so late that a tenth ton is certain to be offered up to the devil of warmth. This has not been provided for and will have to come out of an item in the household budget ambiguously known as the sinking fund.
>
> There was a bushel of work at the office to-day and Father finds it difficult to put his mind on the intricacies of auction, which Mother is eager to practise in preparation for an entertainment to which she has received an invitation. They are playing three-handed with a neighbor, but after Father has lost two games and his wife all her interest, the neighbor goes home. Things are locked up, and both husband and wife take to reading the evening paper. Once they lower the pages and look at each other questioningly.
>
> "It's only Arthur coughing," she tells him. "If his cold is not better I shall keep him home from school to-morrow morning."
>
> They go back to the newspaper. In Father's head are many thoughts not derived from the print he looks at. He wonders what he had better get for Mother's coming birthday. He will have to write that New Jersey customer that his order can't be filled inside of two weeks. If the weather is good next Saturday he will need a new mashie to play. Better get the mashie anyway; if it freezes as it did last week something will be needed to hack the ice off the front steps. There's a new record he brought home to try on the phonograph, but it will have to wait now—children are asleep. Asleep — sleep — "wish-I-was-in-bed" — sleepy—he is off!
>
> Behind her half of the paper his wife is all attention. The new styles seem awfully uncertain. There, that straw hat at $5.98 looks just like the one Mrs. Blank had on to-day. Recipe for lemon pie; it isn't as good as her own. In the morning she must make that cake for the church supper. If Father only gets home from the office in time they can get an early start. The doctor had better see Arthur if he doesn't go to school. But she suddenly comes to a realization that she is not keeping in touch with world-news. Attentively she peruses the front page. At length she asks:
>
> "William, what is this attack on the



—and now a JEWELED Ingersoll extra thin—for $3

TWENTY-FOUR years ago a young man had an idea. He believed a watch could be made that would keep accurate time and be sold for a *dollar*. People laughed at him. Watchmakers said it could not be done.

But the young man *believed* in his idea, and today forty-five million Ingersoll Watches—ticking in the pockets of men, women and children the world over—attest the fact that the young man's idea was sound.

He had another idea. He wanted to make a *fine* watch—a watch that would bear the same relation to expensive *jeweled* watches that the Ingersoll Dollar Watch bears to ordinary watches —*also at a price that everyone can afford.*

In making the Dollar Watch he had learned how quantity production and improved machinery decreased manufacturing costs. Why couldn't these be applied to *fine* watchmaking? He found they could.

The result is the new Ingersoll RELIANCE.

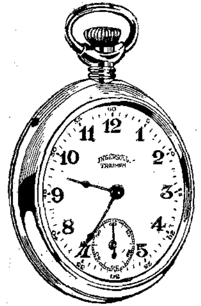
Not only has the Reliance seven jewels—at the points of greatest friction—but it is also very *thin* and very good to look upon.

Go to the nearest store that sells Ingersoll Watches and ask to see one. Take it in your hand and see how thin it is—how graceful—and how *solid.*

It is solid because the movement is of the "bridge" type—the same type used in the Jurgensen and all other of the world's best watches. A movement of this type has never before been obtainable in a low-priced watch.

Every Reliance is tested *in its case* at the factory and made to run accurately in *three positions*. It is fully guaranteed.

If your dealer is sold out, write us; we'll gladly send you one—in engine turned or plain polished nickel case—on receipt of $3.00.



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President? Do you think he is right in his foreign policy?"

Father starts up guiltily. Even when the question is repeated he hesitates before answering.

"Oh, I guess he's doing as well as could be expected," he says finally. "Hard job to tell what to do."

His wife looks at him reproachfully as he rises. He returns a glance of innocent inquiry. Suddenly both smile, and then he bends down and kisses her. Theirs is a quiet fireside. But they don't do much talking about it.

THE WAR AND "YELLOW JOURNALISM"

A SAFFRON-TINT in a newspaper has up to now been a badge of disrepute, but owing to the influence of the European War it is now being adopted by the staidest publications. It is not the sort of yellow that betokens scurrility, however, but that of the paper on which the news is printed. Many of our newspapers used to pride themselves on the whiteness of their paper. It was perhaps not so good for the eyes of their readers as the old-time yellow, but it presented a much finer appearance. Now their pride has had a fall, for gradually one after the other they are coming back again. The explanation of this is given by the religious weekly, *America:*

> Our journals are growing yellow, because Chlorin, who used to travel hither from England and Germany on purpose to keep American papers white, now remains at home, nor do her useful and attractive sisters, Rhodamin and Indanthrene, go abroad any longer. But besides turning paper yellow, the war is making it costly. The 300,000 tons of wood-pulp which the United States used to import from Europe every year have ceased to come, so the price of paper is constantly rising.
>
> It would appear that the increased cost of the raw material needed in the manufacture of paper will result in lessening the number of periodicals now being published in this country, and will eventually make our daily and Sunday papers smaller in size. Without question we have many magazines whose permanent discontinuance would be highly beneficial to the minds and morals of their present readers. Daily papers, too, which now find twenty, thirty, or forty large pages scarcely enough to contain all the "news" that the public, presumably, can not do without, would perhaps improve in reliability and in literary form, if the red hand of war made their size smaller.

But He Died Young.—"I once knew an eccentric man," stated old Festus Pester, "who when he had got the desired number on the telephone did not demand fiercely, 'Whizz ziss?' Instead he invariably said civilly, 'This is John J. Poppendick, wishing to speak to Mr. Buckover.' His funeral was the largest ever held in the neighborhood where he had resided, and thereat strong men broke down and wept like children, being convinced that they would never again see his like."—*Judge.*

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Remarkable Endurance.—"WANTED—Girl; farmhouse; last lived two years."—*From the Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

Yet Hope.—"Waiter, have you forgotten me?"

"No, sir, not yet, sir."—*The Masses.*

Sharp Eyes.—FIRST LADY—"That's one of them Australian soldiers."

SECOND LADY—"How do you know?"

FIRST LADY—"Why, can't you see the kangaroo feathers in his hat?"—*Punch.*

The Secret.—"What is an amateur?" is still one of the raging queries of the hour. But, in spite of all the recent discussion, we haven't changed the answer we evolved four years ago, viz., "Any one who can get away with it."—*New York Tribune.*

Two Birds at Once.—EDITH—"I think Jack is horrid. I asked him if he had to choose between me and a million which he would take, and he said the million."

MARIE—"That's all right. He knew if he had the million you'd be easy."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rather Difficult.—CHEERFUL ONE (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like)—"If yer stands up yer get sniped; if yer keeps down yer gets drowned; if yer moves about yer gets shelled; and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialed for frost-bite."—*Punch.*

His Handicap.—FIRST REPORTER—"Senator Bullyun must have been a bright baby."

SECOND REPORTER—"Why do you think so?"

FIRST REPORTER—"He told me in an interview that he began life as a schoolteacher."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Favorite Fare.—A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural-history examinations is often surprized by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him, "What animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment?"

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—*Youth's Companion.*

Reproof.—Kate Sanborn has recalled a blow to her vanity, as follows:

"I asked," she says, "the carpenter to adorn a weather-beaten door with some putty and a coat of paint.

"'Yes'm,' he replied, 'paint and putty will fix up a thing wonderful. Lots o' humbly people use paint and putty. But I guess you and I hain't tried it yet.'"—*Christian Register.*

Polite But Firm.—Mrs. N. was giving instructions to her new servant: "Before removing the soup-plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

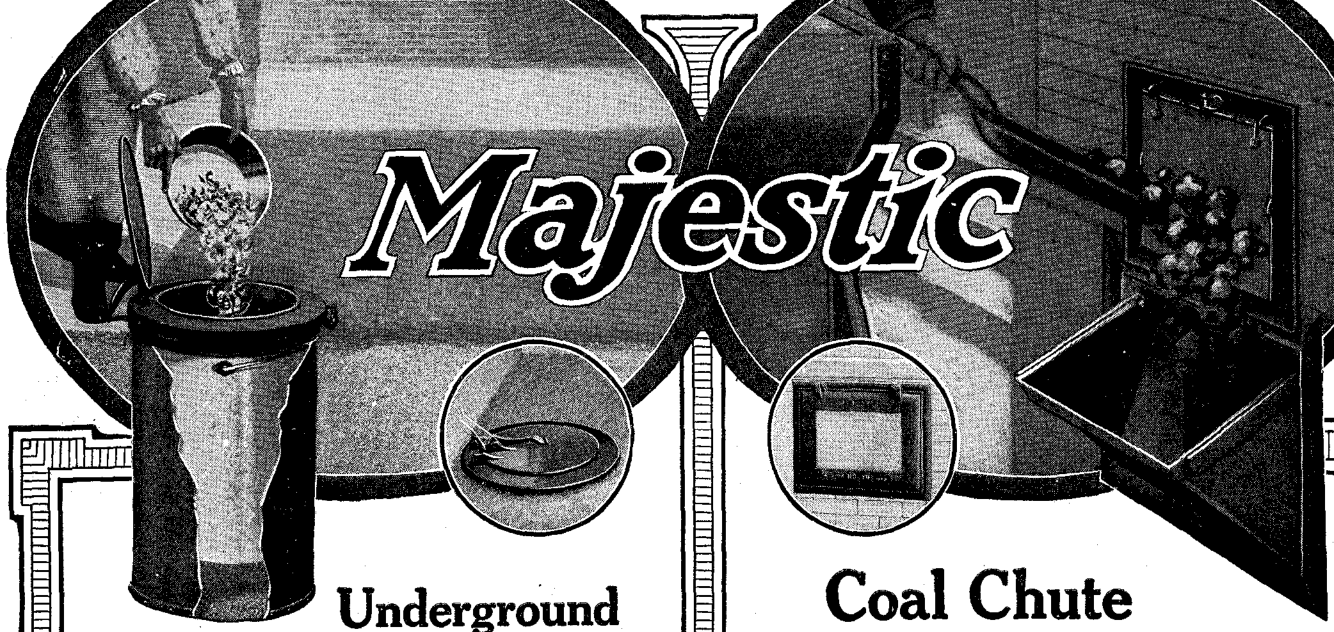
"Very good, madam."

Next day Mary, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, inquired,

"Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There ain't any left."—*Chicago Journal.*



Underground Garbage Receiver

The exposed garbage can is doomed. Physicians and authorities on home hygiene declare it to be the breeding place for germs and vermin. Get a Majestic, with the garbage and can buried underground, safely enclosed in an iron receptacle.

Protects Your Health

The Majestic will keep yourself and family immune from the dangers of the exposed garbage can. It will protect your health and save you many steps as well. You can bury the Majestic in your yard, close to your kitchen door. It is always handy and convenient to use—but it is never unsightly. It is rain, snow and frost-proof and emits no disagreeable odors.

Keeps Flies, Cats and Dogs Away

With a Majestic you can minimize the fly nuisance, this coming Summer. Everyone knows the old-fashioned, exposed garbage can has the greatest attraction for flies. It's the fly's chief breeding place. Bury the can out of sight, the Majestic way, and keep the flies away. Then with your garbage safely hidden, dogs or cats cannot upset it and litter up your yard. Your back-yard or porch will look neat and clean when the garbage can is out of sight.

Easy to Install and Empty

Just dig a hole the size of the ingot iron receptacle or shell. Set the receptacle into the ground. Put the can inside and the top in place. It is always closed. The only part exposed is the top and door. This opens and shuts with the foot and lies flat when not in use. When you want to dump garbage, just press your foot on the little step. It closes by itself. Garbage man easily lifts out the can for emptying. The Majestic costs so little ($5.00 for the average family) that it's unwise to risk using the exposed can. Larger sizes come a trifle more.

Coal Chute and Cellar Window

The Majestic is more than a coal chute for receiving coal. It is a cellar window as well. When not in use for coal, the glass door serves as a window and gives splendid light to the basement. A special iron plate protects the glass when the coal is being received.

Protects Your Home

The Majestic keeps the careless coal man from marring and scarring the sides of your house every time he delivers coal. Saves your lawn, walk, flowers and shrubs from being ruined by coal dust and stray lumps every time you get a load of coal. Your cellar window was not made to receive coal. Nothing disfigures a house as quickly as when the window ledge is soiled with coal dust and scratches.

Locks From Inside—Burglar-Proof!

The Majestic locks from the inside securely and is absolutely burglar-proof. It is extra durable, and will outlast the building. It has a heavy steel body—cast-iron door frame and boiler plate hopper. When open, the hopper comes out automatically, catching all the coal. Every piece of coal gets into the bin without waste or scattering. The Majestic Coal Chute, with neat iron frame and glass window, really improves the looks of your foundation.

Can Be Put In Any Home

The Majestic can easily be installed in a new home or one that is already built. In a new house, provision should be made for it in the foundation. In a house already erected the Majestic Coal Chute can be installed in the space now occupied by the basement window. The window opening can be arranged to fit the Majestic. Thousands of owners of homes, hotels, stores, apartments, etc. have installed Majestic Coal Chutes in their buildings. Architects and Contractors indorse them and specify their use in all the new modern structures.

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Get complete information about these two home necessities. Save your family's health. Save yourself hundreds of steps. Stop using the old-fashioned, germ-breeding, unsanitary garbage pails. Protect your home and lawn from the careless coal man. Investigate today these new sanitary home conveniences. Get the facts. Learn how little they cost—and how much they mean to health, cleanliness and work. Mail Coupon Today.

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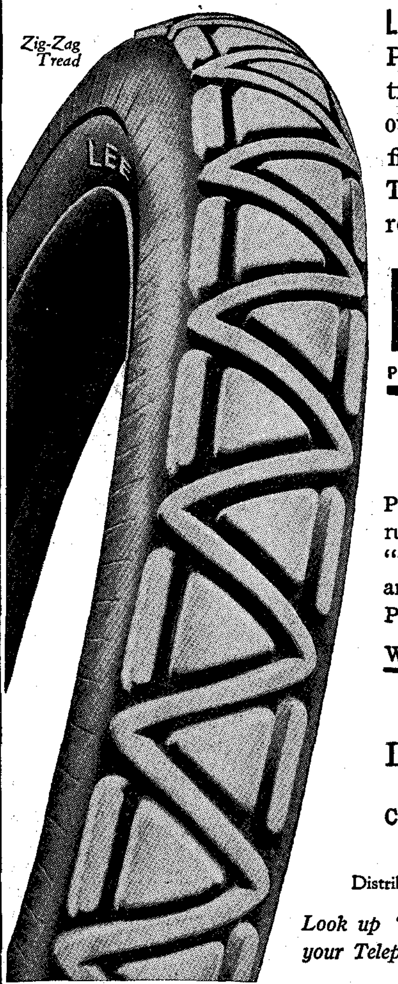

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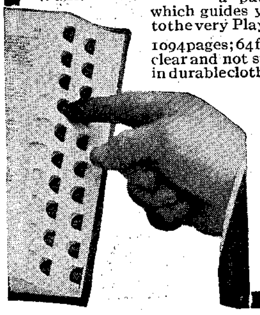

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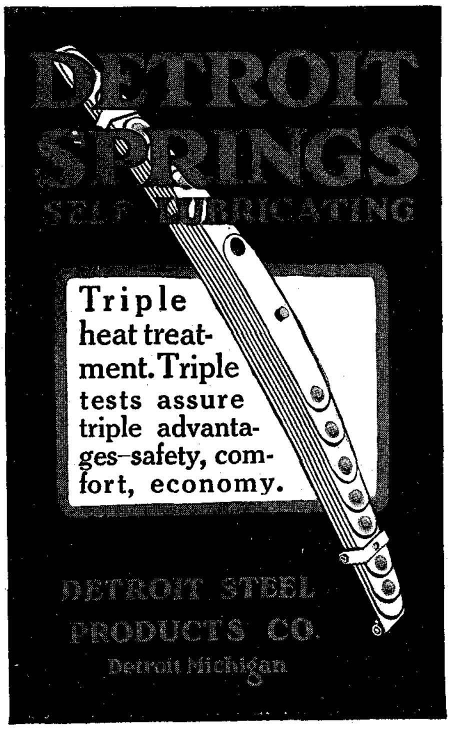

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Where?—"H. F. Low had a cow fall on the ice Sunday morning and was badly injured."—*From the Manchester Mirror.*

Badly Needed.—"There will be no meeting of the Good Health Society Tuesday evening because of the illness of so many of the members."—*From the Wakefield Star.*

British Journalism.—"I represent *The Daily Scoop.* At what time did his lordship die?"

"His Lordship is not yet dead."

"Oh, isn't he? Well, then I'll wait."—*Passing Show.*

War-Time Strategy.—RESTAURANT-KEEPER—"Resi, go out and jolly the city chap on the veranda. He's so bored that he keeps tasting the butter and wine, and he might be a chemist."—*Munich Meggendorfer Blätter.*

Some Doubt.—"Let me sell your wedding-ring, my dear, and give the money to the Fatherland!"

"All right. But where can we get the most for it—at the bank, the pawn-shop, or the brass-foundry?"—*Munich Jugend.*

Willing to Try.—OFFICER (to Tommy, who has been using the whip freely)—"Don't beat him; talk to him, man—talk to him!"

TOMMY (to horse, by way of opening the conversation)—"Ah coom from Manchester."—*Punch.*

Her Passing.—George, the four-year-old grandson of an extremely pious and devout grandfather, came rushing into the house wildly excited.

"Grandpa!" he called, "Mr. Barton's cow is dead. God called her home."—*Holton (Kan.) Signal.*

Appropriate.—"I want a pair of earrings, cheap but purty. They be fur a present."

"Yes, sir," said the jeweler. "You want something rather quiet, I suppose?"

"Well, doan't 'ee go for to making they too quiet, now," replied the farmer. "My girl be deaf in one ear."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Hint.—STAGE-MANAGER—"My dear, I wish you would wear a different gown in the second act."

RITA RAVENYELP—"But that is the latest style, and I paid two hundred dollars for it."

STAGE-MANAGER—"That may be true, but when your husband says: 'Woman, you are hiding something from me,' the audience can't figure out what he means."—*Judge.*

Dangerous Knowledge.—On the Exchange Flags, Liverpool, a little knot of people was gathered, gazing intently at two particular points of light that were visible above the adjacent chimney-pots, and interested arrivals were impressively informed, on inquiry, that the objects of popular interest were British air-ships guarding the port. Two men, who were late arrivals, shared the interesting news; then one exclaimed to the other:

"Heavens alive, they've taken Venus and Jupiter for air-ships!"

"I know," was the quiet response, "but don't say it out loud. We don't want to be mobbed for pro-Germans!"—*Manchester Guardian.*

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$ 740

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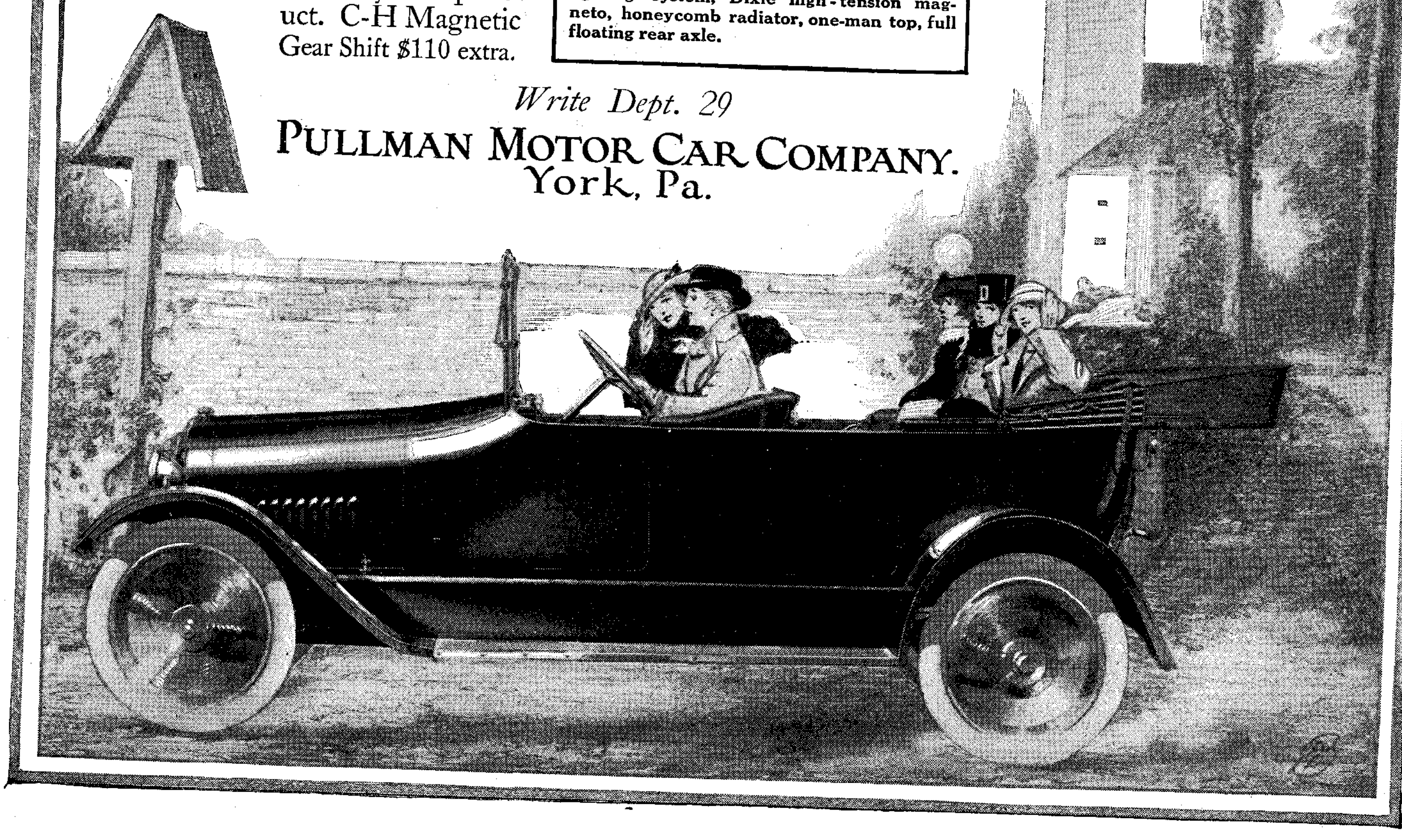

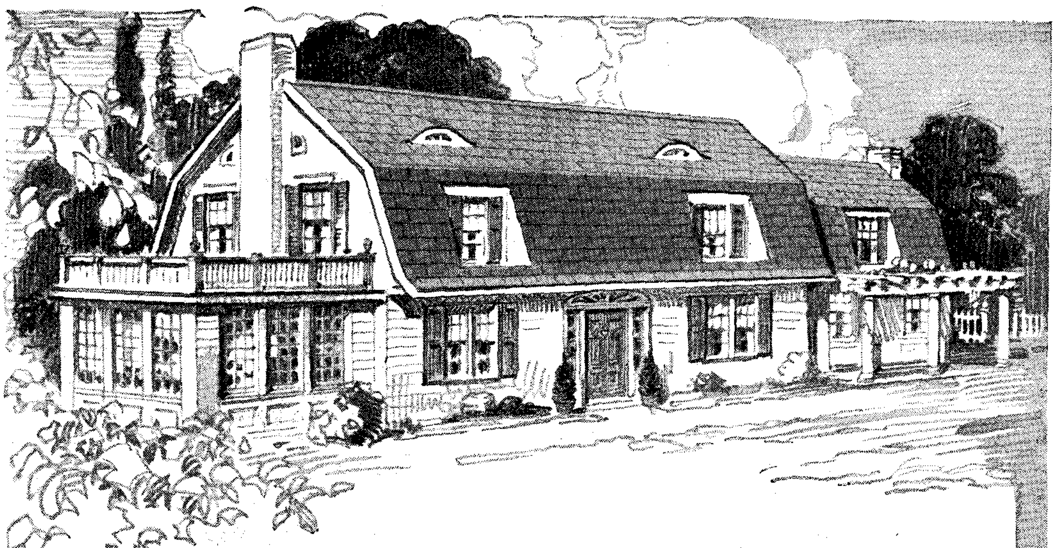

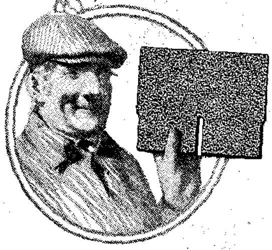

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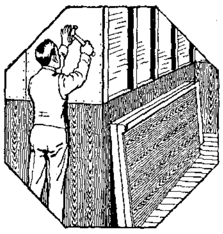

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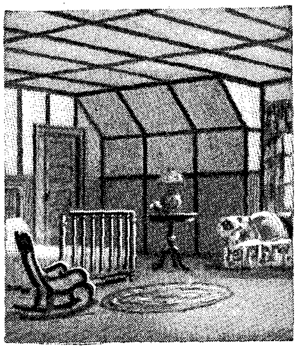


Succinct.—KNICKER—"What are the prevailing policies?"

BOCKER—"Frightfulness and writefulness."—*New York Sun.*

Charley's Chance.—"Austria-Hungary and Turkey were represented by Charles D'Affaires in the absence of Ministers."—*From the Charles City (Ia.) Press.*

Safety Insured.—TIMID TRAVELER—"Are you armed, captain?"

CAPTAIN OF BELLIGERENT SHIP—"Yes! Five American citizens."—*Ohio State Journal.*

Little Patriots!—"Goodness gracious me! What on earth are you doing, children—using up all my fine stationery?"

"Playin' Count Bernstorff and Secretary Lansin'."—*New York World.*

A Little "American Passenger."—"Pa, the other boys keep picking on Willie. Every time he goes to school they jump on him."

"That so? Then I guess we'll have to keep Willie out of school and off the streets. Just warn him that if he goes out to-morrow he does so at his own risk."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Family-Man.—"NOTICE—I understand there are a few old, long-tongued tattling women and some half-raised men telling that I have deserted my family and run off with another woman. I want to say that it is a lie and the people that are talking this are more apt to do that than I am. I have not deserted my family and never will. You can find me at the Jeffries and Jones livery-barn at all times.

"H. P. JEFFRIES."

—*From the Kennette (Mo.) Tribune.*

Speeding It On.—The musketry-instructor had just been giving a lesson on the rifle to one particularly "green" set of recruits. At the end he asked: "Now, is there any question you want to ask?"

One dull-looking Johnny Raw stept forward, blushing awkwardly.

"Yes, my man?" said the instructor, encouragingly.

"Plaze, sor," stammered the searcher after knowledge, "is it roight that the harder Oi pull the trigger-thing the farder the bullet goes?"—*Tit-Bits.*

A Quarter's Worth.—The kindly old squire was giving a little treat to the village school-children. After tea he stept on to the platform and announced, with a beaming smile:

"Now I am going to perform certain actions and you must guess what proverb they represent. The boy or girl who succeeds first will receive a quarter."

That did it. Instantly every eye was fixt on him.

First of all, the old gentleman lay down on the platform. Then one man came forward and tried in vain to lift him. Two others came to his aid, and between them they raised the squire, who was rather portly.

The actions were meant to represent the motto "Union is strength." When they had finished, the squire stept forward and asked if any child had solved the puzzle.

At once a grubby hand shot up and an eager voice squeaked:

"Let sleeping dogs lie."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE WEST

March 2.—The German assault revives, in a fierce tho futile drive upon Fresnes in the Woëvre district. A new center of activity is reported, between Malancourt and the loop of the Meuse, about Le Mort Homme, and the Côte de l'Oie. Long-range French guns bombard Vigneulles, in the German salient southeast of Verdun.

More elaborate reports on the struggle at Verdun divide the conflict into two sections up to date. The first of these is "the battle of the heights," on the Côte du Poivre-Douaumont line, lasting from February 20 to 26; the second is "the battle of the plain," beginning on February 25 with the French withdrawal from the Dieppe-Fromezy line to the Damloup-Eix-Manheulles-Fresnes line.

The firing on the Yser front becomes hourly more intense. A destructive fire on the German positions about Steenstraete is noted in the French official report.

Aix-la-Chapelle reports the arrival of 220 hospital-trains of German wounded from the Verdun region.

March 3.—By a costly drive, London admits, the Germans succeed in attaining the village of Douaumont, supporting the isolated German force in the fortress. To the East they attack Vaux unsuccessfully. French successes of a minor nature are reported in Alsace, near Seppois. Allied bombardments in the Yser region continue.

The Paris press are permitted to state that the French commander at Verdun is General Petain. It is understood that General Humbert is second in command.

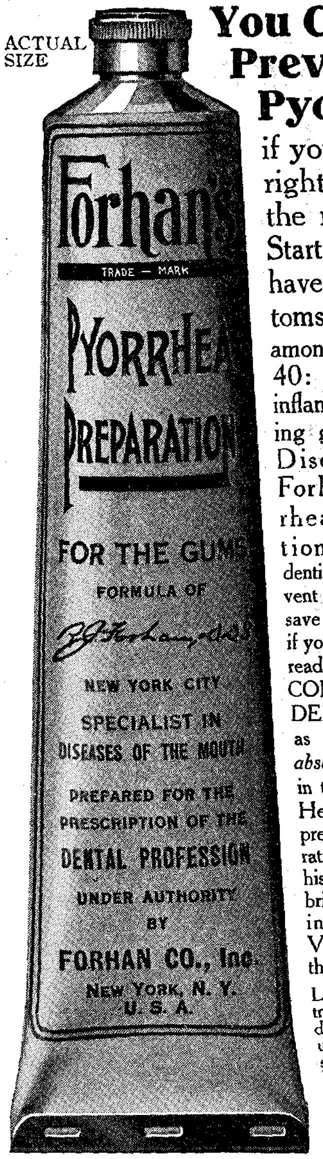
March 4.—The possession of Douaumont is fiercely contested by the French, who hold heights to the south, commanding the town. East of Pepper Hill (Côte du Poivre), the Germans attack French positions in the Bois de Hardaumont. Paris claims this movement checked. In the Woëvre, where a slower drive against Verdun is in progress from the East, only moderate artillery-fire is reported from either side. At Goose Hill (Côte de l'Oie), on the left bank of the Meuse, a violent cannonading is in progress. The fighting southeast of Ypres is declared at a standstill; Germany claims that she still holds the positions there that she gained early in February.

March 5.—Two German attacks, one near Douaumont and the other just east of Vacherauville, are reported unsuccessful. In the Argonne and the Woëvre German artillery keeps up a heavy bombardment, but no infantry-moves are reported.

March 6.—At the close of the fourteenth day of the Battle of Verdun, the German Crown Prince launches his first attack against the fortress from the northwest, on a front between Bethincourt and Forges, in an attempt to take Forges and Goose Hill (Côte de l'Oie). Forges is taken, but the heights beyond are assailed in vain. This attack from the northwest is termed the beginning of the "third phase" of the battle.

The French report a liquid-fire attack by the Germans in Champagne which gains some rods of front trench. French mining in the Argonne wins a similar fragment.

ACTUAL SIZE



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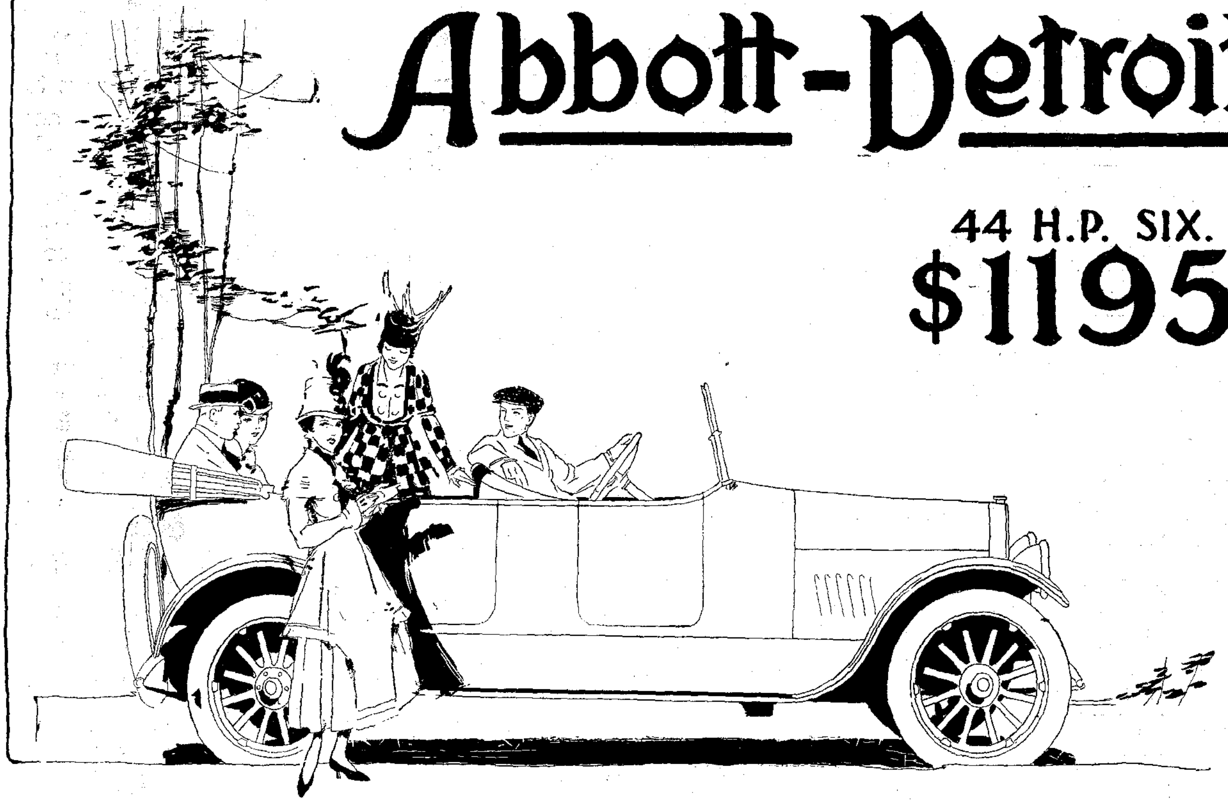

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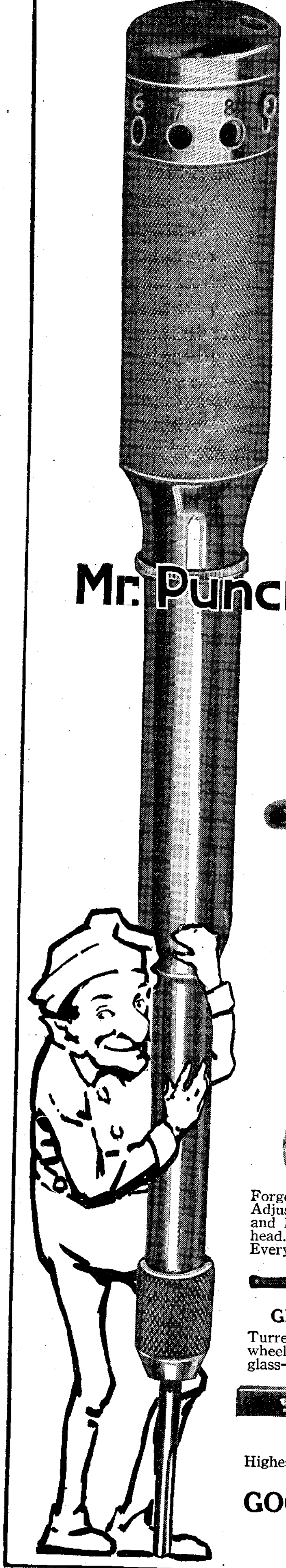

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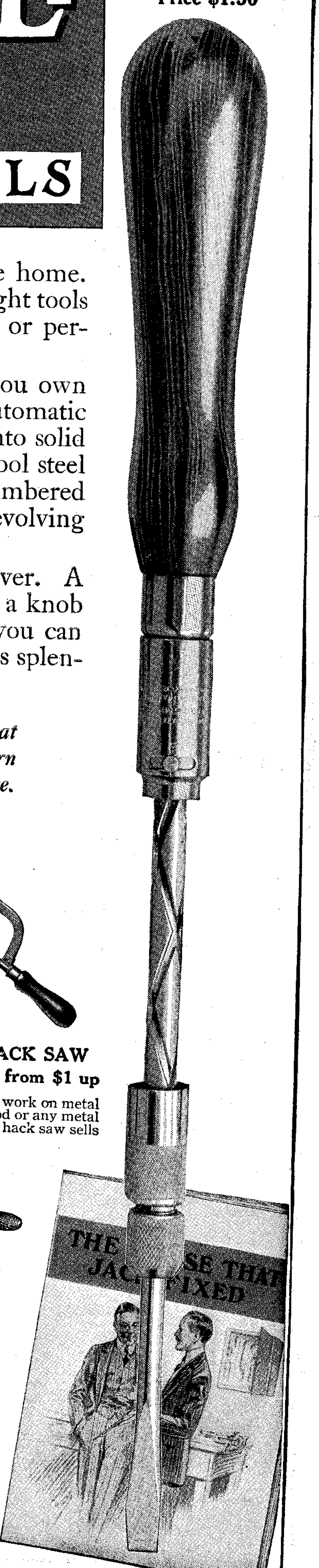

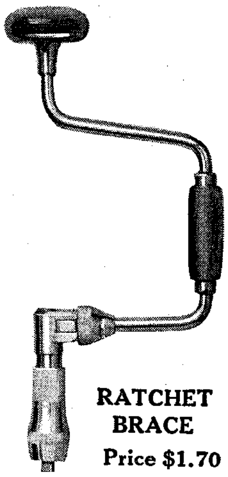

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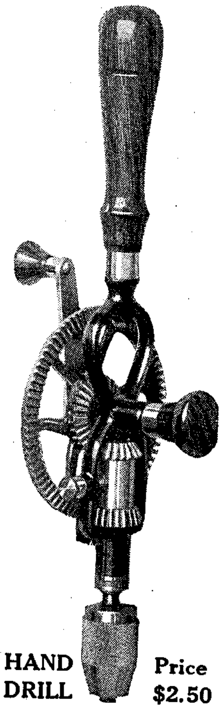

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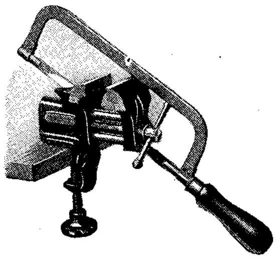

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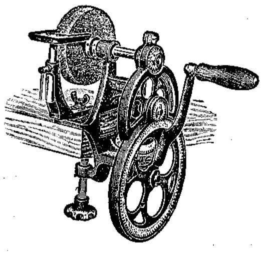

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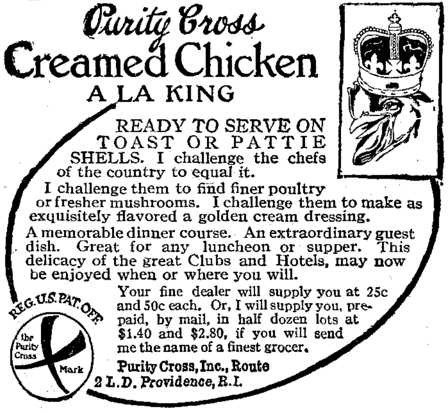
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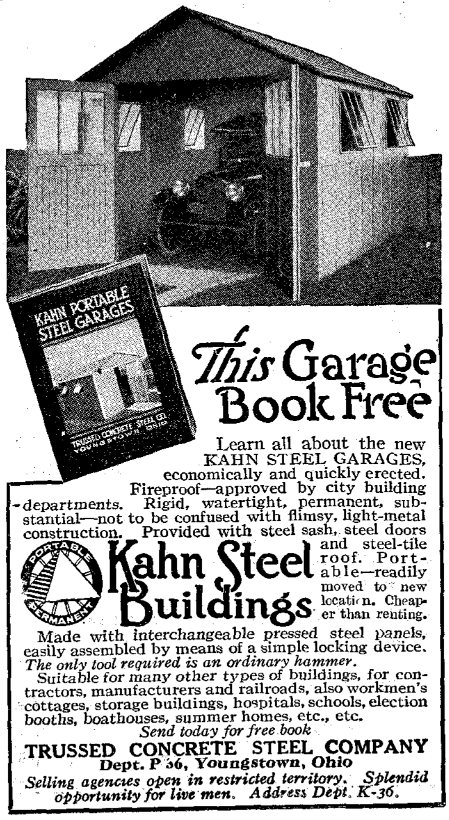
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March 7.—Letting their center on Douaumont and Pepper Hill rest comparatively inert, the Germans drive on both flanks, taking the village of Fresnes on the east, and, to the west of the Meuse, gaining footholds on both sides of Goose Hill, penetrating Crow Wood to the west, and capturing "Hill 265." The French still hold the summit of Goose Hill, the village of Bethincourt, and groves to the east of Crow Wood and Bois de Cumieres. "Hill 265" is gained by an attack in force with 12,000 men. East of the Meuse the Germans gain slightly in the Bois de Hardaumont, but are immediately driven out.

March 8.—London claims that the French have checked the Germans' progress west of the Meuse, and have recovered most of the Bois des Corbeaux. A balancing gain is made by the Germans in a wedge successfully driven into the French forces between Dead Man's Hill (Le Mort Homme) and Goose Hill. East of the Meuse, the French lose Hardaumont. The bombardment of Douaumont plateau, practically abandoned for several days, is renewed with energy.

Heavy artillery-engagements continue in the Woëvre and Argonne districts. The French report slight gains in Alsace, near Seppois.

German reports claim the number of French prisoners taken in the Verdun engagements to be now nearly 20,000.

TURKISH CAMPAIGNS

March 1.—The advance of the Russian forces in Armenia is said to continue with little hindrance. The Turks continue their retreat toward Erzinjian, west of Erzerum, and toward Bitlis. The Russians occupy Mamalk, seven miles north of Bitlis.

March 2.—Bitlis, in Armenian Tauros, 110 miles south of Erzerum, is taken by the Russians. This represents more than one-fourth of the distance covered from Erzerum to Bagdad.

Petrograd reports the capture, in the Caucasus, of the Persian town of Bidyar (Bijar), about 150 miles northwest of Kermanshah.

March 3.—The capture of Bitlis completely separates, London claims, the two Turkish forces in this region, the one south of Mush, the other in the Urmia region. Reenforcements to the Turkish Mesopotamian Army are thus hindered as well. In the Lake Van region only two Turkish divisions and a few Erzerum refugees oppose the Russian forces.

March 4.—An earthquake sets fire to Sivas, in Asia Minor, 430 miles east of Constantinople, where the Turkish forces in flight before the Russians were supposed to be preparing to make a stand.

A great Turkish mutiny is rumored at Smyrna, due to privations of the troops and disaffection with the German leadership.

March 5.—Petrograd describes a sudden advance upon Trebizond, an important Black-Sea port in Armenia, by a Russian force from Atina, the town sixty miles to the east recently taken under the guns of the Black Sea fleet. Trebizond is said to be already practically deserted, due to the outbreaks of the Turkish soldiers defending it.

March 6.—Cola, 27 miles west of Kermanshah, is taken by the Russians.

March 7.—The Russians continue their advance toward Trebizond, capturing the town of Rizeh.

In Persia the town of Senneh, 35 miles north of Kermanshah, is taken.

GENERAL

March 1.—Spirited gun-duels are reported on the northern extremity of the Russian front. Berlin claims success for German airmen in the destruction of the Molodechno railroad.

March 2.—New Austro-German offensive operations are noted in Volhynia, in the Czartorysk region. Petrograd declares them "dispersed."

London reports that the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft, one of the largest Berlin banking concerns, has just declared a dividend of 6 per cent., instead of the customary one of 5 per cent., while the Barmer Bankverein of Elberfeld-Barmen distributes a 5½ per cent. dividend instead of 5 per cent.

March 3.—Athens states that Enver Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War and the strongest pro-German force in Turkey, is severely, if not fatally, wounded as the result of attempted assassination.

A tri-nation Scandinavian council on neutrality is called by the King of Denmark for March 9 in Copenhagen.

In London 1,000 young men, members of the "No-Conscription Fellowship," gather in a meeting of protest, which is stoned by irate citizens.

The French Ministry of Marine announces that there were 4,000 aboard the transport *La Provence*, which was sunk in the Mediterranean on February 26. The latest report places the number of survivors at about 700.

The French Ambassador to Great Britain presents Earl Kitchener with the insignia of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, conferred by President Poincaré.

March 4.—Renewed activity is reported along the whole Russian front, the initiative being largely with the Russians. Only minor successes are claimed. Berlin estimates Russian casualties in the recent fighting near the Bessarabian frontier at 133,000.

The German Admiralty announces the sinking, since March 1, of two French armed steamers off Havre, and a British patrol-boat off the mouth of the Thames. Paris calls the report of the sinking of the French steamers false.

Vienna announces the capture of 34 guns and 11,400 rifles with the fall of Durazzo, Albania.

March 5.—A *Zeppelin*-raid over a large area of the east coast of England results in 12 killed and 33 injured.

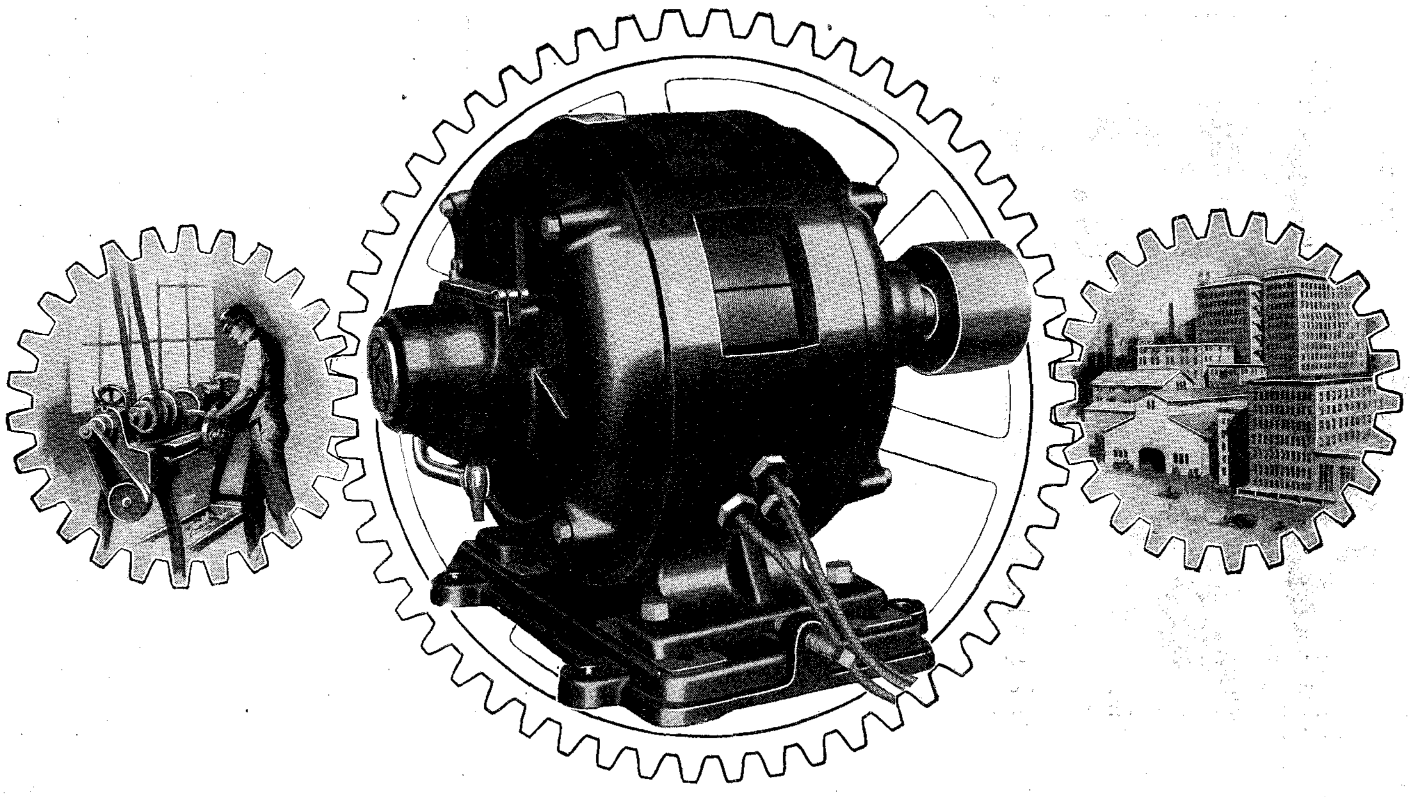
Berlin announces the arrival of the *Möwe* safe "in a home-port," with $250,000 in gold and 199 prisoners, taken from fifteen Allied vessels raided.

Rotterdam reports that 25 German warships have been seen off the island of Vlieland, in the North Sea, proceeding in a generally northerly direction. A small seaport town in Sweden just south of Stockholm reports German destroyers sighted, heading north. Russian torpedo-craft are in the neighborhood.

March 6.—Mail-dispatches relate that in New South Wales, Australia, recently, 14,000 recruits in two large training-camps went on strike and ran riot, looting and wrecking Sydney and several other towns. The cause of the strike was the addition of an hour and a half to their daily drill.

Rumors are rife of open revolution raging in Constantinople, where, since the attempted assassination of Enver Pasha, the peace and anti-German parties have been growing hourly.

German publications, speaking warmly of the French fighting-spirit, and pityingly



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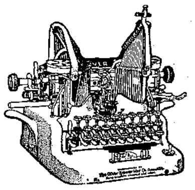
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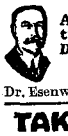
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of the devastation France has experienced, concur in hinting that she "needs a strong statesman" who will override the Allied agreement to make no separate peace with Germany.

March 8.—Threatening to prorogue the Italian Chamber unless insistence on complete parliamentary discussion of the conduct of the war abated, Premier Salandra receives eventually a vote of confidence, averting an immediate parliamentary crisis.

GENERAL FOREIGN

March 2.—Queen-Mother Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), poet and writer of some note, dies in Bucharest at the age of 73.

Jean Mounet-Sully, of the French Comédie Française, dean of the French stage, dies in Paris at the age of 75.

March 5.—The Spanish passenger-ship *Principe de Asturias* strikes a rock off Santos, Brazil, and sinks within five minutes, carrying down, it is said, over 370 persons.

March 6.—In Oaxaca State, Mexico, rebel forces are repulsed and dispersed in a battle at Ocotlan with Constitutionalist forces under Governor Castro.

DOMESTIC

WASHINGTON

March 1.—The Italian Ambassador notifies our Government officially that Italian merchant-vessels will continue to carry armament, despite the German and Austrian warnings, tho solely for defensive purposes.

March 2.—Vice-Admiral Fletcher reports to the House Committee on Naval Affairs that the Navy is at present in a satisfactory shape for national defense, save for a shortage in men, but recommends additional battle-cruisers, 16-inch guns, and cruising submarines.

March 6.—The first of the national-defense bills is reported to the House by Representative Hay. It provides for a regular army with a peace strength of 140,000 and a war-strength of 170,000. The cost of the plan, when completely in operation, is estimated at $141,704,846, an increase of some $46,000,000 over present yearly estimates.

Representative Page, of North Carolina, brother of the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, declares his intention to withdraw from Congress with the expiration of his present term, due to his opposition to President Wilson's foreign policy. He declares that "the loan of $500,000,000 to England by American capitalists . . . has destroyed even the semblance of neutrality in the United States."

March 7.—By a vote of 276 to 142 the House repudiates all interference with the President's conduct of foreign affairs, with special reference to submarine difficulties.

The State Department is officially informed by Dr. William A. Stead, of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian relief, that all deportation of the Armenians by the Turks has ceased, and will not be resumed.

GENERAL

March 3.—The White Star liner *Canopic* sails from New York with three Americans aboard, with the express intention of arming at Gibraltar for the Mediterranean cruise.

March 5.—Colonel House, the President's personal representative to the European nations at war, returns on board the *Rotterdam*.

March 6.—Newton D. Baker, ex-Mayor of Cleveland, is appointed Secretary of War, to succeed Mr. Garrison, resigned.

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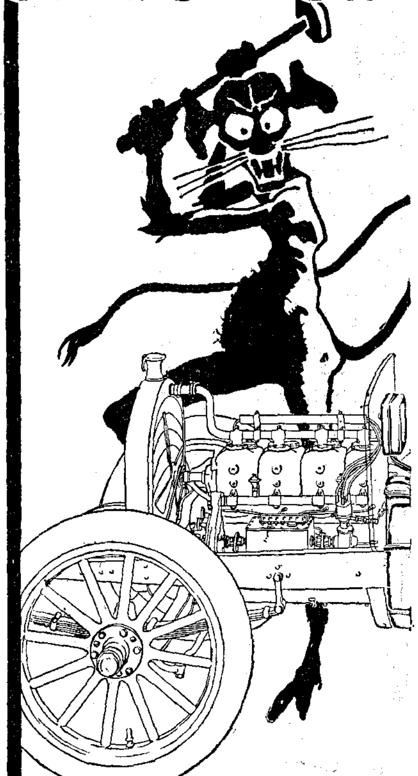

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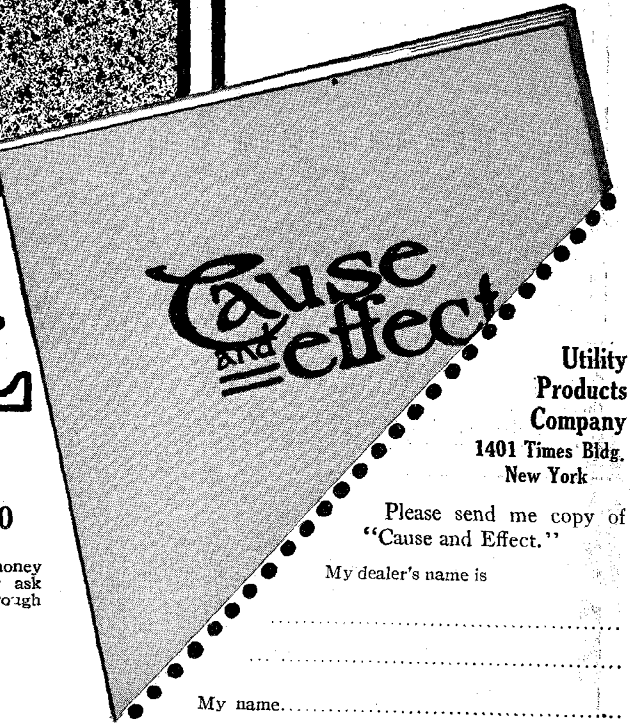

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

COMMODITY-PRICES STILL HIGHER

THE movement continuously of commodity-prices to higher levels is declared by *Bradstreet's* to be "quite in line with expectations." These higher prices are "due to the great uplift in domestic trade and influences arising from the war in Europe." Europe calls for our products, and international trade is subject to the restraints imposed by warfare. While these conditions last, the price-situation "will continue to be one of marked strength, about the only ease being that which is likely to ensue as a result of seasonal changes." While Europe must have our foods and needs our metals, other conditions also make for higher prices—the paucity of, and high prices for, dyestuffs, which add to the cost of textiles independent of the price of raw cotton; labor, which is scarce and dear; more orders going about than can be filled for months to come; money plentiful—a drug, in fact—and forced to find outlets so as to earn its way, "which probably means internal developments financed by cheap money regardless of high prices for materials." All of the influences at work seem, in fact, to "forecast dear prices so long as Europe wages war."

Bradstreet's index-number for February 1 mounted to $11.1415, which was the highest level attained of which any record exists. By this number was shown for us "the trend elsewhere throughout the civilized world." This number reflects an advance of 1.1 per cent. over January 1, and a rise of 15.3 per cent. over February 1, 1915, at which time prices were deemed to be very high. The current level is 25.7 per cent. higher than that of February 1, 1914, and it is 17 per cent. above the like date in 1913. Put in another way, the current index-number, $11.14 3/20, is approximately $2.28 above that of February 1, 1914, "when a spell of easier prices, following two years of relatively high quotations, seemed to be in store." Other points brought out in *Bradstreet's* article are these:

"A wide range of price-movements is set forth in the following table, in which are given the index-numbers (the totals of the prices per pound of ninety-six articles), with important swings in full-face type, for a period of years:

1904	
Jan.	$7.9885
Feb.	8.0973
Mar.	8.0882
April	7.9690
May	7.9352
June	7.7877
July	**7.6318**
Aug.	7.7623
Sept.	7.7845
Oct.	7.9213
Nov.	8.0015
Dec.	8.0579
1905	
Jan.	8.0827
Feb.	8.0805
Mar.	8.0979
April	7.9996
May	7.9700
June	7.9073
July	7.9160
Aug.	8.1111
Sept.	8.2795
Oct.	8.2298
Nov.	8.2097
Dec.	8.3014
1906	
Jan.	8.3289
Feb.	8.2415
Mar.	8.2321
April	8.2987
May	8.3054
June	8.3203
July	8.2835
Aug.	$8.3376
Sept.	8.4528
Oct.	8.5580
Nov.	8.7509
Dec.	8.9023
1907	
Jan.	8.9172
Feb.	8.9953
Mar.	**9.1293**
April	8.9640
May	8.9356
June	8.9901
July	9.0409
Aug.	8.9304
Sept.	8.8297
Oct.	8.8506
Nov.	8.7468
Dec.	8.5246
1908	
Jan.	8.2949
Feb.	8.1289
Mar.	7.9862
April	8.0650
May	7.9629
June	**7.7227**
July	7.8224
Aug.	7.9328
Sept.	7.9051
Oct.	8.0139
Nov.	8.0674
Dec.	8.2133
1909	
Jan.	8.2631
Feb.	$8.3022
Mar.	8.2167
April	8.3157
May	8.3016
June	8.3960
July	8.4573
Aug.	8.5039
Sept.	8.5906
Oct.	8.7478
Nov.	8.9635
Dec.	9.1262
1910	
Jan.	**9.2310**
Feb.	9.0730
Mar.	9.1113
April	9.1996
May	9.0385
June	8.9105
July	8.9246
Aug.	8.8222
Sept.	8.9519
Oct.	8.9267
Nov.	8.8841
Dec.	8.7844
1911	
Jan.	8.8361
Feb.	8.7662
Mar.	8.6917
April	8.5223
May	8.4586
June	8.5294
July	8.5935
Aug.	8.6568
Sept.	$8.8198
Oct.	8.8065
Nov.	8.8922
Dec.	8.9824
1912	
Jan.	8.9493
Feb.	8.9578
Mar.	8.9019
April	9.0978
May	9.2696
June	9.1017
July	9.1119
Aug.	9.1595
Sept.	9.2157
Oct.	9.4515
Nov.	9.4781
Dec.	**9.5462**
1913	
Jan.	9.4935
Feb.	9.4592
Mar.	$9.4052
April	9.2976
May	9.1394
June	9.0721
July	8.9522
Aug.	9.0115
Sept.	9.1006
Oct.	9.1526
Nov.	9.2252
Dec.	9.2290
1914	
Jan.	8.8857
Feb.	8.8619
Mar.	8.8320
April	8.7562
May	8.6224
June	8.6220
July	8.6566
Aug.	8.7087
Aug. 15	**9.8495**
Sept.	$9.7572
Oct.	9.2416
Nov.	8.8620
Dec.	9.0354
1915	
Jan.	9.1431
Feb.	9.6621
Mar.	9.6197
April	9.7753
May	9.7978
June	9 7428
July	9 8698
Aug.	9 8213
Sept.	9.8034
Oct.	9.9774
Nov.	10.3768
Dec.	10.6473
1916	
Jan.	10.9163
Feb.	**11.1415**

"The groups that make up the index-number are set forth in the following table:

	Feb. 1, 1915	*Nov. 1, 1915*	*Dec. 1, 1915*	*Feb. 1, 1916*
Breadstuffs	$0.1404	$0.1057	$0.1089	$0.1259
Live stock	.4025	.4230	.4085	.4310
Provisions	2.3618	2.3312	2.3992	2.3879
Fruits	.1614	.2520	.2545	.2225
Hides and leather	1.4450	1.5800	1.5925	1.6100
Textiles	2.2314	2.5273	2.6033	2.8361
Metals	.6217	.6749	.7446	.8416
Coal and coke	.0066	.0071	.0071	.0087
Oils	.3642	.3982	.4256	.5245
Naval stores	.0691	.0867	.0962	.0946
Building-materials	.0818	.0840	.0894	.0981
Chemicals and drugs	1.5207	1.6320	1.6469	1.6699
Miscellaneous	.2555	.2747	.2706	.2907
Total	$9.6621	$10.3768	$10.6743	$11.1415

"Nine groups moved up during the period January 1 to February 1, while three declined and one remained stationary, *viz.*, naval stores, an advance in the price of turpentine having been offset by slight declines in resin and tar. Breadstuffs ascended on all-around strength. Most kinds of live stock, save beeves, advanced, the movement in this respect being of a progressive character. In the group comprising hides and leather, the three grades of leather quoted scored additional gains. Coal and coke became dearer. Textiles scored a sharp advance because of higher prices for wool, hemp, jute, flax, ginghams, and standard sheetings. Oils gained ground in a price-sense, linseed- and cotton-seed as well as castor-oil having moved up, the advance in castor-oil being noteworthy. Building-materials ascended on advances in brick, lime, glass, nails, and yellow pine. Chemicals and drugs took on further strength, and the miscellaneous group turned upward because of higher prices for tobacco and hay. Provisions slumped, thanks to cheaper quotations for butter and eggs. Fruits declined, and metals moved off a shade, owing principally to the lower price of tin. During the month reviewed fifty-one commodities advanced, eighteen declined, and thirty-eight remained steady or without change."

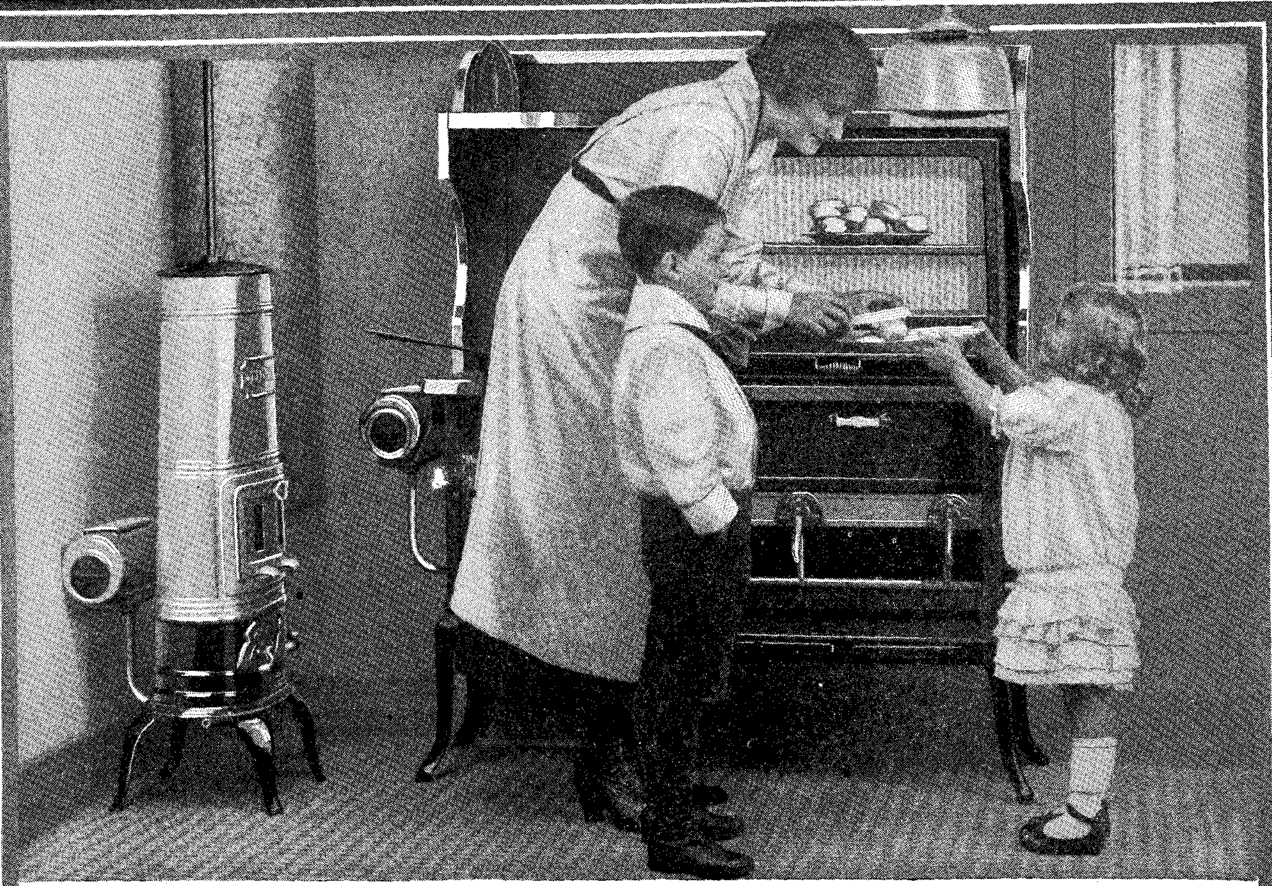
SOME OF THE BEST RAILROAD STOCKS

Following is a table compiled for *The Odd Lot Review* to show in percentages the earnings for dividends of some of the best railroad systems in the United States, with the dividend-rate also given:

	Earned 1915 per Cent.	*6 Mo. Net Increase per Cent.*	*Earning 1916 per Cent.*	*Div. Rate per Cent.*
Atchison	9.18	15	10.55	6
Great Northern	8.27	20	9.92	7
Norfolk & Western	8.77	72	15.08	6
Northwestern	7.79	20	9.35	7
Pennsylvania	*6.83	†25	8.53	6
Southern Pacific	7.20	39	10.00	6
Union Pacific	10.98	15	12.62	8

* Year ended December 31, 1914. † 12 months.

Another table in the same publication gives the investment-yields of the stocks mentioned above, the investment-yield



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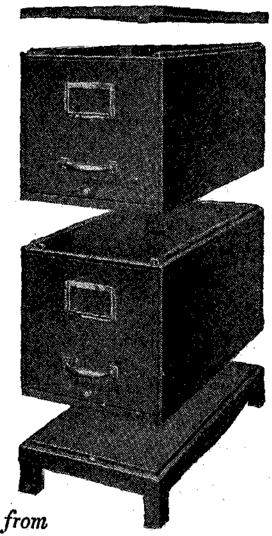

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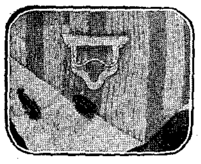

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Fifteen Hundred Facts and Similes

having been obtained by dividing the dividend by the price. The table gives also what is called the "earnings-yield," which is obtained by dividing the amount earned on the stock by the price. This represents what the investment-yield would be if all the earnings were distributed in dividends. Hence it indicates the relative cheapness of a stock on the basis of earnings:

	Price About	*Div. Rate per Cent.*	*Invest. Yield per Cent.*	*Earning About per Cent.*	*Earnings Yield per Cent.*
Atchison..........	103	6	5.8	10.5	10.2
Great Northern....	121	7	5.8	9.9	8.2
Norfolk & Western..	117	6	5.1	15.1	12.9
Northwestern......	128	7	5.5	9.4	7.3
Pennsylvania.......	57	$3	5.3	$4.30	7.6
Southern Pacific....	100	6	6.0	10.0	10.0
Union Pacific......	133	8	6.0	12.6	9.5

HEAVIEST OF FEBRUARY BANK-CLEARINGS

For the month of February bank-clearings in this country aggregated $18,130,396,207, which is the heaviest total ever reported for that month. Moreover, that sum has been exceeded only in four other months, those months being January, December, November, and October last. The causes for the increase are named by *Bradstreet's* as a more active trade, the great amount of capital going into new enterprises, the financial operations of railway and industrial corporations (those of industrial companies being "exceptionally heavy"), improved condition in collections, the higher levels for commodities, and rising wages. In New York alone, the total of clearings for February was $11,106,737,277, a sum within $700,000,000 of the total for the entire country in February last year. *Bradstreet's* has interesting comments to make on this showing:

"While the grand total for the month just passed reveals a decrease of 9.2 per cent. from January, it nevertheless exhibits an increase over every other February, the ratio of gain over that month last year being 53 per cent., and contrast with the like time in the two preceding years discloses advances of 42 per cent. and 34 per cent., respectively. The showing for February, when contrasted with the low level of August, 1914, reveals an uplift of 86 per cent. Of course, every section of the country improved its showing over February, 1915.

"In the country outside of New York payments through the clearing-houses during February aggregated $7,023,658,730, a loss of 8.6 per cent. from January, which ratio is smaller than the drop reported for New York. It is almost superfluous to say that the total just given is the heaviest ever registered for the month of February, and it is the fifth largest total on record. The sum noted exhibits a rise of 31 per cent. over February, 1915, of 27 per cent. over that month in 1914, and of 23 per cent. over the like time in 1913.

"Following are the aggregates of clearings monthly at all cities, compared with the like periods in four preceding years:

[Six figures omitted]

	1916	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*	*1912*
Jan........	$19,957	$13,389	$16,100	$16,090	$14,977
Feb........	18,130	11,829	12,770	13,481	12,788
Mar........	....	13,733	14,148	13,985	14,330
1st q'r....	....	$38,951	$43,018	$43,556	$42,095
April.......	....	$14,900	$14,791	$14,153	$14,855
May.......	....	14,516	13,061	13,930	14,703
June.......	....	14,011	13,841	13,580	13,519
2d q'r....	....	$43,427	$41,693	$41,713	$43,082
July........	....	$14,812	$14,385	$13,422	$13,847
Aug........	....	14,170	9,840	12,260	13,097
Sept........	....	15,289	9,927	13,293	12,956
3d q'r....	....	$44,271	$34,152	$38,975	$39,900
Oct........	....	$20,050	$11,624	$15,551	$17,002
Nov........	....	19,249	10,982	13,742	15,228
Dec........	....	20,167	12,540	14,537	15,217
4th q'r....	....	$59,466	$35,146	$43,830	$47,447
Gd. total..	....	$186,115	$154,009	$168,074	$172,524

"The following table shows the returns for New York City by months:

[Six figures omitted]

	1916	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*	*1912*
Jan........	$12,326	$7,288	$9,372	$9,339	$8,835
Feb........	11,106	6,482	7,237	7,795	7,313
Mar........	....	7,566	7,849	7,886	8,417
1st q'r....	....	$21,336	$24,458	$25,020	$24,565
April.......	....	$8,812	$8,548	$8,055	$8,830
May.......	....	8,635	7,238	7,963	8,780
June.......	....	8,025	7,844	7,753	7,961
2d q'r....	....	$25,472	$23,630	$23,772	$25,571
July........	....	$8,695	$8,180	$7,344	$7,921
Aug........	....	8,537	4,581	6,762	7,486
Sept........	....	9,264	4,628	7,456	7,432
3d q'r.....	....	$26,496	$17,389	$21,562	$22,839
Oct........	....	$12,739	$5,609	$8,693	$10,138
Nov........	....	11,829	5,399	7,587	8,819
Dec........	....	12,331	6,529	7,999	8,809
4th q'r....	....	$36,899	$17,537	$24,279	$27,766
Gd. total..	....	$110,203	$83,018	$94,634	$100,743

"In the following table figures for the country outside of New York are shown:

[Six figures omitted]

	1916	*1915*	*1914*	*1913*	*1912*
Jan........	$7,630	$6,101	$6,725	$6,752	$6,142
Feb........	7,024	5,347	5,529	5,686	5,474
Mar........	...	6,170	6,300	6,100	5,916
1st q'r....	....	$17,611	$18,554	$18,538	$17,532
April.......	....	$6,090	$6,243	$6,095	$6,023
May.......	....	5,881	5,825	6,015	5,927
June.......	....	5,980	6,000	5,826	5,559
2d q'r....	....	$17,951	$18,068	$17,936	$17,509
July........	....	$6,120	$6,204	$6,076	$5,926
Aug........	....	5,640	5,257	5,496	5,613
Sept........	....	6,020	5,301	5,840	5,522
3d q'r....	....	$17,780	$16,762	$17,412	$17,061
Oct........	....	$7,310	$6,010	$6,860	$6,862
Nov........	....	7,420	5,583	6,156	6,408
Dec........	....	7,835	6,013	6,537	6,408
4th q'r....	....	$22,565	$17,606	$19,553	$19,678
Gd. total..	....	$75,907	$70,990	$73,439	$71,780

"Changes in clearings in November, December, January, and February are shown by sections in the following table, comparisons being with the corresponding months in preceding years:

	Inc., Nov., 1915	*Inc., Dec., 1915*	*Inc., Jan., 1916*	*Inc., Feb., 1916*	*Inc., two mos.*
New England..........	45.5	43.1	34.2	41.7	37.7
Middle................	106.5	82.7	65.7	69.3	67.3
Western..............	48.8	45.5	42.0	46.0	43.9
Northwestern..........	25.5	20.7	16.0	21.6	18.6
Southwestern..........	33.5	21.6	13.4	16.3	14.5
Southern..............	34.3	30.7	23.6	25.7	24.1
Far-Western..........	16.2	16.5	12.4	19.4	15.7
Total, United States....	70.5	60.7	49.0	53.2	51.0
New York City........	119.1	88.8	69.2	71.3	70.1
Outside New York......	32.8	30.1	25.0	31.3	27.9
Canadian..............	38.5	53.1	31.0	36.5	33.4

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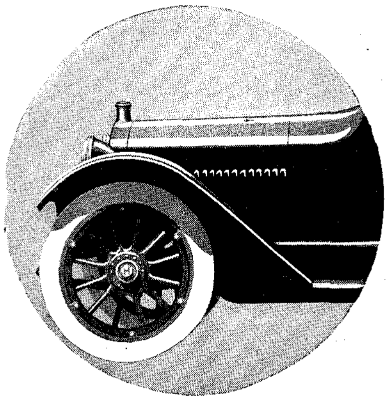

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IMPORTANT CORRECTION

Through a clerical error the $1 assortment was made to read "19 vegetables" instead of 10. This unfortunate mistake was not discovered until the complete edition of The Literary Digest's cover had been printed. We therefore take this opportunity to correct the error by printing this announcement in the same issue, knowing that every Literary Digest reader who orders will feel completely satisfied with his purchase. 20 packages for $2; 10 packages for $1. Address

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"F. G. C.," Columbus, Ga.—"There is an argument as to the correct name, or the name most commonly used to designate the signs placed at the junction of certain highways, used to point the way to the different towns."

The terms, *finger-post, guide-board, guide-post, sign-board, sign-post,* are all used to indicate a post or board at the junction of two or more roads to show where the roads lead to. *Sign-post* is the more common term, but in some localities the other terms may be more frequently heard.

"L. A. M.," Boston, Mass.—"Is the following sentence correct: 'What did the word prevent use to mean'?"

It is incorrect. *Use* in the sense of to do a thing customarily or habitually is *now always employed in the past as an auxiliary* to form a phrase equivalent to a frequentative preterit; as, "I *used* to go there." As now constructed the sentence has two auxiliaries—*did* and *use*—making a harsh construction. Reconstruct the sentence to read: "What used the word 'prevent' to mean?" or "What did the word 'prevent' formerly mean?"

"G. H.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"Kindly tell me what 'Follow the light' is in Latin. The words in Latin are beneath an old crest, but so worn by time that I am not sure of the correc spelling."

The words "Follow the light" in Latin are "*Sequere lucem.*"

"O. T. B.," Fillmore, Cal.—"Please explain meaning or derivation of very prevalent expression: 'The great Sam Hill!' Was, or is, *Sam Hill* a place, or a person? And why great? And why invoked?"

The origin of the phrase "Sam Hill" or "Like Sam Hill" is, so far as the LEXICOGRAPHER is aware, not a matter of record. It seems to be of New England origin and to have been originally a euphemism for the devil. "Sam Hill" is, we presume, a mythical personage; at least there is no historical record of his existence. In *Major Jack on a Whaler,* which appeared in *The Havana* (N. Y.) *Republican,* August 21, 1839, we read "What in *Sam Hill* is that feller ballin' about?" Again, in "Following the Guidon" (1868), page 142, we find "He had bought him a little bobtailed, mouse-colored mule, and was training him like *Sam Hill.*" The New York *Evening Post,* April 12, 1909, has "How in *Sam Hill* can she do it?" In the New England States the expression is a common one and has a variety of meanings according to the connection in which it is used. "He ran like *Sam Hill*" means he ran with all his might. "You look like *Sam Hill*" means you are very disreputable in your appearance.

"A. E. M.," Chicago, Ill.—"Please state what the following phrase means, "His ambitions died aborning.'"

The phrase means "His ambitions died in their inception"; they never became more than thoughts. The word *aborning* is an archaic and poetic usage, meaning "in birth."

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